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Missionary Stories
for Boys and Girls

Missionary Stories for Boys and Girls

COMBINING *Missionary Stories for Little Folks*,
PRIMARY SERIES AND JUNIOR SERIES

BY

Margaret T. Applegarth

NEW YORK AND LONDON
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MISSIONARY STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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Primary Series

The World God Made for Us

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE NO TREES, NO GRASS, NO FLOWers, no vegetables, no birds, no animals, no fishes, no men, no women, no children—there was even no dry land and no light, because once there was a time when God began to make His World; and before He began, there was nothing anywhere.

Nobody knows how He did it all, because there was no man living to see it. But many, oh, ever and ever so many years later, God put a few ideas about how He made His World into the mind of a man, and that man told his children. By and by a great-great-great-great-grandson of that first man wrote down the few things God had put in their hearts, and what he wrote is in the first few chapters of our Bible. That is the only way we know anything at all about it.

The Bible tells us that after everything was made, God looked at each thing in His World and said: "It is good!" I want to show you today with what love and care God made everything, so that every time you and I look at His trees and His birds and His flowers and His animals we can say, too: "It is good!"

Did you ever think, for instance, about how carefully God made all the little birds? For one thing, He made so many different kinds—there are red birds and yellow birds, green birds and black birds and blue birds, brown ones and white ones, too. Some birds are really perfectly huge, like the eagle, and others are ever and ever so tiny, like the humming bird. God made wings for them so

they could fly and bills for them so they could eat and help build their soft nests; and tucked away inside the throat of each bird, big or little, He put a song of some kind—so that every day, in rain or shine, you can hear His birds singing in their own way: "God is good!"

As for the flowers, you cannot imagine how the world would be without them, can you? No dandelions—no roses—no violets—no pansies—no daisies: *how* we would miss them! Yet we hardly take time to think how carefully God made them in that wonderful beginning, how tenderly He painted their pretty petals, or how lovingly He is still taking care of them today. He sends His rain and His sun and His wind to help them grow, and although God did not tuck any song inside His flowers, I cannot help but know that as each little flower opens and fills the air with its sweet smell, that is *its* way of saying: "God is good."

I wonder if you know we could hardly live without God's trees? Not only because they are very beautiful to look at, or even because they shade us from the hot sun, but because we use the trees to build our houses and make our chairs and tables and beds, we burn the trees to keep us warm, we eat the fruit of the trees when we are hungry, we make boats out of trees when we sail on the water and cars out of trees when we travel on the land. Yet after all these years and years in which people have used God's trees, there are still enough for years and years more. God made even the biggest oak tree to grow out of a tiny acorn, and large maple trees to grow out of those cunning maple keys we love to play with. And although He did not put any song into the trunks of His trees, I think that whenever His wind blows through their leaves you can really hear them whispering over and over: "God is good! God is good!"

As for His animals, I simply cannot take time enough to tell you how wonderfully God made them and taught them how to live! You and I would miss the animals if there were none, not only because we love to have pets, but because animals give us food

to eat, their heavy skins of wool and fur keep us warm in winter, and make soft covers for the books we read and the furniture we use.

So you see that God did not make any of the wonderful things in His World for Himself, but all of them for us, His Family! So while He surely likes the birds and flowers and trees and animals, it is only the children in His Family that He loves!

It is very much like what happens when mother has tucked you in bed and you are sound asleep: then she tiptoes around the nursery and picks up your little broken doll, your wooden horse, your toy soldiers, your train of cars, your Teddy bear—she is so careful to put them where they will be safe for you to use tomorrow, not because she really loves the toys, you know, but oh! how she does love YOU! God is just like that: He made His World full of playthings so that His Family might have everything they needed to make them happy.

The Family God Made for Himself

LAST SUNDAY YOU HEARD HOW GOD MADE HIS WORLD FOR US, HIS family, and how after it was all made He said: "It is good!" And although that was thousands upon thousands of years ago, His birds and His flowers, His trees and His animals are each still saying: "God is good!" So now let us think how God made His Family, although you know already that Adam and Eve were the first members of His Family, and that God gave them His World to play in.

For a while they were very happy giving names to His birds and His flowers, His trees and His animals, but one day they did the only thing that God had asked them not to do! Then they were very unhappy, and somehow when Adam and Eve had sons and daughters of their own, they did things that *they* ought not to do; then when *they* grew up, and had sons and daughters, they also did things they ought not to do! Although that was thousands and thousands of years ago the children of those first members of God's Family who are living in God's World today are still doing things they know they ought not to do!

Perhaps, you can think right away of something wrong you have done, yourself, can't you? Everybody can! And yet God keeps on loving us and giving us all the beautiful things in His World to play with. He even gave us His own dear son Jesus. It ought to make us say what all the birds and flowers and trees in God's World keep saying day after day: "God is good."

You do say it every Sunday in Sunday school, and every night when you pray, and when you say grace before meals! But some of the members of God's Family never sing a song to Him, or pray a prayer to thank Him, because they know nothing at all about God! Not one thing! They don't know that He made the World, and that he packed it full of beautiful things for them, they don't know that He loves them, or that He sent Jesus specially to tell us all how much God loves us. They never heard even a word about any of these things!

That just gives you an idea how perfectly huge God's World is, and how many, many members there are in God's Family, scattered here and there all over His World.

Which one of you here has the biggest family? Has anyone of you two brothers or sisters? . . . Has anyone three brothers or sisters? . . . Four? . . . Five? . . . Six? . . . Seven? . . . And do you all look exactly alike? Has everyone in *your* family got brown hair, (Mary)? No? And has everyone in *your* family blue eyes like

yours, (Philip)? No? Well, has everyone in your family freckles like yours, (Sammy)? No? . . .

That is just exactly the way it is in God's big Family, scattered all over His World: some of them who live in a large place called China have yellow skins, and some who live in another large place called Africa have black skins, while others in a place called India have brown skins, and many of His Family have white skins, like yours and mine. But the color of their skin doesn't make a bit of difference to God!

Does your mother love (Kate) best of all in your family because she has golden hair, or (Ruth) best because she has blue eyes? Mothers are not that way: somehow they just love every single one of their children! And God is that same way! He never even notices the color of anybody's skin. He must have liked all the different colors, because He made them that way Himself, you know.

Another beautiful thing is that He understands what everybody *says*. That is a little like your mother, too. For if there is a baby in your family, you will remember how sometimes the baby tries hard to say something, and you simply can't understand a single word he babbles! But your mother smiles and says: "Baby says he's hungry," or "Baby says he likes the pretty picture on the wall." You see, God made mothers so they could understand their children, just as He understands every single child in *His* Family.

It doesn't make a bit of difference to Him if the yellow members of His Family talk Chinese, or the brown members talk Telugu, or if we white members talk English—He understands us all, because He made us. Since it doesn't make any difference to God what language His children talk or what color their skin is, He wouldn't want it to make any difference to you and me, either.

But we should all feel very sorry that some of the members of God's Family never even heard about Him.

How the Artist Forgot Four Colors

ONCE UPON A TIME A VERY BEAUTIFUL CHURCH WAS BEING BUILT, and before it was done all the people said: "Now the time has come to get the very finest artist in the world to make us a wonderful picture in glass, for our stained-glass window over the choir."

So, as grown-up people have a way of doing, they left it to a very wise committee to choose the artist and the subject of the picture. Because the name of the church was to be "The Church of the Christ-Child," they wanted the picture to be about little children, so they chose as a subject that lovely hymn we sometimes sing in Sunday school:

> Around the throne of God in Heaven
> Thousands of children stand,
> Children whose sins are all forgiven,
> A holy, happy band, singing:
> Glory! Glory!
> Glory be to God on High.

You know how artists work, don't you? With a great big sheet of white canvas and a queer oval thing called a palette for his colors, with a hole for his thumb. Well, our artist painted and painted and painted, day after day, until he made what he knew was the very best picture he had ever painted, and he loved every inch of that canvas: For there was Jesus, and all around Him the loveliest, happiest children you can imagine, singing—you could

almost hear them singing, "Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on High," as they stood around the Saviour with their golden heads thrown back and their white throats full of beautiful music!

The artist was delighted with his work; and as it was all done, he sent word to the committee to come the next morning to see it, to be sure they liked it—before he started the glass window picture, you understand?

Then he went to bed. And he went to sleep. But in the middle of the night he was quite sure he heard a little noise in the studio where his picture stood . . . he listened . . . yes! He knew he heard sounds there! So he hurried in, and found a Stranger with His thumb through the artist's palette, actually painting on the artist's picture.

The artist rushed up, crying: "Oh, Stop! Stop! You are ruining it! Look what you have done already! You have spoiled it—and alas! alas! the committee are coming tomorrow morning."

The Stranger turned quietly around, and just as quietly He said: "When I came in the room I saw that you had spoiled it yourself, so I am merely making it right. You had five colors left on your palette, why did you use only one color for the faces of the little children? Who told you their faces were all white in Heaven?"

The artist looked surprised as he tried to think: "Well, no one ever told me, Sir, but I always thought of it that way!"

The Stranger smiled: "But now, of course, you see how wrong you were. I have simply used these other colors and made some of the faces yellow and some brown and some red and some black, for these little ones have come from many lands in answer to my call—"

"Your call?" asked the artist, puzzled, "What call was that, Sir?"

The Stranger's voice replied in words that sounded strangely familiar: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then the artist knew that the Stranger must indeed be the Lord

Jesus Himself, but even as he knew it, the Stranger was gone, and the artist was alone facing his changed picture. And as he looked he smiled: for there were some little yellow children with slant-up eyes, and he knew they were singing "Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on High" in Chinese! And next to them were quaint little brown children with great brown eyes, and next to them black children, and next to them, little red children; the happiest lot of children; and white ones, too!

The artist looked and *looked* and LOOKED, he was so pleased picking out where the children came from: "You came from India, you little brown fellows with turbans and you cunning brown girls in gay shawls! You brown boys with red caps are from Arabia; and you little black children—you're from Africa; while you red ones live near me right in America—you're American Indians." It seemed as if he kept on standing there looking and looking, and loving it better and better all night long . . . when all of a sudden he woke up, to find the morning sun shining in the window, and there he was: in bed! He simply could not understand!

He rushed into the studio, and there stood his picture—and all the little faces were white, just like yours! Then he knew he had had a dream, but such a beautiful dream he could never forget it again.

You will remember that the committee were coming that morning to judge the picture, so he worked hard trying to make it look exactly the way the Stranger had made it look in his dream: and sure enough, one by one, little yellow faces with slant-up eyes, and little brown faces with great brown eyes, and black faces with smiling eyes, began to appear; and that picture became just as lovely as the dream picture had been.

Then the committee arrived, and they loved it, right off! only of course they used long words about it, the way grown-up people do: "Captivating!" and "Entrancing!" "Fascinating!" "Such marvelous characterization!" And a great many other big words, but

one quiet lady, the mother of lively little boys and girls just like you, said with a smile: "Why it's *God's Family* at home with Him, isn't it? I love it!"

And I think *God's Family* will always mean all those five colors to you, won't it?

God's Helpers

LAST SUNDAY YOU WILL REMEMBER WE HAD A STORY ABOUT AN ARTIST, and a dream, and five colors: black, brown, red, yellow and white, and we learned that all the little children in God's Family belong to one of the five colors! You and I belong to the white members of God's Family, which makes us happy, because more of the white people know about God and how much He loves His Family than any other color knows. But there are still thousands and thousands of white children, and millions and millions and millions of yellow children and black ones and brown ones and red ones who know nothing at all about God, who never even heard how He made His World so that the members of His Family could enjoy it. No, they live all their lives being afraid of everything out doors and everything indoors; and because they seem to need to worship something, they have carved ugly little figures of men and women out of wood, or chiseled them out of stone, and they kneel down before these carved bits of wood and stone the way we kneel before God.

But there have always been members of our church who have wanted these other members of God's Family to know about Him,

just as you do, so they have done a very beautiful thing: they have raised money and sent Christian teachers and preachers across the sea to the place where the yellow children and the brown children in God's Family live. So every single day, the money that you and your mother and father give, helps one of our missionaries to tell these other members of God's Family about Him.

For these teachers and preachers who go over the sea to tell about God are called missionaries, and they are really very interesting people, although they never seem to know how wonderful or interesting they are!

In the first place, everyone likes best to keep right on living with his own family and his old friends, doesn't he? But our missionaries have to kiss their families good-by, then they get into railroad trains or into big ships, and they travel for days and days, sometimes for weeks and weeks, every day getting farther and farther from their families, and nearer and nearer to the members of God's Family who never heard of Him.

Then when they get to the end of their journey, they settle down to live among all these strangers; and quite often they can't understand a single word that is said to them—because you will remember I told you the members of God's family talk in all sorts of languages. Of course God understands what they say perfectly, but our missionaries have to learn the new words, and it takes a long time, and is very hard. They make the funniest mistakes, sometimes, or really dreadful mistakes; and perhaps for several days they get homesick and wish they could see their mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers.

But God has a beautiful way of His own in taking care of our missionaries, and they forget themselves in learning the new words for "book," "house," "hungry," "thank you," "isn't your baby pretty?" or "won't you come to our little new church?"

Our missionaries do all kinds of beautiful things for anybody who needs their help, and sometimes they help people whom you and I would not like to touch or even look at: people who are ter-

ribly sick and covered with all kinds of dirt; but our missionaries know that God loves people like that exactly as He loves anybody else; so they love them, too.

Before long these other members of God's Family get to love our missionaries, because they are kind and good; then little by little they learn about God; and they get to love Him, because He is far more kind and good than any missionary.

The Little House-That-Was-Made-of-Paper

FAR AWAY IN A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY CALLED JAPAN, IN A QUEER LITtle town, there is a dear little garden and a dear little, queer little house made of paper! Such a funny little house, like the one on your cards—for although the outside is built of wood, the windows are made of paper, and the walls are made of paper, and the sliding doors are made of paper! You can imagine how careful the Japanese children have to be, not to fall clear through the wall into the next room!

The whole floor is covered with soft pretty matting, and nobody sits on chairs in the little houses that are made of paper, but they tuck their legs under them and sit right down on the floor all day long! Grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, uncles and aunts and children all sit that way; and at night they don't use beds, but roll themselves up in a quilt and lie right down on the matting; and for pillows they use hard little blocks of wood, which sounds dreadfully uncomfortable, but everybody in Japan is used to that kind of pillow, you see!

The queer little house is very different from yours and mine—for we have our nicest porch and our parlor in the front of the house, so that it will be the first thing visitors see. But in Japan the prettiest part of the house is at the back, because that is where the little garden is; and whenever the people who live in the queer little house begin sliding back their paper walls, then all the rooms become one room, opening right into the garden. In this garden there is a tiny lake with a tiny bridge over it, and a stone lantern, and some lovely flowers. It sounds like a fairy story, but there are hundreds and hundreds of these little houses and little gardens all over Japan.

Nobody wears shoes in these clean little houses, for the matting must be kept spotless enough to sit on, so that is the reason why they always leave their funny wooden shoes at the door, and only wear stockings in the house.

Now let's pretend the father is having his breakfast of soup and rice. He is sitting on the floor, and in front of him is the tiniest little red lacquered table you ever saw, with legs only four inches high. The soup and rice are in two little red bowls without handles. He drinks the soup right from the bowl, for they don't use spoons very much in Japan, and he must hold the bowl in one hand, not two, if he wants to be polite—which he does! But to eat the rice out of the other bowl he uses two little sticks called chopsticks, instead of a fork.

While he is sitting there all alone at the tiny table, a little servant dressed in a kimono, slides back one of the paper doors and comes in carrying a tray. She puts the tray before the father, and then she kneels down on the floor, and bows her head way over till her nose bumps the floor, and she says very politely: "Bestow your distinguished attention to my miserable pickles, O master!" So the father takes a pickle, which seems an interesting thing to eat for breakfast, and then the little maid bumps her nose to the ground once more before she backs out of the room.

You can see by this how very polite people are in Japan, where

everybody bows to everybody else, and kneels down to do it, too, quite often.

In the room where the father is eating, there is a shelf with a row of idols on it, with queer long heads and ugly faces that the family worship every day. The father has taught his little son (Koi-i-chan) to bow down to these idols and lay offerings of tea and rice before them every morning. You would not think it possible that such a wise-looking father could believe that these little brass idols really take care of his family if they are worshiped every day, and that they will punish families who forget to worship them.

The Cradle-That-Walked-on-Two-Feet

IN THE LITTLE HOUSE THAT WAS MADE OF PAPER WAS A "CRADLE-THAT-walked-on-two-feet," but you would never guess that the cradle was really a little girl, in a pink kimono with a huge blue sash and big wing-like sleeves. Her name was "Cho," and if you could have seen her dancing over the tiny bridge in the tiny garden you would not be at all surprised to know that "Cho" means *Butterfly,* for she certainly looked exactly like a big pink and blue butterfly skipping around. She fitted this little verse somebody wrote about a little Japanese girl:

I like to see her flutter by,
She looks so like a butterfly.

But you must be wondering how a butterfly could ever be a cradle! The truth of the matter is that all day long the mother of the family expected this little Butterfly to take care of the baby, who looked so exactly like a Japanese doll that our missionaries in Japan are always surprised when they see those slanting eyes begin to blink, and that wobbly head bob up around! Of course it would have kept Butterfly at home all the time taking care of the baby, if fathers and mothers in Japan had not long ago thought of the nicest plan: they just fastened the baby on the sister's back and there he slept all day long. Whatever his Cradle-on-two-feet did, he had to do, too! When she jumped rope, the baby jumped rope, and although his sleepy little head wobbled around dreadfully, he never cried about it. He just let it wobble! Which shows you how good Japanese children are.

Butterfly and all her friends loved to play ball, bouncing it up and down, keeping time by singing a little song. Each time it came up she struck it back with her hand, but whenever she missed it, then all her friends would dash up and mark her face with a piece of black charcoal! Sometimes when she had missed a great many times her face grew as black as ink!

One day the mother said she and the grandmother were going to take the children to see the beautiful cherry blossoms which everyone dearly loves in Japan. Butterfly put on her prettiest kimono and tied on her best sash, then she stood still to be turned into a cradle when the baby was tied on her back. At the front door everybody slipped into their wooden shoes—*geta,* as they are called—and the mother who never had worn a hat in all her life opened a paper parasol and away they all walked to the orchard where the cherry trees were in bloom.

Their wooden shoes made the greatest clatter as they walked along. It sounded like this: clackety-clack! Clackety-clack!

The air was sweet with the smell of the cherry blossoms, and happy-looking people were sitting around looking up at the blue sky through the branches. Some of them even wrote little verses

about how much they loved the blossoms and fastened them on the tree branches. Butterfly carefully picked a branch on which there was a whole row of tiny pink buds, almost ready to burst into bloom. She would carry this home carefully, and would spend a long time trying to put it in a vase in the prettiest way. She would twist it this way and that way until it looked just right, then she would put the vase on a tiny table that stands in a little raised alcove in the nicest room of their house. Although she never had been to school, her mother thought it was necessary for her to fix the flowers beautifully.

The grandmother and mother were hungry after their long walk, so they went into a teahouse in the garden and they all had tea. Yes, even the baby!

The Temple-That-Had-Five-Roofs

LAST SUNDAY WE LEFT OUR LITTLE JAPANESE FRIEND BUTTERFLY SITting under some cherry blossoms drinking tea with her mother and grandmother and brother—and of course the Baby too! On their way home, they met the father just as they were leaving the cherry orchard, and when they were passing a queer, tall, thin building that had five roofs, he said: "Let us go in the temple and worship the honorable Buddha."

So they went inside the red gateway, near which was a great stone trough full of clear water, with a long-handled wooden dipper floating on it.

"Come here!" said the father.

So Butterfly and Ko-i-chan and the mother and the grandmother all came and stood in a row beside the trough. They held out their hands, and the father took the dipper, and poured water over them. When their hands were quite clean, they rinsed out their mouths, too! Then they walked to the great door of the temple itself, where the father said: "Now we must take off our shoes."

So they all slipped their toes out of their wooden shoes, and went into the temple just as the big bell in the courtyard rang out with a great boom—*boom*—BOOM—so loud that it made the air shiver and shake, and even the tiny bells on the eaves of the pagoda tinkled!

Inside, the temple was one big shadowy room, with tall red columns all about. There was another bell to ring to wake up the brass idol called Buddha. The father bought a little piece of paper from a priest with his prayer written on it, and then put this piece of paper into his mouth, chewing it into a little wet paper wad.

Then he took it out of his mouth, and threw it at the idol; and he hoped, just as many people in Japan hoped, that if that wad of paper sticks to the idol then the prayer will be answered; but if it falls on the ground, then they fear the idol is not willing to answer the prayer. And this paper prayer did fall on the ground; so Butterfly's father left the-pagoda-that-had-five-roofs, feeling quite unhappy.

On the paper prayer was written these words: "Grant that my family may dwell in happiness, O Buddha, and that my sons may be brave and strong, and serve their country."

The Fish-That-Swam-in-the-Air

THE LAST FEW SUNDAYS WE HAVE HEARD A GOOD DEAL ABOUT LITTLE Butterfly, and the baby brother that had his cradle on her back, so today it is high time to tell you about her older brother Ko-i-chan, who wears a kimono and a sash, too, and has big sleeves like butterfly wings. These sleeves are really pockets two feet long! Ko-i-chan keeps lots of things in them: a paper handkerchief, a few marbles, a ball, and when he goes to school he carries a tiny stove in his sleeve, for there are no furnaces in the houses that are made of paper, and it gets very cold.

There is one unusual thing about birthdays in Japan—all the little girls have theirs on the same day in March, and all the little boys have theirs on the fifth day of May! And even if there should be a brother and sister who were twins, he would have to have his birthday in May, while she had hers in March!

You can easily know when the birthday of all the boys in Japan has come, because in front of every house where a boy lives a tall pole is set up, and at the top of the pole large paper fish are fastened —a fish for each boy who lives in the house. Each paper fish has a great round mouth and round eyes, and a string is fastened to the mouth so that when the wind blows into the mouth it fills the whole fish until it bobs around and flaps it paper fins exactly as if it were alive and swimming in the air!

Of course it was the baby boy's birthday, too, so on the pole in front of Ko-i-chan's little house was a huge pole with two big paper fishes swimming around up in the air.

Ko-i-chan knew that the huge fish was the kind called carp, but

he was not at all sure why they always chose that kind for the flag-poles.

"Honorable father," he said, "why do all the boys have carps on their poles?"

"Because the carp is a very plucky sort of fish," answered the father, "he isn't a lazy fish that only wants to swim down stream with the water. He swims up the rivers, against the water, and he even jumps up the waterfalls. That's the way I want you to be, brave and strong like the carp."

Then his father got out a lot of tiny wooden soldiers, enough for a whole army; there were toy guns, too. Ko-i-chan set the soldiers up in a row as if they were marching. There were many flags, also, for the boys' birthday is always called the Feast of Flags. The Japanese flag is all white with a big red ball in the center.

While Ko-i-chan was playing with his soldiers and his flags there was a caller at their house who interested the whole family very much. It was a lady with blue eyes, and perhaps you can guess that she is *our* missionary, because the money we give for missions has sent her to Japan to tell the people there about God.

Our Mrs. Missionary paid a very short call at the little house that was made of paper, partly because she had a great many other calls to make, and partly because she simply could not get used to sitting on the floor! But she stayed long enough to admire the wooden soldiers and the flags and the huge paper fishes, she drank a cup of tea and tied up all the cookies that she couldn't eat in her handkerchief, the way it is polite to do in Japan.

But before our missionary left she invited them all to come to *her* house the next day. She bowed very politely to the grandmother, the mother, Butterfly, Ko-i-chan and the Baby to show she meant each one of them. They bowed back very politely, and Butterfly leaned so far over she bumped her nose to the ground. Then our missionary stood up, and her knees felt so stiff and prickly she knew that they had gone to sleep. But the Japanese family were far too polite to smile. They kept bowing and bowing, promising

to visit her tomorrow, and thanking her for honoring their house with her distinguished presence!

The Little Girl-Who-Turned-the-Shoes-Around

LAST SUNDAY PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER THAT OUR MRS. MISSIONARY paid a visit to the little house-that-was-made-of-paper to invite all the family to visit her the next day. You will want to know about that visit, and about Mrs. Missionary and her small daughter, Miss Missionary, whose special job at home was turning the shoes around.

Such scrubbing and rubbing as went on before Butterfly and Ko-i-chan and the Baby were ready! The Japanese people take the hottest baths you ever dreamed of, and the water was so boiling hot that Butterfly and Ko-i-chan simply squealed. They stood in a barrel full of this steaming water—there was a little stove right in the side of the barrel to heat it up.

But finally they were all dressed in their nicest kimonos and sashes; the Baby was gurgling with delight as they slid back the paper screen door and slipped into their wooden shoes, waiting there for them! Then clickety-clack, clickety-clack, they began clattering along the street toward Mrs. Missionary's house; the Baby went sound asleep, and how his head did wobble as his cradle-that-walked-on-two-feet scuffled along.

"Here we are," said the mother, so they stopped and knocked at our Mrs. Missionary's front door, and while they waited of course

they slipped their feet out of their wooden shoes, and left them on the doorstep, while they padded softly into the house in their stockings. You should have seen everybody bowing to everybody else and saying *"Ohayo"* (it sounds like "Ohio"), which means "How do you do?" in Japanese. Our Mrs. Missionary tried to get them to sit on the chairs and sofa, but they liked sitting on the floor.

And meanwhile Miss Missionary was doing her own little job out on the front doorstep where all the wooden clogs were left! For of course when visitors slipped out of their shoes, they left them pointing toward the door, and our tiny Miss Missionary was out there turning them around, so they would point toward the street. Then when the guests were ready to leave they could slip into their shoes and walk right off, for it would seem impolite in Japan for guests to have to turn their own shoes around on the doorstep.

After it was all done, she came into the parlor and bowed to everybody all over again, and felt very shy to find everyone looking at her light curly hair.

Butterfly's mother said to our Mrs. Missionary: "It must make you very unhappy to have had the honorable hair of your small daughter fade so quickly, even her honorable eyes have lost their brown color.

Little Miss Missionary giggled: "I grew this way!" she said, "I like having curly golden hair and blue eyes."

Then Butterfly giggled, and Ko-i-chan giggled, and the Baby gurgled a Japanese coo, until suddenly everybody felt very much at home. They wanted to see how to play on that queer box called a piano, so Mrs. Missionary played a little tune that you know very well, while Miss Missionary sang the words: "Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so."

When the song was over, Mrs. Missionary asked them if they knew about Jesus, and they said no they had never even heard the name before.

Mrs. Missionary spent a whole hour telling them about Christmas, Jesus' Birthday, and about how the Baby in the manger grew up, and how much good He did—the grandmother and the others could have listened forever!

Our Mrs. Missionary promised to come very soon to tell them more about Jesus; she asked them to come to our church, too, and then just before they left she went into another room and wrapped a Japanese Bible in a square colored silk, like a handkerchief, the way Japanese people wrap their packages, and she gave it to the grandmother, with a bow: "This is the honorable book that tells about Jesus. Perhaps you will like to read it when you get home."

The grandmother bowed politely: "Ko-i-chan shall read to us."

Then little Miss Missionary piped up: "Oh, mother, do let's have Butterfly come to our school every day!"

So they bowed to one another again and went to the door where their shoes were politely turned around facing the street.

The Man-Who-Was-a-Horse-All-Day

DO YOU REMEMBER THE STORY LAST SUNDAY ABOUT BUTTERFLY AND Ko-i-chan visiting our Mrs. Missionary, and how Butterfly was invited to our own school, which your money helps to pay for in Japan?

The father decided it was a great deal too far for Butterfly to walk the first few days, so he hired a jinrikisha, drawn by a man who plays horse all day, and off the children started, as happy as happy could be!

The man-who-was-a-horse-all-day trotted along and felt happy, too; really he was an unsually nice kind of horse, because when they talked to him, he could *talk back!*

Butterfly said to him: "You may drive me to the Christian school."

Then the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day said over his shoulder: "I am a Christian now and I have one poor little daughter in that school myself."

"And does she know the story about Jesus which the honorable white teacher tells?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day, "she knows all the stories about Jesus, she comes home from school and tells her mother and me all about Him, so we know the stories, too. Now that we belong to the Christian Church we are the happiest family in all Japan!"

"We are r-a-t-h-e-r happy in our family, I guess," said Butterfly, "all but father. For the other day his paper prayer did not stick to the honorable Buddha."

Then the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day said: "When you learn more about Jesus, you must tell your honorable father, then he will know how foolish paper prayers and stone idols are. I used to pray to the idols, too, until my little girl learned about Jesus at school."

All this interested Butterfly very much, and when they got to the school she was simply jumping up and down on the seat! But once inside the big strange building, she felt very shy, for there were so many little girls all looking at her, as they sang her a welcome song; and that was the way her wonderful morning began.

In Japan the people learn arithmetic with beads strung on a wire; and they learn to write with a brush, instead of a pen; and the writing paper comes in rolls, instead of sheets as ours does.

After school our Miss Missionary, the teacher, rode home with Butterfly in the jinrikisha, pulled by the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day. Miss Missionary stopped at Butterfly's house, and left some

colored picture cards, the kind you have in Sunday school; she told the grandmother and mother what the pictures were about: This one was the shepherds looking at the Baby Jesus, who was born on Christmas Day; this one was Jesus after He was grown up, healing sick people; and this one showed Him blessing little children. They all loved the stories and the pictures.

The Fairy Mirror

ONCE IN A WHILE IT RAINS VERY HARD IN JAPAN, AND BECAUSE their umbrellas were made of paper and the skirts of their kimonos were long enough to get wet, both Butterfly and Ko-i-chan had to stay home from school one very rainy day. Their faces looked perfectly horrid: there were frowns and scowls and tears and pouts all over them, and they cried so hard that it seemed as if it rained indoors about as hard as it did outdoors!

Then up spoke the Japanese grandmother: "Suppose I tell you a fairy story," said she; frowns and pouts and scowls and tears faded away in two seconds as she told them the story of the Fairy Mirror, which all little Japanese children love:

"Honorable one, if you will lend me your attention, I will fill your worshipful ears with the story of a happy little family, who lived in a little house next door to a pagoda-that-had-five-roofs. This was many, many years ago. Whenever the winds of heaven blew, the bells on the eaves of the pagoda tinkled softly, and the little family were very happy. There were a mother and a father and a little girl baby.

"One day as the mother sat in her tiny garden beside the tiny lake, her husband walked into the garden in a great hurry—he fairly skipped over the little white stepping stones. This is what he said: 'The distinguished head of my business has ordered me to leave this day on a business trip to the Great City. I have rushed home to say good-by to you and to our little one.'

"He never had left her before, and so many tears came into her eyes that she could hardly see him as he took the baby into his arms and whispered good-by to them both. Then he hurried away down the village street, away and away, until his figure got smaller and smaller in the distance.

" 'But he will come back before long,' she whispered to the baby she had tied on her back, and the baby wobbled its head to say 'yes'! In a week he did come back again from the Great City, with many wonderful stories of the marvelous things he had seen there: big houses, big parks, hundreds of jinrikishas in the streets, huge stores full of beautiful things.

" 'See what I bought for you!' he said, handing her a present tied up in a big handkerchief. She opened it quickly, but could not imagine what such a strange thing was: for on one side it was silver, the handle was silver, while the other side was bright and smooth and clear.

" 'Look in it!' he said, smiling. So she looked in. Then he asked her what she saw. 'Oh, I see a beautiful lady, a very beautiful lady—indeed, I never saw such a pretty face or such smiling eyes or such a lovely blue kimono, although it really seems to be just the color of the one I have on, isn't that strange?'

"Then how he did laugh! For perhaps you have guessed that his present was a mirror; but at that time very few people in Japan had ever seen a looking glass, so that is why she did not know that the beautiful lady she saw in the glass was not a picture, but her own self! Of course he told her her mistake, and then she laughed, too; only after that she got into the habit of carrying the precious mirror in the long sleeve of her kimono, so that she could look at

herself just as often as she wanted. Every time she looked at herself she thought: 'I certainly am very beautiful!' Then one day she said: 'I will put the mirror away for I am getting vain, and the gods will be envious of me.'

"So she hid the mirror away, and for years and years she forgot all about it. Her baby grew up into a little girl, and then into a beautiful young lady, who looked exactly like her mother, although she never knew it! And they were all very happy.

"But the moon is not always round, and flowers are not always in bloom, and sorrow came to this family, for the little mother was so sick that the doctor 'threw away the spoon,' which means he gave up hope of her getting well again. They offered rice and incense to the idol, but it did no good. So the mother said to her daughter: 'Cherished one, I shall soon have departed to live with my ancestors; when I am dead I know you will miss me, so I am going to leave this present with you. When I am gone and you are lonely, look at it and you will see my face.'

"So after the little mother had died, the daughter looked every day at the present her mother left her, which was the old mirror, of course. And there she always saw her mother's face. Sometimes when she felt sad, her mother's face looked sad, too; when she was smiling, her mother's face smiled, too. Only instead of looking pale and sick and tired the way her mother had looked for years, the face she saw was lovely and rosy. The young girl whispered to it: 'Cherished mother, it makes happiness bloom in my mind to see you looking so well. I miss you, dear one, but every day I arrange the flowers and serve the tea the way you taught me.'

"The father heard his daughter talking to some unseen person, so one day he said: 'To whom are you talking, my daughter?'

" 'I am talking to the honored mother,' she said; 'she gave me this mirror, and every day I look in and see her, and I talk to her. Although I never can hear her answer me, I know she tries, for I see her lips moving and her eyes smiling at me.'

"The father patted her on the head, but he did not tell her that

the lovely face she saw in the mirror was her own, growing more and more like her mother's every day, because she was trying to live as her mother wanted her to live."

When the grandmother finished Butterfly said: "Oh, then it wasn't a fairy mirror, at all, was it?"

"Of course not!" said Ko-i-chan, "It was just an everyday mirror, but it worked magic on her, didn't it, honorable grandmother."

"Indeed it did," said the grandmother nodding. "And she never grew vain or conceited, either."

Monkey Tails and Other Tales

I AM SURE YOU HAVE BEEN TO THE ZOO AND SEEN THE FUNNY LITTLE monkeys jumping around and looking so sober and wise; but perhaps you never knew that over in Japan, where Butterfly and Ko-i-chan live, there are monkeys hopping around in the bamboo trees in their garden, chattering away in monkey language, day and night.

"I wish I knew what the monkeys talked about all the time," said Butterfly to her grandmother.

Without saying a word the grandmother opened a cabinet and took out three carved monkeys which she gave to Butterfly. One monkey had his hands over his eyes, which meant "*See* no evil"; the second monkey had his hands over his ears, which meant "*Hear* no evil"; and the third monkey had his hands over his mouth which meant "*Speak* no evil."

Ko-i-chan and Butterfly loved the three monkeys, and the grandmother said she hoped they would always remember to do what the monkeys taught; never to *see* anything bad unless they could do something to help, never to *hear* anything untrue unless they could correct it, and above all, never to *say* anything untrue themselves.

Well, one day as Butterfly was walking home from our mission school she passed an idol sitting in a shrine beside the road, and there she saw her mother kneeling and putting a tiny little apron of the baby's around the neck of the idol. She piled up some small stones at the idol's feet, crying big hot tears all the time.

"Why, honorable mother," said Butterfly, "what can be the matter? What are you doing all this for?"

"Our precious baby is terribly sick," cried the mother, "I do not think he can live, so I am giving the honorable idol these playthings to amuse him. Perhaps he may enjoy making our baby well." Then she rubbed the stomach of the stone idol because that was where the baby at home was sick.

Butterfly knew that a little Japanese girl should never tell her mother that she was doing wrong, but Butterfly knew about the real God now and about Jesus, and she knew this idol was nothing at all. Yet she thought it would be impolite to tell her mother. So she looked at the stone idol called Jizo Sama, and thought how silly he looked all dressed up in the baby's apron, then she heard a chattering up in the tree above her. She looked up and there sat a wise old monkey looking down at her. He scratched his head, and then he put his hands over his eyes.

"See no evil!" Butterfly whispered to herself, then she remembered her grandmother had said: "Unless you can help."

So Butterfly felt suddenly very brave: "Dear honorable mother," she said, "at the mission school we learn that these idols are no good at all, because they are only wood and stone. The true God can't be seen, but He hears prayers. He doesn't like to see us wor-

shiping idols." Then down in her heart she prayed a little prayer that Jesus would teach them somehow the way to make their baby get well.

The mother walked sadly home; but there in front of their house was our Mrs. Missionary just getting out of her jinrikisha, which was pulled by the man-who-was-a-horse-all-day. Ko-i-chan had run over to her house to get her, and here she was with hot-water bottles and some bottles of medicine, ready to rush in where the poor baby was having a dreadful time, wailing the thinnest, forlornest little wail you ever heard.

First of all our Mrs. Missionary asked what the baby had had to eat. When she found he had had candied peas and beans, a pickle and some tea, she sighed a hopeless sigh and filled the hot-water bottle, gave the baby some medicine, softly rubbed the baby and sang a sleepy lullabye, very soft and low:

> Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
> The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head,
> The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
> The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay!

Over and over she crooned it, soft and drowsy; the hot-water bottle, the medicine and that gentle voice, quieted the baby and he went to sleep. Then he had more medicine, and more rubbing.

The grandmother and the mother thought it was perfectly wonderful, but our missionary knew it was just plain, everyday common sense, so right then and there she said: "Once a week at our church I am going to have a mother's meeting, so you can learn these simple things to do for your baby. Will you come?"

Of course they said "Yes," and they said they would bring their neighbors, too.

Just then the father came into the room. When he saw our Mrs. Missionary he reached in his big sleeve and pulled out the Bible

which she had given the family weeks before when they visited her.

"I have been reading this book," he said, "and I believe it. I have no use for our idols any more. I desire that we shall all be Christians."

You never saw a happier family. Ko-i-chan shouted *"Banzai"* which means "Hurrah" in English.

Cotton Tales and Other Tales

THERE ARE SOME MEMBERS OF GOD'S FAMILY WHOSE SKINS ARE very black, who live here in America with us, down South where the cotton grows. I suppose every one of you has seen a Negro, for that is the name we give to these black members of God's Family. Sometimes I have heard very rude boys and girls call these black people "niggers," but I don't believe that you will ever want to make the least bit of fun of them as long as we remember that God loves them just as well as He loves you and me, and that He likes the color of their skin just as well as he likes yours.

Down South there are nearly as many Negroes as white people, and many of them work on big farms called plantations where the cotton plants are raised.

Once there was a little black girl named Jemima whose mother was busy all day picking off the soft white wads of cotton. Jemima sat in the shade of a big tree to watch her mother and the other

women. They wore red bandana handkerchiefs tied on their heads, and all morning long she could see red heads bobbing up and down. Every day she tried to make friends with two shy little molly cottontail rabbits who lived in the bushes near there.

"You jes' come here and play with me, you molly cottontails, you!" she begged. But the minute the rabbits heard her voice, off they scampered with such big leaps that all she could see of them was their little white tails.

One morning a very nice white lady walked by. She stopped to watch the pickers. When she saw Jemima, she asked her to go and get her one of the little cotton balls, so over Jemima trotted. When she came back, the lady said: "I wonder if you wouldn't like to come to my school with me this morning?"

I wish you could have seen Jemima's black eyes roll around in excitement and her white teeth show as she grinned.

"Deedy I would like to! You jes' wait till I go tell mammy."

So she skipped over to the red bandana handkerchief she could see way off, which she knew belonged to her mother. Her mother stood up straight a minute, to rest her tired back.

"That's real nice of the lady, I'm sure, Jemima. Mind you be a good girl! Good-by, Honey!"

You wouldn't have liked that schoolhouse very much, for the boys and girls had to sit on very hard benches so far from the floor that their short little legs dangled way up in the air! There were no desks, either. You see, our government does not have schools in little out-of-the-way villages where the plantations are, so this missionary teacher was starting a school for her church. I think when the members of her church at home know more about what she is doing they will want to send her money right away for desks and chairs with short legs!

The day Jemima went there the teacher said she was going to tell them a story about what the cotton plant grew into, so she put down on the table the soft white cotton ball which Jemima had

picked for her. Then she put down a spool of white cotton, then a piece of white muslin, then a piece of paper, then a Bible.

She had some verses written on the blackboard, which she now read out loud:

Sing, oh! sing, for the cotton plant.
Bravely may it grow,
Bearing in its seeded pod
Cotton white as snow!

Spin the cotton into thread;
Weave it on the loom;
Wear it now, dear little child
In your happy home.

When you've worn it long and well
Will it worthless be?
No, a book made from this dress
You yet, in time, may see.

Sort the rags and grind the pulp;
Make the paper fair;
Now it only waits for words
To be printed there.

Thoughts from God to man sent down
May these pages show.
Sing, oh! sing, for the cotton plant!
Bravely may it grow!

When she got through, every child there understood how the cotton balls their black mammies were picking out in the fields would be turned into thread some day, and the thread would be woven into cloth for dresses, and when the dresses were nothing but rags, the rags would be made into paper and on the paper would be printed the Bible.

The House-That-Was-Built-in-Half-an-Hour

ONLY A FEW OF THE BLACK MEMBERS OF GOD'S FAMILY LIVE IN America, like Jemima about whom I told you last Sunday; all the rest of the black family, millions and millions of them, live far across the sea in a big country called Africa. Although the black people in Africa look exactly like the black people in America, whom you and I can see almost any day on our streets, still they dress so differently, and talk so differently, and live so differently that I thought you would like to hear about them and meet one of the families.

Let's begin with the house. That certainly looks different from any house in America, for it is very low, like a beehive, it has no windows and even the doorway is so low that the grown-up people have to stoop way over to get in. Inside there is no floor but the earth, and there are no tables or chairs or beds, either. Just a few pots standing around; one is full of water and another has corn in it.

Now is the time to tell you it was built in half an hour. Think of that! For half an hour is only half the time we sit in Sunday school! The houses you and I live in take weeks and months to build, because we have cellars, and floors, and windows, and an upstairs and a downstairs, with thick solid walls everywhere. But when the black father of a black family in Africa wants a new house he cuts down four nice straight bamboo trees. He makes four poles from these and sets them up in the earth for the four corners of his house.

Then the mother does the rest! She lays some big leaves from

the bamboo tree along the sides, and she plasters them with mud from the village street. It is so hot in Africa that the mud walls dry out right away. Then for a roof she carefully lays on layer after layer of big bamboo leaves and some straw, too, so the rain can't soak through. And behold! the house is done!

There is almost always a nice fat black baby inside these houses—the baby never wears any clothes, it doesn't have to, because the weather is always so hot in Africa. There is an elephant's tooth tied by a string around the baby's neck, but that is not to help keep him warm, of course, but to protect him from evil spirits.

"What are evil spirits?" you ask.

Of course, there really and truly are no such thing in God's World; but the black people don't know about God, so they are afraid of His wind and His rustling palm leaves, of His animals and His rivers. They think a dreadful spirit lives in everything they can see, and if they don't wear a charm around their necks, such as the black baby had, then the evil spirit might hurt them.

The mother and father wear hardly any clothes, either, only on their arms and faces they have some queer-looking marks which they cut right into their black skins on purpose, because they think it is very beautiful to have colored tattoo patterns all over them. Just as you and I think it is very beautiful to have colored patterns embroidered on the dresses we wear. Our dresses wear out, even the ones we like the best; but their skins never wear out, of course, so they always have the patterns on their arms and faces.

There is a little black girl named Rustling Grass living in the hut, and a little boy called Lazy Legs; of course, this is what their names mean in English, but they sound quite different in the African language, for Rustling Grass is CHIKONDAWANGA and Lazy Legs is NWAEKE, names entirely too hard for us to pronounce very often.

All day long there was the patter of bare black feet and the tinkle of bangles and beads as Rustling Grass trotted around with her mother. The mother wore a big basket on her back, so Rustling

Grass had a smaller basket on her back, fastened with a strap over her forehead. Something was always in her basket, perhaps a heavy jug of water—really too heavy for her to carry. It makes her bend way over until her back grew tired.

These little black children have no toys in their hut, and no toy stores in all Africa, but come outside and we shall find that Someone—the Friend of Little Children, surely—has been filling their whole world with playthings for little black children: long narrow palm leaves which float on the river like tiny canoes, little round nuts for cups which they use to play house with, bamboo bark to build little houses: God has packed His World full of things for the little black children, but the black father and mother do not let Rustling Grass and Lazy Legs play very long.

No, they do quite hard things when they are still young. Lazy Legs helps set traps to catch the wild animals which they will eat; or he climbs trees and helps gather the milky sap of India rubber, while Rustling Grass gathers firewood and learns to plant seeds and care for vegetables. But all the time, morning, noon and night, they see something in God's beautiful World to be afraid of: in the pretty twigs, in the wings of the birds, in the vegetable leaves, or right in the doorway of the tiny hut-that-was-built-in-half-an-hour. Always afraid that something will hurt them!

How I wish that they knew there is nothing to fear, and that in God's World each bird and each leaf and each gentle breeze is whispering over and over: "God is good!" "God is good!"

How the Turtle Saved His Life

THERE ARE WEEKS AND WEEKS IN AFRICA WHEN IT DOES NOTHING but pour down rain all day long! It is called the Rainy Season. Sometimes we think April is rather a rainy, uncomfortable month in America, but just think how suddenly the sun pops out and the World is bright and clear again! But in Africa it just keeps right on raining and raining. It is horrid and damp everywhere, but Lazy Legs and Rustling Grass forget all about it when their mother tells them the old, old stories that black mothers have told to little black girls and boys ever since there were little black girls and boys in Africa. One of these old, old stories which everyone liked about the best was called, "How the Turtle Saved His Life." This is the way the black mother told it, while the rain was pouring down in torrents outdoors:

This is the story of the turtle of Koka. A man of Lubi la Suku caught a turtle in the bush. Back he comes to his village. The wise men in the Palaver-House look at his turtle and say: "No good! No good at all! Kill it!" "But how shall we kill it?" asks one.

The headman of the village had the right to speak first, so he said: "Cut it with hatchets!"

Then was the turtle frightened, for hatchets and he were not friendly. So he spoke up and said:

Turtle of Koka
And hatchet of Koka:
Hatchet not kill me a bit.

Next the headman's son arose, brave and strong was he. "Kill him with stones," he said.

Poor turtle felt sick with fear, for stones and he were not friendly. So he said by mouth:

Turtle of Koka
And stone of Koka;
Stone will not kill me a bit.

Then a mighty hunter of elephants roared at the headman: "Cast him into the fire!"

Scared turtle was hot with unhappiness, for fire and he were not friendly. So he said:

Turtle of Koka
And fire of Koka,
Fire will not kill me a bit.

Up rose a feeble old fellow, the silly one of the village. "Kill him with knives," he piped in his squeaky voice.

Poor turtle felt out of his head, for knives and he were not friendly. But he said:

Turtle of Koka
And knife of Koka
Knife will not kill me a bit.

Then all the men in the Palaver-House put their heads side by side and they whispered: "This turtle—what shall we do with him? How shall we kill him if fire and knives, hatchets and stones cannot hurt him?"

Then one little man, quiet and timid, spoke up: "There is water in the river. Throw him in where deep water flows over the rocks. Then he will drown!"

Then the turtle changed his song. "Woe is me!" he sobbed,

"How shall I do? I shall surely die in the deep water! Oh woe! Oh woe! How can my masters be so cruel!"

So the headman laughed: "Ha! Ha!" said he, "at last we have found the way to kill him! Toss him in the river, my brothers."

So they tossed him in the river where the water was deep. As the happy turtle slid down into the muddy water which was his old home, he sang:

In water, in my home,
In water, in my home!

Then the villagers said to the headman: "Turtle has fooled us all! We were going to kill him with hatchet but he tells us: 'Hatchets not kill me a bit.' But when we spoke of the river, he cried: 'Now will I die for sure.' So we threw him in—*but we saved him!* Ha!' And now, children, my tale is told—finished."

But Rustling Grass said just what little girls all over God's World say to the story teller: "Just one more! Just one more!"

But the mother has corn to grind for the father's cakes, and things to be baked, so that is all she tells them today. Anyhow, they know all her stories by heart, because they are so very, very old.

The Banana-Tree-That-Was-Dressed-Up

SURELY YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT RUSTLING GRASS AND LAZY Legs, the black children in Africa whom you met last Sunday, whose real names are CHIKONDAWANGA and NWAEKE.

Today the story is about a banana tree that grew near their house, which was all dressed up in white cloth. Think of it! The trunk of the tree was wrapped in the cloth and the top was covered with a towel. A small bundle was tied to the tree and a little brass bowl was down on the ground at the foot of the tree. What do you suppose it can all be about?

These black people in God's Family are afraid of Evil Spirits all the time; and their witch doctor, who was supposed to know all about evil spirits, said to the mother of little Rustling Grass: "Bananas are taboo to your family—you must never eat a banana, or eat anything that has even been wrapped in the big leaf of the banana tree. You must tie this sacred bundle on the banana tree near your house, and take good care of the tree, then maybe the banana tree spirit will not hurt you!"

So the mother of Rustling Grass told her husband all that the witch doctor had said about bananas being taboo in their family, that nobody must ever dare eat a banana, and so on. The father helped her dress up the tree in the white cloth and the towel, and he hung the bundle on the tree and placed the white bowl of rice down at the roots. They even danced around the tree, hoping to please the banana tree spirit. And Rustling Grass and Lazy Legs were told over and over again that they must never, *never* eat a banana or something dreadful would surely happen to them. They

believed every word of it, too, and nothing could have made them disobey. That is, nothing until a missionary lady came to their village!

She was the most astonishing person they had ever seen, for her skin was white like the clouds, and everybody else they knew had skin as black as coal! She had eyes as blue as the sky, and everybody else they knew had eyes as brown as the mud in the village streets. So it was no wonder they tagged around after her everywhere she went, exactly like "Mary had a little lamb."

When she saw their banana tree all dressed up she was so surprised that she asked them what it all meant. So they told her.

Of course you know what she thought, but all she said then was: "Some day you will all know better, please God!"

She started a little school in their village—a queer school it was, for the walls only went part way up to the leafy roof so that more air could come in, and sometimes a naughty monkey would climb up and sit on the broken wall, blinking solemnly at all those quiet black boys and girls learning to write and listening to stories of Jesus.

After school was over the children would patter home on their bare feet and tell their parents these stories about Jesus, and then the fathers would go to the Palaver-House of an evening to listen to the wise words concerning God from this white-teacher-from-over-the-sea.

Some of the old men in the village would say: "Oh yes! we all know that God made the world—but after He made it everybody in Africa knows He forgot us. Everybody knows that. He just forgot all about us."

"No! No!" said the missionary gently, "He has never forgotten any of us for one single littlest minute! He sent Jesus to tell us so."

Then, by the dim light of a lantern she would tell them the same stories of Jesus that she had told the children in school, and the men would nod their heads and say: "If it were true, how good it would be!"

One day Rustling Grass said to her brother: "Lazy Legs," she said, "how will we ever know for sure that God loves us, unless we prove it?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lazy Legs.

"Well, this is what I mean," said Rustling Grass. "The White Lady from over the sea says that there are no such things as evil spirits, that God made everything and takes care of us every single minute. Now how will we ever know whether there are really banana tree spirits or not unless we eat a banana and find out what happens?"

"EAT A BANANA!" gasped Lazy Legs, his eyes like saucers, he was so surprised. "Oh you wouldn't dare! The witch doctor told us never to eat them! The banana tree spirit would hurt us—"

"But the White Teacher says there is no spirit," said Rustling Grass, wondering what to believe.

Without another word she climbed up the tree, broke off a yellow banana and ate it right up!

Lazy Legs was scared stiff, but absolutely nothing happened to Rustling Grass all that day, so the next day she ate another banana! Nothing happened that day, so then Lazy Legs himself climbed up and they both ate bananas, and nothing at all unusual happened to anybody!

So hand in hand Rustling Grass and Lazy Legs went to the Palaver-House where their father and some other men were talking to the missionary.

"We have eaten bananas and nothing has happened to our family," they said. "So we don't believe in the banana tree spirit any more."

But instead of being angry at them, their father said to the missionary: "We will take the white cloths off the banana tree, and we will not put rice in the bowl any longer. My family will all eat bananas again. You must stay here and tell us more every day about the wonderful God who does not forget us, but takes care of us every day."

So that is the way there came to be a tiny church in that village, because Rustling Grass dared eat a banana!

Elephant Tails and Other Tales

PERHAPS YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE ZOO AND HAVE SEEN A BIG GRAY elephant, with great floppy ears and a long trunk, and you must have wondered where its real home was. So today I am going to tell you a story of an elephant in India, where elephants live, and where all the members of God's Family have very brown skins and talk in a language you and I do not know.

The strange thing about this elephant is that he is not a live elephant at all, but is carved out of stone; yet the little boys and girls of India are dreadfully afraid of him! Not because he can bite, for as I said he is stone, so he can't move one inch, but you will see why they are afraid later on.

There was once a little brown boy in India named Ramaswami, whose father was a goldsmith. In India one would say he belonged to the goldsmith *caste*. Everybody in India could tell in a minute what caste he belonged to because he had a certain mark on his forehead. All the men, women and children in the goldsmith caste have it on their foreheads, too. Just suppose people in America were all divided into castes with marks on their foreheads, and you could look at them and say: "That man makes leather things," or "that boy's father is a baker," or "that girl's family have always been priests." For in India, whatever a Hindu great-great-great-grandfather did, everybody else in his family has to keep on doing,

even down to little boys like Ramaswami, who knows perfectly well that when he grows up he will make gold necklaces and bracelets as his father does.

But unfortunately Ramaswami's father was having some trouble in his work; not because the brown people did not buy his bracelets and earrings and necklaces! Oh no! they were crazy about the pretty things he made, and most of the young women even wore toe rings and rings in their noses, bought from his shop in the bazaar.

But perhaps you can see that when a design has to be cut into soft yellow gold you have to have very good eyesight, and sometimes Ramaswami's poor father could hardly see: He would rub his eyes, and blink, but instead of helping everything looked darker than ever.

"I do hope the gods are not sending me blindness!" he said to himself. "It is a long time since I have been to the temples and taken a present to the idols. This very day shall Ramaswami and I make a little pilgrimage."

Now it is going to give you a big surprise to know that there are people in India who worship elephants! For the stone elephant I told you about at the beginning of this story was an idol, and it was to his shrine that Ramaswami and his father made their little pilgrimage.

Before they left home Ramaswami's mother had woven garlands of bright yellow marigolds to hang around the stone elephant's neck, and as Ramaswami carried them on his arm he asked about "Ganesa," which is the elephant-god's name. His father told him the elephant was the god of *prudence* and *policy,* two big grown-up words which meant that he was supposed to be very wise indeed.

After a long time they reached the little temple, and there on a stone platform, about as high as a table, sat the big elephant-god Ganesa. You can just imagine how perfectly hideous he was and how much worse he seemed to poor Ramaswami who actually saw

those terrible eyes painted to look very fierce, those great white tusks sticking straight out, that fiery red tongue, that big black trunk raised up to one side as if to strike a poor little boy!

Ramaswami's father laughed: "He won't hurt you, he is stone and cannot move. So make your salaam to the Lord Ganesa."

Ramaswami and his father made what they call a salaam in India, by bowing and touching their hands to their foreheads. They hung the marigold wreaths around the elephant's neck and they poured some *ghee,* which is melted butter, over his head. This was to put him in a good humor, you know. Then Ramaswami's father rubbed the big painted eyes of the elephant, next he rubbed his own eyes, and he said: "Hear, O Elephant-god, thou whose eyes see far and know everything, make well the eyes of thy worshipful slave."

The Way Supper Is Eaten in India

LAST SUNDAY WE HAD AN ELEPHANT TALE ABOUT INDIA, DO YOU remember? We saw a little boy Ramaswami and his father worshiping a perfectly hideous stone elephant, so that the idol would cure the sore eyes of Ramaswami's father.

Well, that evening they had to walk home through the jungle about sunset time, and how Ramaswami's father did hurry! For in the jungle things grew almost as high as a man's head, and so thick together that dreadful animals, called tigers, and great snakes, called cobras, could easily hide, ready to spring out and kill people.

Up in the branches of the trees lively monkeys jumped around and chattered to one another, while bright green parrots made a dreadful noise squawking!

Ramaswami thought it was rather exciting in the jungle; still he was not sorry when he saw smoke rising from a little village in the distance, for he knew it was his own village, and that over the little smoking fires the evening rice was being cooked, and that his mother would be glad to see him.

Sure enough, she ran to the door of the little mud hut, saying: "The apple of my eye has returned, and the rice is boiling in the pot for him."

So Ramaswami and his father sat down on the floor and began their supper at once. You never knew such a meal. The very first thing that happened was when Ramaswami's mother put a little bit of rice in a tiny bowl and told her little daughter to put it before a wooden idol that stood on a little shelf. Then the mother scooped big white balls of rice into the plates, but the plates were big green plantain leaves! Yes indeed, fresh green leaves! A very easy way to get new dishes.

She poured a brown sauce over the rice, so very hot and peppery that it would make great tears run down your cheeks! Neither Ramaswami nor his father used knives or forks or spoons; they just popped the rice into their mouths with their fingers, and soaked up the sauce with some hard little cakes. But Ramaswami's mother and sister did not eat with him and his father. They waited on him; and then they sat down on the floor like human letter Z's, and watched the men folk eat and eat and eat. Ramaswami's mother thought her husband looked very handsome in his big white turban and his bright green jacket with a broad red belt twisted around his hips. You see, she was used to waiting until the men were through before she could begin eating whatever they had left in the brass bowl.

Sometimes there was very little left, because the father and brother had eaten too much. Then the mother and sister went

hungry. So many people in India are always hungry, yet every day they save a little rice out of the pot for the idol, because they are afraid of him.

Perhaps you never realized before what nice things we have to be thankful for! Not only dishes and knives and forks and chairs—they are just things; but we have love in our families, we like to sit down to eat our meals together, and if there is not enough to go around, then we each take our proper share. You can't imagine your father eating what mother and sister ought to have, can you? It is only right for us to thank God for our daily food at each meal because He has given us so much.

After their strange supper Ramaswami's father said his eyes hurt him worse than ever, probably because he had been walking in the hot sun so long. You would like to whisper to him that a doctor could do him more good than any elephant idol. But of course you do not know yet that there was no real doctor in his village, nor in the village next to his, nor in the village next to that, nor for miles and miles and miles!

To be sure, there were strange Hindu men in each village who said they were doctors, but when Ramaswami's father had gone to the one in his village about his sore eyes, what do you suppose he did? Why he put a piece of red hot iron on top of the father's head to let the pain out! Oh, how it hurt! That just shows you he didn't know a thing about being a doctor, for he only made the poor eyes ache still more. So then Ramaswami's father tried the elephant-god.

A Crocodile Tail and a Monkey Tail

Retold from the "Jatakas"

RAMASWAMI'S FATHER KEPT ON HAVING A TERRIBLE PAIN IN HIS eyes, so that he simply could not go to his shop to make gold bracelets and necklaces. He stayed home and sat in the shade, his hands over his eyes, and one day he told Ramaswami this story which his mother had told to him years before, when he was a little boy himself:

"Once there was a great river where many crocodiles lived, and beside the river there was a big tree where some monkeys lived. One day a crocodile said to her son: 'My son, catch a monkey for me for I want the heart of a monkey to eat!'

" 'But how can I catch a monkey?' asked the little crocodile. 'For I don't travel on land, and the monkeys never go in the water?'

" 'Oh, if you put your wits together you'll find a good way,' said his mother. So the little crocodile thought and thought. And finally he had a bright idea.

"He swam to the tree where a monkey was sitting, looking across the river at an island where cocoanuts grew.

" 'Hello, Monkey!' called the crocodile, 'come on over to that island with me and get a nice cocoanut!'

" 'But I can't swim!' said the monkey, 'so how can I go?'

" 'Jump on my back, and I'll take you,' said the crocodile. So

the monkey jumped down on the crocodile's back, and off they went, splash, splash through the water.

" 'This is a fine ride you are giving me!' said the happy monkey.

" 'I'm glad you like it,' said the crocodile. 'How do you like *this?*' and he swam down way under the water.

" 'Stop! Stop!' spluttered the poor monkey choking, 'what ever made you do that?'

" 'I'm going to drown you, so I can take your heart home for my mother to eat,' said the crocodile.

"But the monkey was even more clever. This is what he said: 'What, you want my heart? How I do wish you had told me, then I would have brought it along.'

" 'Oh dear!' said the stupid crocodile, 'have you left it at home in your tree?'

" 'Yes, it's there, so if you want it, you will have to take me home first. But since we are so near to those cocoanuts, please take me there first.'

" 'No! no! Monkey!' said the crocodile, 'we will get your heart first.' So back he splashed to the shore. But no sooner had the monkey jumped onto the bank than *whisk! zip!* he was up in his tree, looking down at the stupid crocodile as he said: 'My heart is up here, silly Crocodile. Come up and get it!'

"The crocodile was so mad at being fooled, that the monkey thought it would be wise to live in another tree after that. But the crocodile saw him far down the river, in the new tree by the river.

"Now in the middle of the river was another island with cocoanut palms, and halfway between the riverbank and the island was a very big rock. Every day the crocodile saw the monkey jump from the bank of the river to the rock, and then to the island, and he said to himself: 'I'll get that monkey yet, some night when he is jumping home!'

"So all day the crocodile swam around watching the monkey

eat cocoanuts, then toward night the crocodile crawled out of the water and lay on the rock, still as still could be!

"Pretty soon the monkey started for home, but just before he jumped over to the rock he thought: 'How queer and high the rock looks tonight! Oh, I guess the crocodile must be on it!'

"But he never let on that he knew what it was. He just went to the edge of the water and cried: 'Hello, Rock!'

"No answer from the still crocodile! So he called again! No answer. Then the clever monkey said: 'Why don't you answer me tonight, Mr. Rock?'

'Then the stupid crocodile said to himself: 'Oh! I see! The rock must answer the monkey every night. I'll have to answer for the rock this time.' So he answered: 'Yes, Monkey, what is it?'

"How the monkey did laugh then! 'Why, it's you, Crocodile, is it?'

" 'Yes,' said the crocodile, 'I'm waiting here to eat you up!'

" 'Oh dear!' groaned the monkey, 'I'm caught this time! Oh well! Open your mouth wide so I can jump right into it!'

"Now, of course, you don't know what the monkey knew, that when crocodiles open their mouths wide, they have to shut their eyes! So while the stupid crocodile lay on the rock with his huge mouth wide open, and his eyes tight shut, the monkey jumped. But not into his mouth, of course! He landed on top of the crocodile's head, and then jumped onto the shore. Up he whisked into his tree.

"When the stupid crocodile saw the trick the clever monkey had played on him he said: 'You are a very wise animal. I think I won't waste any time trying to catch you again.'

" 'Oh, won't you?' said the monkey. 'I'll keep one eye out for you just the same.' "

How Ramaswami's Father Came to Wear Spectacles

LAST SUNDAY YOU HEARD WHAT A TERRIBLE PAIN RAMASWAMI'S father felt in his eyes, and how he could not see to cut beautiful patterns on bracelets or necklaces. Instead, he had to sit home day after day in the shade of his little mud hut, holding his head in his hands, wondering if he ever could see well again.

The whole family were hungry, for when a goldsmith cannot work, there is no money to buy food. One morning Ramaswami's mother cried as she said: "Alas! There is no rice for the pot, and no food for the stomach. But what can we do? It is the will of the idols!"

Then Ramaswami made up his mind the only thing to do was to pray once more to the village idol, and give it a present. It was terribly hot weather: all the green grass had withered and turned brown, the mud streets had great cracks in them where the mud had dried into cakes, and even the village well had run dry, so that Ramaswami's sister had been able to draw only a teacupful of water in her big stone jar.

When Ramaswami looked around for a present for the idol all he could find was this water in the stone jar, so he took that in a little brass bowl to the temple. There sat the great stone idol, motionless as a giant doll. Ramaswami timidly knelt and dashed the cool water over the idol, as he said: "Give back my father's eyes, O Vishnu." In the courtyard he saw the sacred temple animals

with garlands of flowers around their necks, and he bowed to them, hoping each thing he did might please the idols.

Then as he was lazily walking home he heard strange singing and saw a crowd of people listening to a man talking. That man belongs to you! He is our missionary, sent over to India by our church to spend all his time telling the brown people about God.

Of course Ramaswami hurried over to find out what was going on. He never had seen a white man before, so he wriggled right through the crowd and got right up close to him. He rather liked what our Mr. Missionary was saying, but he couldn't help but laugh at the queer pieces of glass the man wore fastened on his nose! He never had seen jewelry like that before. So he piped right out: "Sahib! Why do you wear pieces of glass fastened on your nose?"

Our Mr. Missionary answered that once his eyes had hurt him a great deal, but as soon as he began to look through these pieces of glass, called spectacles, then he could see perfectly. It made Ramaswami think of his poor father's eyes at once.

"O Sahib!" he begged, "walk to my home and see my father. He sits in darkness unable to see. We belong to the goldsmith caste, but now he cannot work, and there is no rice for our pot, and no food for our stomachs."

Of course our Mr. Missionary went. Ramaswami's father got up from the shadow of his mud hut, and touched his hand to his forehead. "Salaam Sahib!" he said politely, which means in English: "Good morning, sir!"

Well, our Mr. Missionary spent a long time telling the family about our hospital, where sick eyes could be treated—for money, if the people were rich; for love, if the people were poor. He explained that there were schools there, too: a school where Ramaswami could learn wisdom; a lace school where Ramaswami's mother could learn to make lace to support the family, and last of all, a boarding school where Ramaswami's sister could be sent to school.

You ought to have heard the family laugh at that! They thought it must be a joke! "What? Send a girl to school, Sahib?" they asked. "Surely a girl can't learn how to read or write?"

But our Mr. Missionary told how he knew lots and lots of girls who could read just as well as boys. Then our Mr. Missionary said he was starting home that day in his bullock cart—it was only twenty miles—so he would take them with him. They decided that that was the best thing to do, although the brown people in India are not fond of leaving their homes to live somewhere else, because they think the idols on their shelf will not like to be moved!

But when they finally got to Ranipettai (it means "Place of the Queen") they were glad they had come. For in the hospital one of our Dr. Missionaries took care of Ramaswami's father. He did all sorts of things to his eyes, then he bandaged them up, and persuaded the father to get into the bed!

To tell the truth, Ramaswami's father was afraid of that bed! You see, he had never even seen one before, because the brown people in India sleep on the floor. So the bed hardly seemed safe, it was so high up from the floor, probably Ramaswami's father felt the way you and I would feel if we had to sleep on the roof!

However, he slept there a whole month, and every day a Bible woman came in and told him stories about Jesus, so that he became very much interested. At last the doctor took off the bandages, and gave him some pieces of glass to fasten on *his* nose: spectacles, of course—and then he really was the happiest man in all India, for he could see, and down in his heart was a new love for Jesus.

Ramaswami's Mother Earns a Rupee

LAST SUNDAY WHILE YOU HEARD ABOUT RAMASWAMI'S FATHER IN the hospital, having his eyes made well, the rest of the family were having a wonderful time going to school. Yes, all of them, even the mother!

She went to a lace school in Ranipettai, where one of our missionaries teaches women to make lace, and although she was not very quick in learning to do it, because her fingers all seemed to be thumbs, yet she did finally finish a small piece of lace. Just a small queer little piece of lace, with several mistakes in it. But along came an American visitor, and when she saw the crooked little piece of lace, and looked at the brown fingers of Ramaswami's mother, and heard the story about Ramaswami's father, she bought it. She even paid entirely too much for it, laying one rupee in those brown hands; this seemed a great deal of money to Ramaswami's mother, but instead of spending it for rice or a new saree for herself, she went to the hospital and said to Ramaswami's father: "The one and only God has given much happiness to our family, the noble doctor has given you back your eyes and these pieces of glass to fasten on your nose! Is it right that we should take all this for nothing? No! So let us hide this rupee under the leaves of the betel nuts for the doctor to find. It will be our present to Jesus."

Don't you really think that was a lovely thing for her to do? So they put the rupee on a little tray, and covered it over with the leaves of the betel nut, with some betel nuts on top and one little plantain, which is like a banana, you know! They handed the tray to our doctor with many a deep salaam, and he never knew until

hours later that the rupee was hidden there. It made him have a warm feeling around his heart to know how much these new friends appreciated what he had done.

All this time Ramaswami was having a beautiful time in his school, and his sister, Anandabai, was having an even better time in her school, because she simply could not get over being surprised that girls could learn to read!

This is the way she began to learn. She sat on the floor and began tracing the Hindu alphabet in some sand spread out before her. Such funny little hooks and curves as she did have to make! Then by and by when she knew how to make them, the teacher gave her a slate, and she scratched away on that with a great deal of noise and pleasure. She loved the school, and the teachers, and the other scholars. She was working specially hard, because one of the little girls had told her that at the end of the school year every girl who passed her examinations always received a doll. For the primer class, the dolls were only two inches long; for the older class, three inches long; indeed, for every year in that school the dolls were bigger.

Anandabai had never had a doll in all her life; in fact, she had never seen one until she came to our school; so she made up her mind she would stay at that school until she had earned every single doll, big, little, that a girl could earn! Then she would go back to her village with her head packed full of knowledge and her arms loaded down with dolls; and she would swagger down the village street while all the neighbors would say: "There goes Anandabai! Have you seen her wonderful dolls? She knows more than any girl ever knew before—she even knows more than any man in the village!"

Now of course this was a very foolish thing for her to think—by and by she saw how conceited that would be, but not right away.

Well, at the end of six weeks her father left the hospital with his eyes cured, and the first thing he thought of was getting back to his own village to begin making bracelets and necklaces again.

They decided to leave Ramaswami in school, but Anandabai would be needed at home in order to get water from the well, to grind the corn, and to milk the goat!

You can just imagine how Anandabai felt to think of going home without a single doll, or a bit of knowledge—of course, no one could admire her yet! So she begged and begged to stay till the end of the year, anyhow; till she earned one tiny doll, at least. Our missionaries wanted her to stay, too, only it was a pretty tight squeeze to keep her in their crowded school. But the girls were quite willing to keep on sleeping closer and eating a little less, if only Anandabai could stay. So finally her mother and father rode back to their village in a squeaky bullock cart, and Anandabai stayed on at school.

The Little Girl-Who-Almost-Had-To-Be-Turned Away

LAST SUNDAY YOU HEARD HOW RAMASWAMI AND ANANDABAI WERE left at school, when their mother and father returned to the old village after the father's eyes were cured. Perhaps you remember that Anandabai specially wanted to stay so that she could earn a little doll at the end of the year, to show it off to the people in her village when she went home. Then everyone would say: "Isn't it wonderful? Anandabai is a girl, but she can actually read! And she earned a doll at her school. No one is so bright as Anandabai in all our village."

This was a queer vain way to feel, and Anandabai thought so herself before long.

For she began to watch our missionaries, and some of the brown girls who never worshiped idols now, but were Christians. Anandabai watched every single thing they did; and she saw they were quite different from the girls who worshiped idols: they spoke kindly to one another; they did not mind eating less food, so Anandabai could stay at school; at mealtime they never grabbed for things that did not belong to them; they never bragged about themselves, saying: *"I* am a good scholar, you never see me making mistakes in class!" Yet that was what Anandabai had said once. She felt a little ashamed of it, now.

"When I get grown up, I'm going to be exactly like these Christian girls," Anandabai said to our missionary.

"Don't wait until you are grown up," our missionary answered, "the only time to begin being a Christian girl is now, right away."

And under the big twinkling stars that night, Anandabai put her brown hand into the white hand of our missionary, as she whispered· "Tomorrow, then! You shall see me begin to be a Jesus girl!"

The very next day while all the girls were eating chota hazri in the courtyard, sitting in two long lines with their plates on the ground before them, there was a big commotion at the gate: loud voices, and the sound of crying.

Anandabai crept to the gate to find out what it was all about. There she saw a little girl, just her own age, sitting in back of a bullock cart, crying as if her heart would break. A man in a green turban was salaaming to our missionary, and saying over and over: "But Mem Sahib, you said last year when you visited our village that my daughter would be welcome in your school. So her mother has packed two clean sarees and some rice, and we have traveled three days, only to have you say, 'There is no room in the school?' "

Then our missionary began to explain all over again: "I am so sorry, but you see our school was crowded even at the beginning

of the year, and since then I have kept crowding in one more girl, then another girl, and by and by another girl, then still one more, until four months ago I squeezed in the very last girl I possibly could! I am so sorry—so very sorry—"

Then Anandabai ran up very timidly. She remembered telling our missionary the night before that on the next day she would begin being unselfish. Well, the new day had come, and here was her chance.

"Heaven-born!" she said to our missionary, "ask the little stranger girl to dry her tears. I was the last little girl you squeezed in, so now that I have learned my alphabet and know about Jesus, should I not return to my mother's village to draw water from the well, to grind the corn, and to milk the goat; then the stranger girl can squeeze into my place!"

Our missionary was never more astonished, and the new little girl crying in the bullock cart sniffled the way you do when you feel sure the worst is over!

But the other girls in the school said: "No, no, Exalted Teacher, why should Anandabai leave! We will squeeze a little tighter—there are only two months more!"

Even when our missionary said it would be ever so uncomfortable, and no! she really could not allow it, a perfect chorus of voices said: "Oh please! please let them *both* stay!"

So they did. And there was more love in everybody's heart because Anandabai had been so good to the new little girl who almost had to be turned away.

There really is some more to this story, for the next year a little school was started in Anandabai's village. She was able to live at home, and everybody in the village really was proud of her, because she knew more than any of the other girls, and had earned one doll. But Anandabai knew better than to be vain about such a little thing as knowing the alphabet.

"No," she said to herself, "If I live to be a hundred I can never know all our missionary knows, or do as much good as she

does. But I just think I'll try!" And of course that is all anybody can do.

God's Little Garden

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE A LITTLE BOY OR GIRL REMINDS US OF A certain flower. You often hear people say: "Mary's eyes are as blue as forgetmenots," "Ruth's cheeks are like pink roses," "Tom's lips are as red as poppies." But pansies are almost exactly like the faces of God's Family!

It is not at all hard to pretend that the white pansies are the white members of God's Family, that means you and all the other white children in God's world. Then the black pansies certainly must be the black Negro people in Africa! Surely you haven't forgotten about their little houses-that-are-built-in-half-an-hour, or about the banana-tree-that-was-all-dressed-up! The yellow pansies are the Japanese children in God's Family. You remember their little-houses-that-were-made-of-paper, and the cradle-that-walked-on-two-feet, and the pagoda-that-had-five-roofs where they worshiped the ugly idol. The brown pansies are certainly the dear little brown children of India. As for these reddish-colored pansies, they are the American Indians who live here in our country, although you have not had stories about them yet.

You know the minute you see a pansy that it is a pansy, whatever color it is, don't you? In the same way, you can always know that everybody you see is a member of God's Family, whatever color he may be!

But pansies weren't always flowers. Once they were only queer-looking seeds like these. [The teacher is requested to have some pansy seeds, also five pansies of the above-mentioned colors to illustrate this story.] How very small the seeds do look! Here are five of them, all exactly alike as far as you or I can see. Once somebody planted five seeds just like these down in the earth of a pretty garden. God sent His rain and His sun to help them grow; and somehow He taught them how to split open when the rain had wet them and the sun had warmed them. Then tiny little green shoots began growing higher and higher, until finally they pushed right out into the sunlight. They still kept on growing, and you could plainly see little leaves, then little buds—then what? Yes, five little pansies! But although the seeds all looked alike, and the plants all looked alike, and the buds all looked alike, one flower had white petals, another black petals, another brown petals, another yellow petals, and another reddish petals! The minute they opened their petals the same sweet smell seemed to breathe the words: "God is good!" And if you had your eyes shut, you could not tell one flower from the other: the color was the only difference.

God has given each child in His great big Family a little garden of his very own, in which we are each to plant the seeds of love and kindness. This little verse tells the whole story:

My heart is God's little garden,
  And the flowers growing there each day,
Are the things He shall see me doing,
  And the words He shall hear me say.

But just as all the pansy plants needed God's sun to help them grow right, so every little child needs God's Son, Jesus, to help him grow right. All over God's worlds our missionaries are busy telling the children of God's Family that their hearts are God's little gardens, and showing them how to grow right. But the sad part about it is that there aren't nearly enough missionaries to go around

among all of God's Family who never heard of Him, so whenever you look at little pansy faces smiling up at you from a garden, remember the little yellow and black and brown and red faces of God's Family; and pray that just as all the dear pansy faces seem to say, "God is good!" so God wants to see all the little red and yellow and black and brown faces smiling as they sing, "God is good!"

The Lonely House-That-Had-No-Neighbors

YOU HAVE HAD STORIES ABOUT A LITTLE HOUSE-THAT-WAS-MADE-of-paper, and other stories about the little house-that-was-built-in-half-an-hour, so here is a story about a lonely house-that-had-no-neighbors!

It must be very friendly for one little house to look across the street and see smoke curling out of the chimney of the house over there. "Well, well!" says the first little house to himself, "they must be getting supper over at the Smiths!" Or perhaps when the little house looks right next door and sees fresh white curtains at the windows, can't you just imagine how green with jealousy he must feel until the people who live inside him put curtains at his windows, too? Yes, having neighbors is very cheerful!

The little house you will hear about today has no neighbors at all, and no curtains at the windows, either. Not even any glass in the windows!

So you ask: "What kind of a family lives inside?"

Well, they are white people, just exactly like you and me, in lots

of ways. They speak the same language, and they have the same color skin, and they live in America with us, but each lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors is tucked in among the trees in a valley with oh! so many hills all around it! Just hills—hills—hills—everywhere! And it is hard to get from one lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors over to another lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors. That is because the roads in these hills are very poor—all stony and steep, sometimes a river runs right across a road in one place, or a tree grows right in the middle of the road in another place. Or sometimes there isn't any road at all.

So you can plainly see it is not much fun to live in a lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors. It is bad enough not to have any other family to play with or look at, but just suppose there wasn't really room enough in the lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors for the family that lived in it! Suppose there was only one room, with a bed in one corner, a smoky fireplace where mother did all the cooking, two very uncomfortable chairs that father made out of boxes, and a queer old tipsy table and a spinning wheel! From the ceiling hang strings of onions, and red and green peppers, and a ham!

"That is a queer way for American children to live," you say, "only one bed when there are so many in the family." All these families who live in these lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors are very poor, and they can't afford to have beds enough to go round, or chairs enough, either. The mothers and fathers are so tired all the time that they just settle down, and keep right on being poor and miserable, because there doesn't seem to be anything else to do.

The fields are all so steep and stony that it is very hard to raise potatoes and corn. Once there was a farm on the side of a hill so very steep that one day when the poor farmer was ploughing he actually fell right out of his own farm down the hill!

"It all sounds perfectly horrid," you say, "but maybe they spend lots of time reading in the lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors."

No, for that's another unpleasant thing about being one of these lonely Americans shut in by the lonely hills: for neither the mother,

nor the father, nor any of the children can read at all! That means they never saw a Bible, most of them, so they really know next to nothing about God.

"Well," you say, "I think they need a missionary or two!"

And that is just what lots of the grown-up people in our church thought, too. So they sent some missionaries down among those beautiful mountains of Kentucky, and they gave them a horse so they could climb up and down the hills and valleys to find all the lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors.

It was a great surprise even to our missionaries to find so many, many lonely families tucked away in the woods and the valleys: unhappy families who quarreled, and had no happy little family jokes the way our families do. Families who never read books or newspapers, and so never knew what was going on all over God's world among His Family.

"We must have a school for them," said one missionary.

"And a church!" said another missionary.

"And a nurse!" sighed a third missionary, who found so many sick people who had no medicine to take because there was no doctor anywhere. "A hospital, too!" said the first missionary.

All these things take money, of course, lots of money, but the people who go to our church gave it, so now in those mountains there are several perfectly good schools, full to the brim with little mountain girls and boys; there are little churches packed with the lonely families from houses-that-have-no-neighbors. There is a hospital, too, and a doctor and nurses. So it isn't quite as lonely in those mountains as it used to be, because our church is helping.

The Little Girl-Who-Never-Said-Please

IN THE FIRST PLACE, IT WASN'T AT ALL HER FAULT THAT SHE NEVER said "Please!" because nobody ever taught her! She never even heard anybody say it—neither her mother, nor her father, nor her brothers, nor her sisters, nor her aunts, nor her uncles! For the people who live in the lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors have gotten into very bad habits—they grab what they want, and are really unpleasant and impolite almost all of the time.

When our missionaries came to the mountains of Kentucky they listened and *listened* and LISTENED, but they never heard anybody say "Please" or "Thank You." So this little girl-who-never-said-please was not the only one, for everybody else was just like her in that way.

To begin with, of course, she lived in a lonely little house-that-had-no-neighbors. And there weren't enough beds, or dishes, or even tin pans! Speaking of pans, her mother had to use the same pan to get the water in from the brook, to mix the bread in, to feed the cow from, and to gather the chips for the fire! Not because she wanted to, but because there was no other pan in the house.

The little girl's name was Sookie. One day when she was down by the brook getting some water in the one-and-only-tin-pan, who should come calling but one of our missionaries, on horseback.

This is what Sookie's mother said to our missionary: "How do, stranger! 'Light, and hitch your beastie!"

So our missionary got off and hitched her "beastie" to a tree, and came over to shake hands with Sookie's mother. Sookie was

far too shy to come any nearer than the corner of the house, where she could "peek" at this lovely stranger with the soft voice.

Our missionary looked around the dirty, ugly, lonely little house and decided she couldn't possibly say anything nice about that, so she looked at God's beautiful World instead, and said: "What beautiful hills you can see from your front door!"

But Sookie's poor tired mother said: "Yes, I guess maybe they are pretty to some, but I get so tired it seems like I can't look up as high as the hills. It seems like I just can't look over 'em."

Our missionary felt so sorry for Sookie's poor tired mother. So she acted as cheerful as she could while she told about the new school for boys and girls that was to begin "day after tomorrow." She said it wasn't a very big school, so each family could only send two of their children, and did she have two she wanted to send? You ought to have seen Sookie come rushing up, then.

"Now mammy," she said, "you ain't aimin' to send only the boys, be you? You'll send me, won't you?"

There were five children in the family, and it was hard to know which two to choose, but finally she decided Sookie could go.

Happy? Why Sookie was fairly bubbling with happiness! She could hardly wait for school to "take up," as they say in the mountains. She counted this way: "Tomorrow I eat, then I sleep, then I comb my hair, and then I roll away to school!"

So when school did begin, no one was there earlier than Sookie and her brother. They did one queer thing the minute school began, they took off their shoes and stockings! You'll never guess why! No: not because it was too warm. No: not because they were uncomfortable. But that was not the real reason. For they took them off to save them. Shoes and stockings are dreadfully expensive things, so expensive that Sookie was wearing her mother's, and she wanted to make them last forever and ever; so that is why she took them off to save them.

Sookie listened hard to everything that happened that day, and

she heard the teacher say "Please" very often. Then she heard some of the girls who lived at the school all the time say "Please." These girls came from lonely-houses-that-had-no-neighbors far off in the hills, and they learned their manners from our missionaries. Sookie heard them saying: "Oh please help me do this," or "Oh thank you so much for that"; and somehow it sounded very friendly to Sookie. She decided to say it herself, all the time.

She even made her brothers and sister say "Please," and next Sunday you will hear how even the Sunbonnet Baby learned to say "Please."

The Sunbonnet Baby

SOMEHOW WE GET SO USED TO SEEING PEOPLE WEAR HATS, THAT we think everybody in God's Family wears them. Yet the yellow people in faraway Japan, and the black people in Africa never wear hats at all, while the brown mothers and daughters in India just pull part of their dresses up over their heads like a shawl. But right here in our own country, in the Kentucky mountains where the lonely-houses-that-have-no-neighbors are full of little girls-who-never-say-please, the women and girls wear sunbonnets. Today's story is about the Sunbonnet Baby who nearly fell off the back of the horse.

One day Sookie came home from school, and found the Sunbonnet Baby crying loudly outside the closed door of their lonely-house-that-had-no-neighbors. Although really it was worse than crying, it was howling, and nobody likes a howler, you know!

So Sookie rushed over: "What yer mean makin' such a racket?" she asked, shaking the Sunbonnet Baby.

"Want ter git in the house," howled the Baby.

"Well, say 'Please' then," Sookie commanded. But the howler had never heard of such nonsense before.

"Go ahead—say 'Please'!"

"Why-for I say 'Please'?" howled the Sunbonnet Baby.

"Well," said Sookie, "I learned a nice little poem at school today that tells why. You-all just listen:

> Hearts, like doors, open with ease
> To very, very little keys:
> Never forget that two of these
> Are "I thank you," and "If you please."

The Sunbonnet Baby had never heard a poem before, so she stopped howling and actually smiled. "Please!" she lisped, so Sookie opened the door to the lonely-house-that-had-no-neighbors and they went in.

"Now that yer indoors, what do yer want?" asked Sookie.

The Sunbonnet Baby smiled: "I wants a kiss!" she said.

"A kiss?" said Sookie, "whatever made yer think of kisses?"

"Missionary lady gives me kisses—I likes 'em. I wants one now. Where is the missionary lady?"

"Why she's not here, Baby, she's at her home!" Then Sookie sat down on the floor and began to think about kisses herself. Had anybody ever kissed her? Well, of course, years and years before somebody must have! But somehow she couldn't remember about it, at all. Her mother was always too busy working in the garden, or making butter, or weaving, or making candles, or cooking, to waste any times on kisses. And her father was rather too cross to even think of kissing anybody, and her brothers never heard of such a thing, maybe. Suddenly she knew how badly she wanted a kiss, herself.

"I tell yer what, Baby," Sookie said, "I'll kiss yer myself."

"No! No!" said the Sunbonnet Baby, howling all over again, "I want the missionary lady."

Just then their mother rode up to the door on their big bony horse, with several baskets of berries.

"Sookie," she called, "I'm goin' to the crossroads, to try an' sell these berries!"

Sookie ran over to her. "I reckon there's room on the back of the beastie for me and Baby, we want to go to see the missionary lady something fierce."

So up they scrambled on the black horse, and away they rode to the crossroads. A wagon happened to pass just then, and Sookie's mother sold all her berries. Then they rode to our missionary's house. It was in her front yard that the Sunbonnet Baby almost fell off the horse, she was in such a hurry for her kiss.

Sookie called after her: "Now, Baby, what yer goin' to say to the lady first off?"

The Sunbonnet Baby looked up at our missionary and said: "If you please!"

How our missionary did kiss her. She kissed Sookie, too. So then Sookie said to her mother: "Mammy, I'm aimin' to kiss you every day now."

Something warm woke up in the mother's heart. "I reckon that will be real nice, Sookie," she said, "I allow I clean forgot how nice kissin' was, I been so busy and tired."

The Sunbonnet Baby looked up at her mother: "If you please, mammy!" she said.

So then her mother kissed her, and I guess everybody knows there's nobody in the whole world a baby would rather kiss than —mother! And it was just one more friendly thing that our missionary had taught Sookie's family.

The Get-Well-Room

SOOKIE AND THE SUNBONNET BABY HAD A BROTHER NAMED UDELL, who had been very sick in the lonely-house-that-has-no-neighbors; he was sick for a long time before our missionary nurse heard about it. As soon as she heard, she got on her horse and rode over the steep stony hills to leave him some medicine in a bottle.

You all know how medicine bottles look, don't you? How they have a piece of paper pasted on the outside of the bottle where directions are written. "Directions" are words that tell you how to take the medicine—how many pills to take, and whether to put them in water or take them dry on your tongue. Well, our missionary nurse left the bottle and rode away hoping the pills would help Udell, for she knew how horrid it must be to be sick in one of these lonely houses, where the cold wind whistled through the cracks in the walls and the smoke from the open fire place made poor sick eyes water and smart.

After she left the mother who lived in the lonely house picked up the bottle and remembered something our missionary had entirely forgotten—she remembered that she could not read a single word of the directions on the bottle!

"Why don't yer give me my medicine, mammy?" Udell asked.

"I don't dast give it to you," his mother said, "for I can't tell what this here writin' on the bottle says."

"Leave me look at it!" Udell said, and by the way, you can see that Sookie had not taught him to say "Please" yet! So Udell looked, but he could not read either.

"I reckon we will just wait till Sookie comes home from school

this afternoon, for Sookie can read most anything,' his mother said, and she began washing the few old cracked dishes and her one tin pan.

But Udell was so tired of being sick, it seemed as if he couldn't wait all the hours until school was over, so he did what you and I know right away was a dreadful thing to do: he ate all the pills at once! They tasted dreadfully, and of course they made him begin to feel queerer and queerer inside. He even cried a little, which boys don't generally do unless things are pretty bad. His mother was very much scared, for when Sookie came home from school she read off the label on the bottle these words: "Take one pill in a teaspoon of water every four hours." And of course you remember Udell had eaten all the pills at once, without any water.

"I reckon you'd best take Udell on the beastie right down to the hospital, mammy," said Sookie. "I reckon he's gettin' powerful sick."

So the father saddled their bony old horse, and rode all the way to the hospital with Udell in his arms.

Now at our hospital in the Kentucky mountains we have one room called "The Get-Well-Room," especially kept for sick chil-children like Udell, who come from draughty, smoky, lonely log cabins. Udell had never slept in a clean white bed before, although for a long while he was so sick he hardly knew where he was. But by and by he was better, then he liked to have our nurse call him "Dear," and every time Sookie stopped in from school to see him she would say: "I hope you remember to say 'Thank you' and 'Please' to the doctor and the nurse!"

"Of course, I do," Udell said proudly, "and I clean my teeth now every day, which is more than you do!"

"How do you do it?" Sookie asked curiously.

"This is my very own tooth brush," Udell explained, "and I just swish it around up and down, up and down over my teeth with plenty of water! If you say 'Please' to the nurse, maybe she'll

give you a brush of your own. She says I must never let anybody else use mine, never."

Our missionaries have brought some very happy things to Sookie's family. Just plain everyday things like "Please," and "Thank you," and "Kisses," and "Toothbrushes." But I almost think the Get-Well-Room was one of the loveliest things our missionaries thought of. For the Get-Sick-Times would have been dreadful in the cold lonely-house-that-had-no-neighbors, and the Getting-Better-Times would have seemed so long and dreary there.

Pigtails and Other Tales

THERE ARE THE FATHERS FROM ALL OVER GOD'S WORLD WHO CAME to America in boats, bringing their families with them, and almost everything we have to eat and wear and use in our homes was first made by them.

You understand how it is that these fathers and their children speak different languages from ours, and dress differently, and act differently. For we know that that is the way God made His Family, the way He likes them to be, each part of the family different from every other part. Just the way your sister and brother don't look exactly like you. Since it doesn't matter to God what language the people in His Family speak, or how they dress, it doesn't matter to you either.

But there are girls and boys in America who aren't polite enough to overlook the way these children-from-over-the-sea dress and

talk. I think it must be because they don't know the secret about God's Family that you know! They think they are being very smart, and that white children like themselves are the *only* nice children there are. You can tell from all these stories about Butterfly, Ko-i-chan, Rustling Grass, Lazy Legs, Ramaswami and Anandabai that other children in God's Family are every bit as nice as we are. Here is a story to prove it!

Many years ago there was a little girl from Japan whose father worked in New York City. She went every day to one of our public schools.

This little girl was taught to be polite in Japan, and so she kept on being polite here in America. Whenever she came into the classroom she bowed way over to the teacher, and when she stood up to recite she bowed again very politely. Even when the little girls in her grade spoke to her she bowed to them. And would you believe it? But some of the rude boys and girls in her grade made fun of her! They made fun of her Japanese eyes which slanted up at the corners. They thought it was very funny to nickname her "Slant-Eyes."

She was very quiet and polite, so it was no fun to keep teasing her about her eyes, and they made fun of her dear little blue kimono with the blue sash and the big sleeves. "Big Sleeves! Big Sleeves! Big Sleeves has her wrapper on!" they shouted in a singsong way after her, on the street. I think that really hurt her feelings, for one day she came into the classroom wearing an American dress like yours and mine, so then the foolish girls and boys began making fun of her hair. It was bobbed evenly all around her head, except for two long locks that hung on either side of her face.

"Pigtails! Pigtails! Funny little Pigtails!" they chanted at her, at recess; until this little Japanese girl from over the sea began to think it was perfectly dreadful to go to school in America.

But that very night one of the worst little American girls, who had started all the teasing, had a dream—although she never knew it was a dream until she woke up, of course.

Somehow or other Mary Smith knew she was way over the sea in Japan. It began by her hearing Japanese voices saying: "What a perfectly hideous little girl!" Now Mary had often heard people tell her mother how pretty Mary was, so she was greatly surprised! The Japanese voices went on: "Isn't her hair the most ridiculous color? Yellow, instead of black! Poor ugly girl, I even believe her eyes are blue instead of brown. Poor faded eyes. They don't even slant up at the corners as pretty eyes should."

Then someone else said: "Did you ever see anything so absurd as her funny dress? Just look at that big white collar? What can it be for? To keep her warm? And see her tight sleeves, she can't carry even a fan in them! And dear me! Just look at those silly shoes, tightly laced. She must have to wear them right in the house. I suppose she has no manners at all."

Then next Mary was in a Japanese school, standing up to recite. And oh, the mistakes she made! They actually had to nudge her, and remind her it was impolite to forget to bow to the teacher. It was also wrong to call the teacher "Miss So and So," she should say "Honorable Miss So and So." If ever a little girl was unhappy Mary Smith was that girl, yet the Japanese girls were very polite and never laughed out loud.

Then she woke up, and knew it was only a dream! But when she got to school she told her dream to all the rude children who had been laughing at the little Japanese from over the sea.

"Don't let's ever laugh or make fun of her any more," said Mary Smith. "Why, I made mistakes every minute in Japan, every minute! I couldn't eat my rice with their chopsticks. I couldn't write in school with their brushes instead of pencils, I couldn't even bow right. How do I know that her way of doing these things isn't every bit as good as our way? So don't let's make fun of her again. For I tell you girls, it hurts!"

The Lady with the Welcome Feet

YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE STORIES ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO came here in boats from places all over God's world, and who live in our cities, and work all day long making the things we use every day. You remember the story about the Japanese girl in the New York school, too, don't you? And the way some of the children made fun of her Japanese ways, until Mary Smith had an uncomfortable dream that she was in Japan, making the queerest kinds of mistakes all day long!

Well, just as Mary Smith felt uncomfortable and lonesome in Japan, so the Japanese people felt so uncomfortable and lonesome here in America. You see, they couldn't understand the words American people say, and they couldn't read our books, so I guess you can see what they needed most of all was a friend to help them!

But where could they find this very special kind of a friend? Not the storekeeper where they bought the things they ate—for he, poor man, only wanted their money, he hardly took time to notice that they seemed unhappy and lonesome. And the landlord wasn't their friend, oh no! he just wanted their money, too, and it didn't matter to him that they were uncomfortable in the dark, ugly room in his big, dark ugly house. And the policemen weren't friends of theirs, either. No, somehow the policemen just found fault with the Japanese way of doing things, and because he couldn't understand the words they said in Japanese, he thought they must be saying something dreadful!

So you say: "But how about their neighbors, couldn't they be friends?"

Well, they could, of course, only they didn't very often take time to even think about other people who were uncomfortable and lonesome, because that is the way they felt themselves! For they were all poor, they were crowded into dark, ugly rooms, they had to work very hard all day, and everything got so cluttered up and dirty that nobody could feel very happy! One neighbor didn't think very much about another neighbor, I'm afraid.

So it is a very beautiful thing that God put it into the hearts of some of the people in our church to have a missionary of our very own to go to visit these Japanese families who lived in America. One of the best parts about it was that they chose a Japanese Christian man and his wife to be our missionaries, because it was a great deal friendlier for the lonesome, uncomfortable people to have someone who knew all that they knew.

When the Japanese father went to work, and the Japanese children went to school, then the Japanese mother was all alone in the little room in the dirty big building. But she cleaned everything up as spick and span as she could, and then, oh dear! she heard a knock at the door! She felt scared, for she didn't know a single word of English except "yes!" and of course lots of times "Yes!" isn't at all the proper thing to say to strangers. So she tiptoed over, opened the door a crack, and poked out her nice little nose.

"O-hay-o!" ("ohio") said a voice in the dark hall outside. That means "How do you do?" in Japanese. She nearly fell over she was so delighted, and in walked our missionary. They had such a good time chattering away in Japanese, and bowing to each other. Our missionary knew just how to help her best, and she invited her to come to a special house in town where hymns and preaching were all said in Japanese. When it was time for our missionary to hurry off to another family, the polite Japanese mother said: "Your honorable feet are always welcome in my miserable room!"

Something happy sang in her heart all day, because she had found a friend! Then when she went to our special house for the service she met other Japanese people, and she learned about Jesus.

She had brought her idols all the way over from Japan with her, but after our "missionary-with-the-welcome-feet" visited her again and again and again, she began to love Jesus very much, and before long she and her husband and the children joined our church.

The House-That-Was-Made-Out-of-Ice

B'RRRRR! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE VERY COLD TODAY? SO COLD that you would have to bundle up in all the warm clothes you have? So pretend you are going on a trip toward the North Pole, to a very cold country called Alaska, where there is snow all the year 'round, both winter and summer.

Everything for miles and miles and miles is simply covered with glittering white snow, and there can't be trains or automobiles or wagons because there are no roads. So we will have to ride on a sled pulled by dogs, oh such frisky, fierce-looking dogs! But how they can fly over the snow, and never dump you into a snowdrift, either!

Way off in the distance there is a little round white mound, perhaps you think it is only a lot of soft snow, but I may as well tell you right away that it is a house! And it's all made out of ice, every bit of it, even the furniture inside.

Are you thinking: "What a cold house it must be," but it really is almost too warm when all the family crowd inside it. It looks like a giant white bowl turned upside down, built of blocks of ice, and it is called an "igloo." The doorway is made very low, and the family have to crawl in on their hands and knees. Just think

how much cold air and snow could blow in if the hole were larger. It is very dark inside the igloo and the roof seems very low. There is a hole at the very top, you can call it a chimney or a window, whichever you like. All around the edges of the round room is a platform of ice on which soft fur skins are laid to make beds and chairs. The table is a slab of ice, on which is a dish made out of bones, with moss and grease burning in it. Somehow the oil heats up the inside of the igloo, especially with so many people in there.

First of all there is somebody, in a fur suit with fur trousers, cooking something over the dish of burning moss and grease. You would never guess that it is the mother of the family, on account of her trousers. But, up in Alaska it is so cold that this is a much warmer way for her to dress; besides, she never heard of skirts until she met our missionary. Perhaps you would notice a queer bumpy-looking lump on her back, and you would feel sorry because she was deformed. But that is the baby in his cradle! You can't imagine a cosier, warmer cradle than inside the back of her fur coat.

In the igloo there is an older woman with only two teeth left—that is the grandmother. Then there is a funny little white ball which shyly keeps its face turned from us—that is the little Eskimo girl. The bigger brown fur ball is her brother. He is shy, too, because neither one has ever seen any other white people, except the missionary.

They are very kindly going to invite you to eat with them, but you may not like what they give you—for so little of their food will be cooked! They eat the meat of the bear and the reindeer without cooking it, and they never cook fish, either. In fact, their very name, Eskimo, means Raw Fish Eater. They eat almost every inch of a seal, but although the raw blubber of the seal tastes a little like fresh cream, you would not like the way it smells.

What Happens to the Eskimo Sun in the Winter

LAST SUNDAY YOU WENT ON A VISIT TO AN ESKIMO IGLOO UP IN ALASKA —the little round house-built-of-ice. Do you remember how you had to travel on a sled drawn by four or five dogs, because Alaska is a country where there is snow all the year 'round?

One of the strangest things about Alaska is the sun. It keeps dark in Alaska for three months every winter, and the Eskimos do not even see the sun. Then after three months, it begins to get light for a little while at noon, and as spring comes on the days get longer and longer until at last it hardly gets dark at all, all day long. The Eskimo people scarcely know when to go to bed! Of course that part of it is very nice for the children, but just think how unpleasant it would be to live in a country where it gets dark six weeks before Christmas, and stays that way for three long bitter cold months.

It is then that the family stays in the little round ice igloo, and while the bone dish of burning moss is spluttering and making a dreadful smell, the children sprawl out on the fur rugs and their grandmother tells them this fairy story of what happens to the sun in winter.

"Once upon a time there was sun all the year 'round in Eskimoland, but that was before the fairies that live in the sun learned to dance. Then they were good little fairies, who quietly went to bed every night when it got dark. They not only went to bed, but they went fast asleep, and they slept until the sun said, 'Wake up,' and

then they jumped out of bed and put on their pale yellow dresses and the first thing the Eskimo people knew it was morning. Because the fairies had walked right in through the ice window and made the darkness bright.

"Well, that was all very nice, and the way it should be; but one day the sun said: 'Dear Sun Fairies, I am going to be away longer than overnight this time. It will be months before I get back, because I am going to make things especially hot on the other side of the world. While I am gone I expect every one of you to stay in bed. I don't want these Eskimo people to see you at all until I get back. It will do them good to be in the dark for a while, do you understand?'

"'Oh yes, sir, we understand!' sang the fairies, and shut their eyes tight, pretending they were fast asleep. But they squinted enough to see the sun packing up for his hottest trip somewhere. Then off he tiptoed, and Eskimo-land was ever so dark. Dark just as it is today. Eskimo people did not know what to make of it. They did not know whether it was day or night. They just hated it.

"The fairies hated it, too. But they kept on staying in bed, only they had their eyes wide open. 'I can't stand this any longer,' said one fairy, 'this is too dismal for words.' So she slipped out of bed and put on her yellow dress and skipped right up in the sky! But all the time she kept whispering a soft *'S'sh'* to the clouds and the stars, which sounded like silk rubbing on silk, and they knew it meant: 'Don't tell on me for doing this, will you?' Then up jumped another fairy: 'I'm all slept out, too!' she whispered, and she put on her yellow dress and danced up in the sky, whispering, *'S'sh.'* Then all the fairies got up, and some put on red dresses and some put on green ones and some put on violet ones, and they all danced in the sky.

"Then the Eskimo people rushed out of their dark igloos to see the beautiful lights in the sky. 'It is the sun fairies!' they shouted to one another, but the dancing fairies whispered *'S'sh.'*

"Well, every winter since then the fickle sun has left the

Eskimo-land for some other place, but just as often as they dare the sun fairies dance in the sky in their brightest dresses, and you can still hear them say *'S'sh.'"*

How the Eskimo children did love the grandmother's story! There is just this much truth in it, that during the three long dark winter months there really are great northern lights in the sky called the Aurora Borealis, and if you listen very hard you really can hear something that sounds like silk rubbing on silk. Even the missionaries say so.

The missionaries don't like the dark winter months, either, but the Eskimo people loved the mission schools and churches after they got used to the idea. But it was hard work to start, oh so hard! Then, too, one church ran away, and another was eaten up by dogs! Yes, that is really true, even if it does sound queer: for one church was carried away by a great stream of water, and the other was made of whalebone covered with seal skins, and some hungry dogs really did gobble it up for their supper.

Totem Pole Land

FOR TWO SUNDAYS WE HAVE BEEN ON A VISIT TO A VERY COLD PART OF Alaska where the Eskimos live: so today we will visit another part of Alaska where there is snow only in winter, where trees and grass and vegetables can grow in the summer, and where men can get wood to build their houses instead of using blocks of ice.

Their houses are not at all pretty; we would call them shanties, but in front of some of the houses stand the queerest poles you ever

saw in all your life! Very tall poles with carved faces on them, the faces often painted red, black, blue, yellow or green.

"What can they be for?" I hear you ask. Well, a totem pole is simply the way these Alaskans have of writing down their family names and histories! Every family believes that way back there was an animal member of their family; maybe it was a bear, so the bear is carved at the top of the pole. Then someone from a bear family married someone from a raven family, so then a big bird is added to the pole; after which comes a history of family events in other carvings. When it is all done, it is painted in bright colors and put up in front of the family's log cabin.

In Alaska they eat a great many animals we never see except in the Zoo. Seals and whales and bears. But a man who has a bear carved at the top of his totem pole has to be almost dying from hunger before he would think of eating bear meat! If it should happen that there was absolutely nothing else to eat, and he was simply starving, then he might eat just a little bit of bear meat, but he would feel very badly about it and say: "I am so sorry to have to eat my friends!"

This grown-up man is very sure that all kinds of dreadful evil spirits live in the air and the trees and the water. When the sun is setting he is afraid that wicked goblins may be dancing right into his house, and when night comes on he thinks he can hear horrible demons howling in the darkness. So it is no wonder that when he is so afraid of evil spirits, all his children are afraid, too.

When someone in an Alaskan family gets sick a "medicine man" is sent for! He is a fearful sight, for his face is painted in all sorts of colors, he wears a big jingling necklace of bear's teeth around his neck, and on his head are reindeer horns!

He comes dancing into the little house beating noisily on a drum: Thumpety-thump! Thumpety-thump! You see he thinks an evil spirit has gotten into the sick person, and he is trying to drive it away.

There are missionaries in Alaska to tell all these scared people

that God's World is packed with love and goodness, so they need not be afraid. As soon as the Alaskans know about Jesus they love Him just the way you and I do.

How We Get Our Pink Fish

YOU HAVE BEEN HAVING VERY SHORT LITTLE VACATION TRIPS TO Alaska every Sunday recently, so today you are to go fishing up there!

It is going to be far more exciting than any fishing you ever heard of before, so perhaps it would be better for us just to watch. To begin with, you shall see the father of the family get out his canoe, which he made by himself out of skins. It is so light that he can carry it on his back from his house to the river, yet it is so strong that his wife and the three children can sit in it.

Even his little son knows how to paddle the canoe, for he often has to go out all alone to catch some pink fish for supper. Pink fish are called salmon: did you ever eat one? When the little Alaskan boy goes out all alone, he does not take a fishing rod with hook and line as a white boy would, because he spears the fish!

It is quite hard, for he has to stand up in the front of the tippy canoe, with his spear in his hand. There is a line fastened to the end of the spear, so that he can pull it back after he has thrown it.

Along swims a fat pink salmon, very fast. Splash! Zip! The boy has thrown the spear and hit the fish, and in a minute there is the big pink salmon squirming wildly around in the canoe. Now that he has caught the family supper, he hurries home with it!

But even that is easy—just catching one fish for supper—compared to what the father does when he spends day after day catching pink fish; for, of course, he can't stay in one place all the time, and he has to go down the river in his canoe. The river is full of rocks and the water rushes over the rocks with a tremendous noise! Swish, swash, swirl, bang, zip, bang, swirl, swish, swash! It really looks as if no canoe could possibly get through such angry wild water. The little boat tosses around, this way and that way, but the father knows how to guide it and finally he reaches calmer water where there are many pink salmon.

The next time you go to the grocery store on an errand for mother, find the shelf where there are rows and rows of cans marked "Salmon." On each one will be a picture of a big pink fish which an Alaskan father caught for you and me to eat.

And maybe an Alaskan mother in a salmon factory cut up the pink fish and put it into the cans which you can see in your grocery store. It is not very nice in the salmon factory, for it smells of all the fish; but she is poor and needs the money for her family.

In a Chinese Kitchen

TODAY YOU ARE GOING INTO A CHINESE KITCHEN WHERE A LITTLE Chinese girl is watching the Chinese cook get dinner ready. Most of the boys and girls in God's Family about whom you have heard so far have rather pretty names, like Butterfly, and Rustling Grass and Sookie; but nobody could possibly like the name of this

little Chinese girl. She didn't like it herself, for it was "Not Wanted."

The truth of the matter is that when she was born her father and mother had already had three little daughters, and thus had hoped the new baby would be a boy. So when they found they had another girl they did not much care what they called her, because she really was "not wanted." That seemed as good a name as any to show the gods they were not very well pleased. But now Not Wanted had no father and mother any more, and she lived with her grandmother, and you will see that the poor child was not wanted there, either!

But now go back to the Chinese kitchen, which you will find very different from yours. For one thing, the windows are made of paper, so they do not let in very much light, but much cold air! The kitchen range is bright and shining, built of earth and bricks, and it is called a Kang. On the wall above it is a little shelf, where the picture of a perfectly hideous man is pasted. He is all shades of red and blue and yellow and green. You will be surprised to know that Not Wanted took a little bowl of rice and laid it on the shelf before him, saying in Chinese:

Come God of the Kitchen,
  Oh, Grandfather Chang!
Come, here in your pudding
  And here is your t'ang.

Go fly up to heaven
  Begone in a trice
Forget the bad
  And tell only what's nice.

You have guessed that the paper picture is really an idol, a paper kitchen god to whom the Chinese offer rice every day because they think he spends his nights up in heaven telling about them, and if

they give him rice maybe he will tell only the good things. Once a year they get a new paper god for the kitchen.

But even stranger than the kitchen was the dinner which was not at noon, nor in the evening, but in the middle of the afternoon, for in China the people have only two meals a day. The first is called "early rice" and the second is called "late rice." So much rice is eaten in China that it is talked about a great deal—instead of saying "good morning" to their friends, the Chinese say, "Have you eaten your rice?" And once when Not Wanted fell down and broke her right hand everybody said: "Not Wanted has broken her rice hand"—because, you see, everybody eats rice with the right hand!

So this was "late rice" they were going to have, and you never saw so many women and girls as sat down at the table with her! You might almost think it was a boardinghouse, but it was only her grandmother, her sisters, her aunts and cousins who all lived in the same house, and ate their meals together, while the grandfather, uncles and boy cousins lived in other rooms far distant.

Each little sister and cousin and aunt took a bowl from a side table and filled it from the great wooden bucket of steaming rice, over which they poured the juice and leaves of some boiled cabbage. Then each of them picked up a pair of chopsticks, and sat down at the table. They held the bowls close to their mouths, and lifted the food into their mouths with the chopsticks. The Chinese have a proverb which says, "The stomach loves surprises," and probably a Chinese stomach gets them! For besides the rice they eat bamboo sprouts, raw fish, salted squash seeds, candied lotus roots, eggs that are really very old, and sticky dishes with vermicelli floating around in them. When they have chicken, even the grandmother throws the bones under the table.

There was one thing about Not Wanted that nobody liked, and that was her temper! She kept losing it all the time; although you could really hardly say it was lost when you could hear it slamming

doors, and saying cross words, and slapping people, and being really a very noisy, disagreeable temper! It made her family keep right on not wanting Not Wanted, although it was partly their fault, because they never loved her enough or spoke gently to her.

Her own mother and father had died, and by this time her grandmother was so tired of this crosspatch granddaughter that one of her uncles finally said: "Tomorrow I will try to see the little nuisance, or else I will give her to those white-faced missionaries to keep. So don't worry any more about her, honorable mother, I will surely get rid of her tomorrow for you!"

So all that night poor little Not Wanted cried and cried, although she did it very quietly because her grandmother kept a stick on hand to beat the children if they cried too loud.

Not Wanted had heard the most dreadful stories about our missionaries. She had heard that they took out the black eyes of little yellow Chinese girls and sent them over to America for the poor white girls whose ugly eyes were blue! She had even heard that the missionaries cut up little Chinese girls into tiny pieces and put them in medicine bottles to send to America for medicine! Did you ever hear such nonsense? But poor little Not Wanted believed every word of it, so no wonder she cried all night long.

The Dragon-That-Swallows-the-Sun-Everyday

LAST SUNDAY YOU HEARD ABOUT A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL NAMED NOT Wanted who had such a horrid temper that her uncle was either going to sell her, or give her to a missionary. Poor Not Wanted hardly knew which of the two dreadful things she would rather have happen, so she was very happy the next day when her uncle had a perfectly terrible toothache. He groaned and he moaned all day long, and of course could not think of leaving the house.

"But I shall be well tomorrow!" he said crossly, so poor Not Wanted felt unhappy all over again.

Now it happened that on this very day, old Blind Chun, the storyteller, came into their courtyard feeling his way with a stick. The grandmother and the aunts hobbled away to find pieces of cash, which they gave him so he would tell them stories.

This is one of the stories he told, which everyone had heard many times before—it's only a fairy story to us, but many of them believed it. "Celestial ladies!" said Blind Chun bowing very low, "I would fill your worshipful ears with a story of the great god Pwan-Ku. For be it known to you that at the beginning of time the great god Pwan-Ku formed the earth with hammer and chisel. He toiled and he worked for eighteen thousand years, and each day that he worked he grew six feet larger than he was the day before! Finally he grew so very big, that to make room for him the heavens began rising way, way up in the air and the earth grew larger and larger. Then when the heavens were round and the earth was smooth, he died. I tell you the truth, when I say that his giant

head became mountains; his mighty breath the great winds and clouds; and his voice became the thunder. His arms and legs were the four poles; his veins, the rivers; his muscles, the hills; and his flesh, the fields. His eyes became the stars; his skin and hair, the grass and trees; and the insects which he touched became people. Surely I speak only the truth!"

The minute he was through Not Wanted spoke up! "Oh but, Blind Chun, last time you told us a very different story about the earth, and I don't see how both can be true. You said before that the whole earth was built on the back of a perfectly huge dragon."

Blind Chun scratched his old head and smiled: "Your ears are as long as the rooftree of a pagoda, young lady! I fear you have stored too much wisdom in your stomach! But both stories are quite true, for the earth is indeed built on top of the great dragon who swallows the sun every day!"

"Hurry up and tell us about that!" said Not Wanted.

So Blind Chunt said: "Way down under the earth the dragon lies asleep. Some people say it is a giant turtle—maybe so. Anyhow it doesn't do to dig down very far in the earth because if you tickle his ribs, he will wake up and be very angry. He rolls over and then that makes an earthquake. Buildings topple over, and people get hurt. It has often happened. When the white Christian people built their schoolhouse they dug way down in the ground to make a cellar. They did not know what we Chinese people know about the dragon, so down they dug and will you believe me? The dragon snorted and snorted; the Christians said it was only a thunder storm, but he did it to show them he was furious."

"What a big dragon he must be!" said Not Wanted, shuddering.

"Yes, he is just is big as the earth!" said Blind Chun. "When it rains, the dragon is playing with his pearls, splashing them on the earth for the fun of seeing them bounce back. And every single night he wakes up, opens his big jaws and swallows up the sun. He has his spirit servants—wind and water, thunder and lightning.

I know this is true, because the old Chinese flag had a picture of the dragon swallowing the sun on it."

But one of the boy cousins who went to school said: "But China has a new flag now, sir; and I have heard it is all nonsense about the dragon!"

"That is the way with life!" said Blind Chun, as he left, "the young people think they know everything. These stories *sound* true, don't they?"

"Not very!" said the young cousin, but Not Wanted said: "Can't you come again tomorrow? I'm hoping my uncle won't be over his toothache!"

Which was not very kind of her, was it?

Turtle-Tales and Chicken Tails

A CHINESE TOOTHACHE CAN HURT EVEN WORSE THAN AN AMERICAN one, because no one knows what to do for it, so the poor uncle of our little Chinese friend Not Wanted had such a swollen cheek that he simply could not leave the house to take her anywhere to get rid of her, as he had threatened. Not Wanted was perfectly delighted, especially as Blind Chun, the storyteller, came groping his way into their courtyard again. The grandmother and the aunts found some more Chinese cash for him, so he started right in with this turtle tale, which they had heard many times before, of course:

"Once upon a time there was an old farmer named Ah-Po, who

lived five hundred years ago. Ah-Po knew everything. The people would say to him: 'Will it rain today?' and he would answer: 'Not today, but you will need your bamboo hats at this time tomorrow.' Well, one day Ah-Po caught a big mountain turtle. It was so very large that it took both of Ah-Po's sons to carry it home.

"'We will not kill the turtle,' said Ah-Po, 'for he is too old to eat. We will keep him and watch the rings grow round his legs each year.' So they gave him a nice corner in the barnyard, and fed him rice and water.

"Now Ah-Po kept many chickens, and for three months the turtle and the chickens lived quite happily together. Then one day the young chickens walked up to the turtle and began to laugh at him. 'Aren't you ever going back to your own home?' they asked. 'You are so large that you take up some of our room. We need it all. You foolish old thing, do you suppose our fathers and mothers want you? No, not one of us likes to see you around. I suppose it will be years before you die. You are not clean, you make too much dirt. Look at your water bowl this minute. It is upside down, and your rice bowl is all mussy, with rice on our floor. Too many flies come here to see you, and none of our family likes flies!"

"Well, the turtle waited until the silly young things had finished scolding, then he said: 'Do you think I came here myself? Who put me here? Do you suppose I like being cooped up here in jail? I never eat any of your rice, and I never disturb any of you. If our master sold your whole family he would only get one piece of silver for all of you. So who are you to find fault with me?'

"So the chickens hurried home and told their mother all about it. Then the next day the old hen herself walked up to the turtle and said: 'How dare you scold my children? How dare you say all my family are only worth one piece of silver? Do you think you are worth anything yourself? You are so tough your own master could not eat you, and the market people would never buy you. I suppose you'll just live on in our yard a thousand years or so. Then you will die, and you will be thrown into the Nobody-Knows-Lake.'

"Then the turtle said: 'I am a mountain turtle. I come from such a wise family that it is hard for man to catch me. Very learned men like doctors know that my skin is good for skin disease, my forefeet are good for the devil-sickness in children, for they drive the devil away. My shells are good for sore throat, my stomach is good for stomachache, and my bones are good for toothache. Once when some of your chickens were sick, the master fed them three turtle eggs and they got well. So you can see I am a very useful creature. Yet I have to stay cooped up in this horrid place with your silly children. They steal my rice, yet I never bother you. If I had some of my own people here, other big young turtles, then you would not dare come near us, for they would snap at you. But I have gotten over the snapping age. It is like this with me: I know that yesterday your silly young chickens scolded me; today you scold me; tomorrow and the next tomorrow generations of unhatched chickens will hop over here to scold me—but I will be living on and on, long after our master has chopped off your heads and eaten you up. I am so old that I am wise, I know that the earth is large enough for all creatures, but you think the earth was made only for chickens. If you should be able to scare me away today, tomorrow you would begin on the poor dog, and the next day you might even try to get rid of the master. This barnyard is large enough for birds, chickens, ducks, geese, pigs and myself. It makes our master happy to have us all here. Now I am done. Go away.'

"So the chickens went away quite ashamed. The mother hen said: 'Children, the turtle is right. It is foolish to want everything. We must all live in peace with one another. The barnyard is not ours; we only use it a little while till we die. We must remember to honor old age. It is sometimes hard to live to be old. So let us be gracious to the turtle. I want you to bow to him every morning, for everyone in China knows that youth must reverence old age.' "

When the story was over, the grandmother said to Blind Chun: "That is a good story, and the best part of it is that young people in China do reverence old people, and bow to them."

A Ride in a Wheelbarrow

OF COURSE YOU ALL KNOW WHAT A WHEELBARROW IS, BUT I AM quite sure you never thought of being trundled through the streets of a city the way Not Wanted was trundled through the streets, the morning her uncle took her away from home to get rid of her. Probably you remember that she had a very disagreeable temper, and there were enough little girls to feed in their household, anyway!

I just wish you could have seen Not Wanted perched on one side of her wheelbarrow, with her bundles of clothes and her quilt on the other side. Even though she was wearing her very best yellow jacket and bright green trousers, she was crying as if her heart would break as she remembered all the perfectly awful things missionaries might do to little Chinese girls: pull out their eyes, cut them all up, whip them or starve them! Just think what a wonderfully pleasant surprise she will have when she actually meets our missionary!

Her uncle walked ahead of her on the street bowing to the people he met. He did it like this: he bowed way over, he shook his own hands as he said very politely: "Your servant is honored to look upon your countenance!" Then the friend he met bowed too, and said: "You use up the air in great compliments, for it is your humble slave who is glorified by this momentous occasion!" You can see how exceedingly polite the people are in China, and what high-sounding words they use!

Before they got to the missionary's, they passed a temple, so the

uncle went in to make an offering to the wooden idol. Then on they went through such narrow streets with such bumpy stones that Not Wanted was almost spilled out a number of times. But finally they reached a big wall, and at a high gate her uncle knocked loudly until the gatekeeper opened it. Her uncle sent in a big green visiting card to the missionary, and was ushered into a room with a rocking chair in it. He had never seen one before, and was very careful not to sit in it!

But when our missionary came in she sat down in the rocking chair with perfect safety! The uncle made a fine bow, then he said: "Honored Lady, I have outside a worthless little niece whom I wish to bestow upon you. She is no good in our household. She makes nothing but trouble under our rooftree. If there is no room in your honorable home, I think I can sell her for a long string of cash to a man in the city."

You can imagine how horrified our missionary felt to hear him speak so easily of selling any little girl.

"But why do you want to get rid of her?" she asked.

"She is like a little tempest," the uncle explained. "She weeps and wails like the storms of heaven; she kicks and fights and steals when her worthless little stomach wants rice that is cooked for others; she is entirely useless to us, but we heard of your gracious goodness in keeping the unwanted girls of poor families, so we thought you might condescend to pack away this small nuisance of ours."

Our missionary was curious to see what this naughty girl looked like. So she went out to the courtyard, and there sat Not Wanted in her wheelbarrow, howling and crying!

"I bestow her upon you!" said the uncle bowing, "she is as your own, to beat and correct as your fancy pleases."

Not Wanted screamed and shrieked and yelled, she hit around with her arms and shouted: "I don't want to stay with the white devil! I don't want to be eaten alive! O honorable uncle, take me

back to my grandmother's rooftree." But her uncle had walked calmly away and left our missionary face to face with this howling cyclone!

She patted her on the back, and tried to comfort her until Not Wanted calmed down a little, and sniffed, and wiped her nose on the sleeves of her little yellow jacket! Our missionary did not like to see that, so she sent one of the little girls off to bring a handkerchief for this new friend.

She came back in a minute and bowing in her nicest fashion offered the handkerchief to Not Wanted.

"What is it for?" Not Wanted asked, between sniffles, for she had never seen a handkerchief before.

"It is to wipe your honorable nose and your heavenly eyes," the little girl answered, and started to wipe the tears from Not Wanted's wet face.

Then how she did scream! "No! no!" she said, "it is magic! You are trying to bewitch me!" She ran away so very much frightened that our missionary finally said to all the happy little girls who live in our orphanage: "Suppose we just let her alone a few days; smile at her kindly and think of her lovingly; then she will get used to us and love us, I think."

So for three days everybody smiled at Not Wanted, and offered her goodies, but she was still very much scared, so she just watched them, and watched them, and watched them!

Little Miss Daffodil

DO YOU REMEMBER LAST SUNDAY HOW NOT WANTED WAS BROUGHT to our orphanage, and was the most frightened, unhappy little girl in all China?

Well, the next day she cried a good deal, too, and she stood off in a corner to watch all the other happy jumping little children who seemed to love our missionary a lot. Not Wanted decided that surely this missionary had never eaten any little Chinese girls yet, nor ever would, for all these children had their two black eyes still safe and sound in their heads, and they seemed too happy for words.

She watched them playing, and eating, and singing, and saying grace before meals, and on the third day a queer thing happened! Down in Not Wanted's heart something seemed to feel very warm and comfortable, something in her little throat began to sing, something in the tips of her little shoes began to want to jump and skip, and she herself tagged around after our missionary all day, like a small shadow! Can you guess what was the matter? It was love that was doing this!

Someone was loving her, and petting her, someone was praising her when she did things right, someone was very patient with her when she did things wrong; someone was showing her that Jesus is a real Friend for little children; and Not Wanted was beginning to feel almost the happiest little girl in China, when the very nicest thing of all happened.

Our missionary said: "Not Wanted, I really think you need a

brand new name, dear, because I'm sure you know that you *are* wanted here! I wonder what name you would like best?"

Not Wanted's face screwed up into little dimples and smiles, and she giggled shyly.

"Oh, I know!" said another little orphan, "let's call her 'Wu Fah Din!' " Now in English that means *Daffodil,* and this little girl thought that was what Not Wanted looked like, with her yellow jacket and her green trousers. So from that minute she became "Little Miss Daffodil" to everybody.

Our missionary told her what bright and sunny flowers daffodils are, always nodding their yellow heads as if they were saying, "Yes, I'll be merry and cheerful, of course I will!" Little Miss Daffodil loved it. She promised to be exactly like them, if she could; and I know Jesus helped her, for she got all out of the habit of grabbing for things and being cross and pouting.

One day she begged for a great favor. She asked our missionary if she couldn't please be trundled back in a wheelbarrow to her grandmother's house to pay a call.

Now our missionary hoped that Miss Daffodil could do some good in that dark dingy house, and even thought they would want to take back this little new sunbeam. So she let her go, and you never saw a more excited lot of aunts and cousins and sisters, or a more astonished grandmother.

"What! is this Not Wanted?" they said. "This smiling girl who dances around so happily?"

Little Miss Daffodil made a deep bow to her grandmother as she said politely: "Yes, it is the same girl, aged one! But I have a new name now, and I wash all over every day, and I clean my teeth, and say a prayer to Jesus before I eat my rice. There is smiling in my heart all day long, the honorable Jesus put it there."

"Jesus?" asked the grandmother. "I never heard of Him before? Who is He?"

"Well," said Daffodil sitting down beside her, "it's like this: Jesus is God's Son, and we sing songs to Him, and pray to him.

I guess you never heard that our idols really aren't any good at all, they are only wood and stone, they can't hear anything, or see anything, or eat anything we give to them. God doesn't like to see us bowing to idols. But God never hurts us, even when we do wrong. He just loves us. And Jesus loves us. It's very wonderful, isn't it?"

They thought it was so wonderful to have this jolly little girl, so brimful of new stories, that the grandmother said to the grandfather: "Aged one, permit me to keep the small granddaughter under our rooftree once more, and to send her to the Christian school each day in the wheelbarrow. She makes flowers bloom in our lonely house."

The grandfather solemnly hemmed and hawed and looked important, as only Chinese grandfathers can look. Then he said: "There shall be rice under our rooftree to feed her, and a wheelbarrow shall carry her to school."

So that is the way the story of Jesus entered that dark, dingy house, for every day when Daffodil was trundled home from school, she would tell her grandmother and aunts and cousins the new story she had heard that day, until they all knew about the Babe of Bethlehem; the Wise Men; the Kind Friend of all little children; and all the other stories about Jesus.

How a Toy Rooster Preached a Sermon

DO YOU REMEMBER THE STORIES ABOUT NOT WANTED, WHOSE UGLY name was changed to the pretty one of Little Miss Daffodil after she went to our school and found out about Jesus? Today there is a story about her home, which may seem funny to you, although really it is very sad.

It was like this: Of course after Daffodil really got to know about Jesus, she had no use at all for the idols. She even tried to stop the cook from offering a bowl of rice to the green and red paper kitchen god, and she hinted to her grandmother over and over that it was wrong to burn incense before the brass idol. The grandmother and the cook, too, said she might be right or she might be wrong, but it was better to be on the safe side, and keep on doing the same worship in the same old way.

Up on their green tiled roof was a little toy rooster. The solemn old grandfather, in his black cap with the red button on it, had stood beside the house to watch the gardener fasten it safely up there, all because the grandfather's room faced the new Christian church, which had just been built. The grandfather and all the uncles and cousins were afraid that dreadful evil spirits might fly out from that church straight into their courtyard. So the town astrologer, who was supposed to be very wise, told the grandfather to fasten a tin rooster on his roof, because the rooster would surely scare away the evil spirits—for they would think he might crow and flap his wings and wake everybody up. So the tin rooster was bought and put up on the roof, and everybody had felt very safe in Miss Daffodil's home for two years.

One day after she had been going to our mission school for a long time she said to her grandmother: "Aged one, I have told you stories of Jesus for a long while now, and you always say 'Good! Good!' when I finish, yet you keep right on offering bowls of rice and incense to the idols. Just for one day let us try not making any offering to the idols, then you can see that the one and only God will take care of us."

Little Miss Daffodil was so loved now, that everybody liked to do what she asked, and her grandmother actually promised to try it—just for one day. And it was such a rainy day, with very high winds and so much rain that Miss Daffodil could not go to school. All day long no food was offered to the idols, and the aunts and cousins cooped up at home had the best time, for Little Miss Daffodil read them stories from her primer and played the games our missionary had taught her. The wind howled and raged outside and the rain dashed down on the roof making a great racket after everybody had gone to bed.

In the morning the old grandfather stamped in looking pale and scared.

"Alas! Alas!" he said, "the tin rooster has gone from our roof! The gods are angry with us, the evil spirits will surely hurt us now!"

The grandmother and aunts and cousins remembered right away that they had not worshiped the idols the day before, and they were quite sure that that must be the reason the evil spirits had run off with the rooster. But they did not dare tell the grandfather what they had done; they simply tried to please the idols by offering them each a perfectly huge bowl of rice and by burning sweet incense before them all day long. They could hardly wait for Daffodil to come home from school so they could tell her how unlucky it was not to worship the idols.

But when she finally got home, our missionary was with her, and of course it would be impolite to scold a naughty child before an honored guest, so they were as polite as possible.

"Sit higher! Sit here in this best seat!" they all called. "No! No! don't sit down near the door—sit here!"

But our missionary had good Chinese manners, and she sat quite near the door and drank a cup of tea, and ate some little cakes, wrapping all that she could eat in her handkerchief to take home with her, for that's the way to do in China!

Then she bowed to the grandmother and said: "I hope you have peace?"

"There is no peace in this household," said the grandmother, and she told about how the evil spirits had done away with their tin rooster.

You should have heard Miss Daffodil giggle! Our missionary smiled, too, as she reached in her pocket and actually pulled out the little tin rooster. She explained very politely that it had not been the evil spirits at all, but the very high winds the day before which had blown the rooster off the slippery wet tile roof and had blown him right over to the door of the Christian church, where he lay until time for prayer meeting that night.

Then he had been picked up and carried into the meeting and the minister showed it to everybody, and said the rooster had blown off Miss Daffodil's roof. He said that of course a tin rooster could do no good, could it? Then up got a very new Chinese Christian. He said he had never had a tin rooster, to be sure, but all his life he had had paper idols pasted on his doors to keep out the evil spirits. However, now that he loved Jesus, he knew he could trust Him to take care of his family, so he had burned up the paper gods. Another man said he knew now that there were no such things as evil spirits in God's World; in fact, everybody had something to say about evil spirits and what they used to do before they were Christians, until you could almost say that the tin rooster had preached the sermon that night, couldn't you?

The grandmother took back their tin rooster, and looked very serious: "I am interested to know that so many of our honorable

neighbors believe in Jesus. If they can trust Him to take care of them, perhaps some day I may come to trust Him, too."

The Little Boy-Who-Was-Called-by-a-Girl's Name

THERE WAS ONE PERSON IN THE HOUSE WHERE LITTLE MISS DAFFODIL lived who was really more important than everybody else put together, and that was a tiny round baby boy called "Pretty Girl" to fool the evil spirits into thinking he was really a girl, and of no importance at all. He wore a girl's earring in one of his ears, too!

Everybody from the grandfather down to gardener loved that little boy who was called by a girl's name, and when he grew old enough to walk around alone and talk quite plainly and learn to do things our friend Little Miss Daffodil timidly suggested to her grandmother how nice it would be if Pretty Girl could go every day to our church kindergarten. She told how he could learn motion songs, and little verses about his hands and feet, and how to build things with blocks, and how to count the colored beads on a string, plus ever so many other fascinating things.

The old grandfather was asked what he thought about it, and after a great deal of grown-up talking between aunts and uncles, Pretty Girl was actually sent to the kindergarten. Sometimes he went with Little Miss Daffodil in her wheelbarrow, but he tumbled out so often that usually the gardener put him in a basket. It

swung from one end of a bamboo pole which the gardener balanced on his shoulder; in the other basket was a live duck quacking noisily, while in the top bundle were some vegetables!

Your money does lots of good in China, but one of the very nicest things it does is to take care of this kindergarten. Pretty Girl loved it very much. He was such a little round ball of a boy that to see him trying to "fly like a birdie" made all the older children want to eat him right up! Every day when the gardener carried him home in his funny baby-carriage basket, he showed off to his delighted family. His grandfather would say: "Is there a brighter boy in all China?" Then grandmother said: "S'sh! Remember the evil spirits will be jealous of Pretty Girl! A stupid little girl she is—oh, so stupid! Doesn't know anything at all! Can't learn anything, either! Stupid! Stupid! Nobody loves Pretty Girl—oh no!" But of course you and I know she said all this nonsense to fool the evil spirits who might be listening.

Well, one morning the gardener came with his funny baby-carriage basket to carry Pretty Girl to school, but the poor little boy was very sick—hot all over, and crying because something hurt him somewhere.

His grandmother said: "Oh dear, there is a little dragon spirit inside him, let us make a dreadful noise and scare him away!"

So they beat on drums and tin pans, making a terrible racket, but Pretty Girl cried even harder. So then they sent for a Chinese doctor, who really was not what we would call a doctor at all. For he said it was surely a dragon spirit inside Pretty Girl. He brought out a long needle and punched it right into the baby, "to let the pain out," he said. But dear me! to hear Pretty Girl yell, you could easily know that that plan had not worked! So the solemn doctor blinked and blinked through his big horn glasses, and prescribed some doses of the following medicine: one centipede, the eye of a snake, the left claw of an eagle, the liver of a frog and a part of his grandfather's finger nail. "Grind these all

up," he said, "then roll them into three pills; after he has swallowed them, he will be well."

So away he went. But even after this medicine was swallowed, he kept right on being just as sick. The sun was setting by this time, so his mother ran out to the street and called: "Come home! Come home!" For she thought her little boy had three souls and that one of them had wandered away, and he could not be well again until it came home.

Then Little Miss Daffodil spoke up: "The Christians know how to cure the sick in their big hospital. Do let us send Pretty Girl to them!"

There was another grown-up talking between grandfather and uncles, then the baby was bundled up in a quilt and carried in the gardener's basket to our hospital. When our doctor saw the baby and heard about the needle and the queer medicine he felt a little angry, but he knew just exactly what to do, of course. Pretty Girl was put in a clean white bed, and the next day every one of his aunts and uncles and cousins called to see him. There wasn't a thing in our hospital that they missed seeing, and luckily they got there just as a Bible woman was telling Bible stories in the children's ward. The family listened to every word, then one of the aunts said: "Oh yes! I remember! Daffodil told us that story once!"

The day that Pretty Girl left the hospital, the grandfather was so grateful to our doctor that he brought him a red block of wood, on which was printed in black Chinese letters how thankful he was to the exalted and celestial doctor for the marvelous cure of his insignificant little grandson.

The doctor hung it in his reception room for a while, and felt very glad he had won over this family.

What the Grandfather Did with the Idols

AFTER PRETTY GIRL CAME HOME FROM OUR GOOD HOSPITAL AND was well enough to go to school every day in his baby-carriage basket, his grandfather got into an entirely new habit: he got into the habit of going to our church. He liked to listen to the preacher.

"He speaks words of sense," he said to his sons, and they would solemnly nod their heads. For in China young people realize that old people know best, and they listen politely to whatever they say. Before long they got into the habit of going to church, too.

And one never-to-be-forgotten day the cook came into the kitchen in the morning and found there was no paper kitchen god anywhere! There were no idols on any of the shelves in that whole house, there was no tin rooster on the roof, no bowls of incense anywhere! The cook said he simply could not cook "early rice" until he had worshiped the kitchen god! As for the grandmother and the aunts, they nearly died of fright, quite sure something awful would happen very soon. But nobody dared report it to the grandfather! The grandmother said he had seemed worried lately, and this would make him even more unhappy.

But lo and behold! in walked the grandfather just then with the nicest kind of a smile all over his face; everybody bowed very politely to him.

"Why do I see such fear painted on all your faces?" he asked.

"Alas! Alas!" said the grandmother. "Every one of the idols is gone from our house, and we know something dreadful will happen. Oh, what can have happened?"

Then the astonishing grandfather did an astonishing thing; he actually said he had carried all the idols over to our missionary's house himself that very morning, and burned them all up, so that nothing but ashes was left!

You should have seen the grandmother and the aunts and the cousins then! But Little Miss Daffodil skipped with joy! "Are you a Christian now, honorable grandfather?" she asked.

"Yes," said the grandfather smiling, "I am a Christian. The missionary has made me see how foolish our old idols are. It took me a long time to believe him, however."

So one Sunday he joined our church and Little Miss Daffodil never was so happy before! She said to our missionary: "Perhaps if I had not been such a disagreeable little crosspatch, I would never have met you, and then grandfather never could have heard about Jesus or joined the church."

And our missionary said a little sadly: "I guess that is true, dear, for there aren't nearly enough missionaries to go around in China, so we have to depend on little school girls like you to carry the story of Jesus back home to their families."

The Cradle-That-Hung-in-a-Tree

ONCE WE HAD SOME STORIES ABOUT A CRADLE-THAT-WALKED-ON-two-feet—do you remember that the cradle was really a little Japanese girl who carried the baby around on her back all day long? The cradle you will hear about today is just as exciting, for if the mother wants to, she can fasten it on her back, or if she is

busy hoeing, or digging, or chopping wood she can hang the cradle up in the branch of a tree! It rocks away up there, to and fro, to and fro, like the lullaby we all love:

> Rockabye baby on the tree top
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock.

The baby in the queer cradle, and the mother digging in the garden, and the lazy father smoking a pipe in the shade of the tepee, are all some of the *red* members of God's Family. They live right here in our own America, so we call them American Indians.

Here is some more about the cradle that hung in a tree, and about the baby asleep in it. In the first place, Indian babies are called papooses. The papoose cradle is partly made of wood; but wrapped all around the baby are soft warm skins from a big animal called a moose. Bright feathers from the birds and pretty beads are sewed on his cradle, too. His little fur dress is made from rabbit skins, and he is really very comfortable up in his tree. He takes forty winks, and then he hears a squirrel chattering to him. You would not know what the squirrel was saying; but the little papoose cocks his head on one side to listen, then he gurgles with joy, for somehow or other he understands! But he never tells. It is really the strangest thing that all the red members of God's Family seem to understand the language of His birds and His animals better than anyone else in His Family—they hear a certain bird call and the Indian chief says to his braves: "It is a sign that the heavens will send rain!" You cannot understand these things, because you live in houses, and your house is in a town; while up in his cradle the papoose lives right among the animals in God's World and becomes neighborly with everything there.

The little house our papoose lives in is called a tepee. It looks like a circular tent, with the sides made out of animal skins. The papoose's mother made it. First of all, she chopped down a tree and cut off some long sticks, which were for tepee poles. Then she

tanned the skins of some animals her husband had shot, and sewed them together. She even painted figures of men and horses and dogs on the skins, after which the house was ready to go up. So she planted the tepee poles in a ring, and she tied them together at the top, so that they looked exactly like great capital X's. Around them she tied the skins, leaving an opening in front for the door and a hole at the top for the smoke to go out. But it does not always go out, and sometimes rain comes in, so it gets rather damp and smoky indoors. The whole family live and sleep and cook and eat inside the one round room, and a yellow dog, as well.

It is a splendid thing that our papoose can spend so much time up on his tree branch getting acquainted with the sun and the birds and the squirrels.

The papoose's father only likes to do grand big things, like hunting and fighting and canoeing. But mostly he likes to sit in the shade of his tepee smoking a long pipe. So how the Indian mother has to work to make up for his laziness: she plants the seeds, she raises the crops, she cooks the food, she chops the wood, she even takes down the tepee and puts it up again when the father decides it is time to move to another place where the hunting may be better. Then, too, she sews the soft leather moccasins that the children wear on their feet and the other clothes they wear. She knows how to weave the wonderful blankets and the soft lovely baskets that your mother loves to buy. It is no wonder that she gets tired and is always rather quiet, because she has so much to do.

One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns

DO YOU REMEMBER ABOUT THE INDIAN PAPOOSE WHOSE CRADLE hung up in a tree? Today you are to hear how our missionary paid a visit to the tepee where this papoose lives with his lazy father and his busy mother, and his One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injun brothers and sisters!

Our missionary rode out to their tepee on a saddle pony. She rode for miles and miles along a lonely mountain trail through the lonely forests; but she was not afraid because she knew God was taking care of her.

Finally she saw the round tepee. But it happened that Red Beads, the mother, had fastened the papoose on her back and was way off somewhere picking berries and acorns for supper. So after our missionary had tied her pony to a tree, she feared no one was home, after all. Yet all the time six very bright eyes were looking at her from inside the tepee! Just as our missionary looked inside, there was a great scuffling of little feet, so our missionary smiled to herself as she said out loud:

"Oh, hello, Snowbird! Are you there? And you, Strong Arm? And you, Black Thunder?"

Silence! You have no idea how shy those One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns were! They never said a word; but our missionary knew a thing or two, for she sat down on a box just outside, and she took from her pocket four pieces of candy and three pretty cards. Without saying a word she put one piece of candy in her mouth and ate it! She knew they were watching her. When she got all through she said to herself: "Yum-yum! Good sweet

candy!" Then she picked up another piece and pretended to eat that, but grab! grab! grab! Some little red hands had snatched all the pieces of candy and the cards, too.

Our missionary was expecting this, so she grabbed, too, and caught the little brown arms and drew Black Thunder, Strong Arm and Snowbird up to her lap, and started telling a story right away. "Once upon a time there was a big storm, the waves were ever so high, higher than your tepee, and Jesus was in a canoe fast asleep on the lake. His friends were scared at the big waves, so they woke him up. 'Look at the waves!' they said. 'Don't you care that we may all be drowned?' But Jesus was Chief-of-the-Waves, for He had made them, so He said, 'Peace, be still!' and the big waves lay down flat and smooth when they heard Him. Here is a picture of it on your card, Black Thunder!"

Black Thunder loved stories, and he had listened so hard he had forgotten to eat his candy. The others were listening with all their little red ears, too.

"What does my picture tell about?" asked Snowbird.

And that was the way our missionary got acquainted all over again with these three shy little Indians. When she had finished her stories, Black Thunder said: "You just ought to see me shoot with my bow and arrow."

"I should love to see you do it!" our missionary said. So Black Thunder ran for his bow and arrow. He gave her some little pebbles.

"You throw them up in the air and I can hit them," he said. So our missionary threw pebble after pebble up in the air and Black Thunder's arrows always hit them.

"That is wonderful!" our missionary said. Then Snowbird showed her a pretty bead collar she had made for their old yellow dog, and while they were talking Red Beads and the papoose came home, with a big basket full of berries and acorns for supper.

Our missionary invited them all to walk over to church the next Sunday, and up piped Black Thunder: "Will there be more stories

about Jesus?" When our missionary nodded her head "Yes," then One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns said in a chorus: "We'll be there!" And they were, too; even Red Beads came with the papoose on her back.

How the Ducks Got Their Fine Feathers

ONE COOL NIGHT IN NOVEMBER WHEN THE MOON WAS BIG AND yellow, and great flocks of ducks and geese were flying over the Indian tepees, calling in strange low tones to one another, inside the tepee Red Beads and the papoose and One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns were all shivering over the fire; so Big Eagle, the lazy father, said he would tell them a fairy story. He told it this way:

"The duck people are traveling tonight just as they have been traveling at this moon ever since the world was young. They are going away from winter because they cannot make a living when ice covers the river. You have noticed that the duck people wear fine feathers, but you do not know how they got them, so tonight I will tell you.

"It was in the fall when leaves were yellow that it happened, long, long ago. Napa saw them flying over the tepees, as you see them tonight. Napa was clever, and he called out: 'Hello, duck people, come into my tepee, I will give you a big dance.'

" 'Don't you do it!' said the gray goose to the others, 'Napa is always up to something bad.'

"But Napa built a cheerful fire and when it was bright he said:

'Oh, come on into the tepee!' and he began to sing a song in the duck-talk, and keep time with his drum. The duck people liked the music and came a little nearer, until pretty soon they waddled right into the tepee and stood around the fire, watching for trouble all the time, though! Then Napa said: 'This is going to be a Blind Dance, and you will all have to be painted first. Brother Mallard, name the colors. Tell me how you want me to paint you.'

" 'Well,' said the Mallard Drake, 'you may paint my head green, and put a white circle around my throat like a necklace. Then I want a brown breast and yellow legs. But I don't want my wife painted that way.'

"So Napa painted him as he asked, but he painted his wife differently. Then he painted the wood duck, and the canvasback, and the teal, and the bluebill and the goose, singing cheerfully all the time. They looked very pretty, and began to think they were going to enjoy themselves very much.

" 'Now we are ready to dance, I guess,' said Napa, putting away his paints. 'It is the Blind Dance, so when I beat with my drum you must all shut your eyes tight and circle around the fire while I sing. Every duck that peeks will have sore eyes forever!'

"So the duck people shut their eyes, and Napa began to sing: 'Come lovely ducks—Tum-Tum-Tum-Tum.'

Around the fire they all waddled to the music, but as soon as they reached Napa, the old rascal would seize them and wring their necks, so he could eat them, by and by. Well, everything was going along finely until one duck peeked, and saw what was going on. 'He is killing us!' he cried. 'Let us fly!' So then there was a great squawking and quacking and fluttering of wings as the duck people flew from the tepee. Of course most of the duck people peeked as soon as they heard what their brother duck said, so even to this day they still have sore, red eyes. You can see that the next time you look. And you can see the very colors Napa painted there so long ago, still very bright and beautiful. They will stay that way forever, too."

When the story was over Snowbird said: "That was mean of Napa, wasn't it?"

And Black Thunder said: "But some Indians are that way, aren't they, father?"

Big Eagle nodded his head, he was almost asleep again.

The Jesus-Road

ONE SUNDAY RED BEADS, THE INDIAN MOTHER, AND THE PAPOOSE, and One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns all walked the four long miles from their tepee to our church, because our missionary had especially invited them to come, as you probably remember.

Red Beads had on her brightest red blanket. You could see her coming a long way off, with the papoose cradle tied on her back.

Do you know that the Indians never heard about Jesus until our missionaries told them! They never heard about how God made His World, for they think that everything in the earth is full of spirits—sun spirits, moon spirits, cloud spirits, wind spirits, tree spirits, grass spirits, stone spirits, bird spirits, squirrel spirits; more than I could possibly tell you. The Indians worship them. There are even tepee spirits, and our missionaries sometimes see little pieces of red calico hanging on one of the poles of their tepees, to make the tepee spirits happy.

Although Red Beads and the children had heard our missionary tell about Jesus many times, still it was hard for them to remember all she said, and just as hard to believe. The Indians do not know

about Heaven, either. They think when they die they may go to a place called the Happy Hunting Grounds, where there will be plenty of good fat animals to be killed. So every Sunday when they walked four miles to our church they learned something entirely new. Quite often they forgot all about it on the way home, but Red Beads knew all the time that other Indians were very happy when they became Christians, and she liked to think that sometime she would be just as happy.

Once, for several weeks, Snowbird was very sick and not able to go to church and Sunday school. Our missionary asked Black Thunder about her, and he said she was so sick that their father had called in the medicine man to cure her. Our missionary was very sorry to hear this, and after Sunday school she rode over on her pony to the tepee, but the medicine man was there already.

You would have been scared to see him, for he looked terrible enough to frighten anybody. First of all, his face was almost all covered with paint—white and blue and red. On top of his head he wore a pair of fierce-looking buffalo horns, and around his waist he wore a belt made out of snake skins. In his hand he carried a big rattle, which made a great noise whenever he shook it, which was far too often for poor little sick Snowbird.

When he first came he sat on the ground for a while, wrapped up in his blanket; then he got up and began to dance wildly around Snowbird, waving his arms and shaking his rattle! For, he thought, and Black Eagle thought, and Red Beads thought that if he made noise enough, he could frighten the fever spirit away. One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns thought so, too!

Our missionary arrived when the nose was the very loudest and his dancing the very wildest. After the medicine man was all through and had stalked solemnly away, wrapped in his blanket, our missionary gave Snowbird some medicine she had brought with her, and she bathed her hot little head, and held her hand and sang her softly to sleep with sweet low hymns about Jesus. Perhaps your mother has made you feel better by singing that way, and

you know how it makes you feel cooler and quieter and sleepier. Nobody can explain things like that, but our missionary knew it was true, because when she was a little girl, her mother had sung her to sleep that way, you see.

Every day after that our missionary rode on her pony to help make Snowbird comfortable, and Red Beads said to Big Eagle, her husband: "The pale face people who walk in the Jesus-Road know more than our medicine man!"

Big Eagle just grunted because he was dreaming about hunting buffaloes, but One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns piped up: "I don't see why we don't walk in the Jesus-Road, too!"

The Great Powwow

HAVE YOU GUESSED FROM THE OTHER STORIES ABOUT RED BEADS, THE Indian mother, and Snowbird, Strong Arm and Black Thunder that they were really all going to become Christians? For that is just what happened. Not all in one day, of course. But after two years of walking the four long miles from their tepee to our Sunday school, they all joined our church, and they really were so different and so very happy that they did wish their father, Big Eagle, could walk in the Jesus-Road, too. But they never could get Big Eagle to go to church; it seemed too far to him; he liked best to sit around at home, smoking and dreaming of the good old days when Indians were very fierce and hunted all day long and scalped their enemies. In those days they used to have great Powwows, when the Indians would meet together and smoke the pipe of

peace and talk big talk together. He liked to think of these things all day long.

But finally winter came; and the family were cooped up in the tepee more than in summer. So he couldn't help but hear Red Beads singing the hymns about Jesus, and at night he saw One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns saying their prayers at their mother's knee, the way our missionary had asked them to do, and Big Eagle got interested.

He was so curious he said: "Who is this Jesus you talk about?"

You can't imagine how proud Black Thunder was to be able to tell his father all he knew about Jesus. But Big Eagle said: "I cannot understand all you mean, but I can see you are happy on the Jesus-Road."

Then by and by winter was over, and another summer was over, and one Sunday Red Beads came home from church much excited. "There is going to be a big Camp Meeting this week, and we are all invited."

Big Eagle opened his eyes: "What is a Camp Meeting?" he asked lazily.

"It is like the Powwows that used to be," said Red Beads. "All the Indians will meet together and hear big talking for several days."

"Let us go!" he said.

So the next week Red Beads was very busy taking down the tepee and rolling up the skins into a big bundle, which she tied upon two of the poles. One end of these she fastened to the pony; the other dragged along the ground, something like a cart without wheels. She packed up everything else and carried it herself, although you would suppose she already had enough with the papoose tied on her back. Big Eagle just carried his gun, for he was too proud to carry anything else. Then off they started.

Other families were starting, too, and it was a pretty sight to see the bright blankets and feathers, and the wagons traveling along over the hill into the beautiful green valley of Medicine Creek.

When they got there the tepee had to be put up again, and our One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns were made wildly happy by having white ribbons pinned on them marked *"Courier,"* which meant they were to be busy passing hymn books, carrying chairs, and doing other little useful things all day long. You know yourself how much more fun it is to do things, than just sit around doing nothing.

There were several things about those meetings that Snowbird, Strong Arm and Black Thunder thought were very interesting. One was the Camp Crier, an Indian man who was chosen to cry out the time for the beginning of each service. The children liked to hear him lift up his great voice—he really could be heard for half a mile! Think of that! The other thing that amused them was the Dog Committee. It was their duty to keep all the dogs out of the tent while the meetings were going on. This was really hard work, for almost every family there had been followed by a dog! Their yellow dog had followed our One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns to the Camp Meeting. One day he crept into the tent and pattered right up to the platform. He cocked his head on one side very wisely, exactly as if he understood every word the preacher said. And he did not like it very well when the Dog Committee chased him away.

The meetings were really splendid. Every day a minister told the Indians about Jesus, and then some of the Indians would get up and tell how happy they were walking in the Jesus-Road. One day, the very nicest thing of all happened—at least it was nicest for our One Little, Two Little, Three Little Injuns; for Big Eagle, their father, stood up in the meeting and said he was going to begin to walk in the Jesus-Road, too.

Camel Tails and Other Tales

FAR, FAR ACROSS THE SEA, NEAR THE PLACE WHERE JESUS WAS BORN, is a large country called Arabia, where there are big deserts. Perhaps you know that a desert is a bare piece of land covered with hot yellow sand. It is bare because nothing will grow there. It is a very long and dangerous journey across the desert in Arabia, because there are no roads anywhere—just sand, sand, sand, and it is very hard to get water there.

There is no grass for the animals to eat—nothing but thorns and dry wood; but when God made His World He made the camels especially to live in these deserts, so men could travel there. He made the camel's mouth very hard inside, so that he could eat the thorns and even the bits of wood, too, if he has to! Sometimes there are big sand storms in the deserts—people and horses are killed in the storm because they don't know what to do. But the clever old camel buries his head in the sand when he sees the cloud coming, and pulls it out after the storm is over. God taught him to do this on purpose to live in the desert.

Then when the journey is over, the camel folds his front legs under him as he kneels down, then he bends his back legs, too, so that it is easier for the man on his back to get off.

God's Family who live in Arabia are called Arabs: some of them live in towns while others live in tents wherever they may wish to pitch them. Today's story is about a little Arabian baby named Ibrahim, whose mother and father live in a tent near the desert. The father owns two camels and takes people on trips across the desert.

When Ibrahim was only a day old, a brown powder was rubbed all over his body, his eyelids were painted, and then he was wound up in a piece of calico and a string tied around him, exactly as if he were a package of candy! Indeed his mother almost thought he was that, for she whispered to him: "You jar of milk and honey! You sweet pomegranate blossom!"

So there he lay, all tied up tight with a close-fitting bonnet on his head. There were a few blue beads on the bonnet—not nearly so much to look pretty, though, as to keep off the Evil Eye. By this time, you and I ought to know all about what evil spirits are, but Evil Eye is a new thing to fear, isn't it? It means about the same thing, because the Arab mother thinks any stranger who looks at her precious baby can make it get sick and die. So besides the blue beads, Ibrahim's mother tied a piece of paper around his arm, on which were written a few verses from the Koran, the one book everyone knows in Arabia.

You would be amazed at the way the mother herself was dressed, although she looked exactly like all the other women in Arabia. She wore two dark skirts, one of which she brought up over her head like a shawl. When she went out of doors she wore a very heavy black veil across her face, so that only her eyes showed. This was so that no one could see her face.

Perhaps it was lucky that Ibrahim's father was poor, because richer women were not allowed to walk on the street at all. But she was so poor that she had to carry her own water jar to the village well, to draw water. She carried the jar on her head, exactly the way women did hundreds and hundreds of years ago when Jesus lived in that very land. And she knew just how to hold her head so the jar never fell off. She washed the clothes down by the river, too, and sometimes when she was down there she heard a voice crying from the steeple of a tall building: "Come to prayer! Come to prayer! Allah is Great! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

All the people in town would fall on their knees and pray. Five

times a day the man came out in the steeple and called: "Come to prayer!" and five times a day everybody knelt, wherever they were, by the river, or in a shop, or on the desert, or in their homes.

You are saying: "Then I'm afraid they aren't Christians, are they?"

The House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat

DO YOU REMEMBER FROM LAST SUNDAY ABOUT THE BROWN ARAB members of God's Family, who live in a faraway country called Arabia, near a great desert? Perhaps you remember also that the family was poor, and lived in a tent, and that the mother pulled a black veil over her face whenever she went to the well for water, or to the river to wash the clothes. And do you remember that wherever they are, indoors or out of doors, these Arabs bow down on their knees five times a day with their faces turned toward Mecca?

Today's story tells how Ibrahim's father went to this city called Mecca, and why all these people happen to pray five times every day.

Ibrahim's father owned two camels, and a man from his town came to him and said: "I am going to make a pilgrimage to Mecca —how much will you charge to take me on your camels?"

They had a big quarrel. For Ibrahim's father began by asking too much, and the man offered too little; because that is the way they always do things in Arabia. "No! No!" said the man, "I will only pay half what you ask!" Then Ibrahim's father pretended to

be mad, and it took them ten minutes to agree on the price they each knew was right.

But finally they started off. They had to take plenty of food and water to last for days and days, because they had to go over the desert where nobody lives and where there is no water, no trees, no grass, just sand—hot, hot sand. . . .

Day after day after day the patient old camels kept walking and walking and walking over this hot sand, until you must be wondering what can make anybody want to take such a long tiresome trip to the city called Mecca? What can be in Mecca to make it worth while?

It would not seem worth while to any of us, or to our fathers and mothers, for the only thing at Mecca is the House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat!

Did you ever hear of anything like that before? So while the camels are stalking their dreary way over the hot sands of the desert, let me tell you about this queer house. It is large and square, and they call it the *Kaaba*. There is absolutely nothing inside it, so nobody goes in. But all over the outside there is always the most beautiful embroidered silk cloth which covers it all up just like an overcoat! And every year a wonderful new overcoat is carried on the back of a camel across the desert, so that last year's old silk overcoat can be taken off and cut up into little pieces. Pilgrims to Mecca buy these old pieces of silk as charms against sickness and the Evil Eye.

The reason why the city of Mecca and the House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat seem so important to the brown members of God's Family in Arabia, is because there once lived in Mecca a man named Mohammed who had had wonderful dreams. He said that in one dream God said to him: "Mohammed, from now on you are my prophet, you are greater than any prophet that has ever lived." So when Mohammed told his dream to the people, he even dared to say he was greater than the Lord Jesus; and he began to start a new religion called *Mohammedanism*—after his own name,

you see! Quite a number of people believed his dreams, but not nearly enough to suit him, so what do you suppose he did? He said all the Arabs who did not become Mohammedans would be killed right away! Of course the poor Arabs did not want to be killed, so it was no wonder they all promised to be Mohammedans at once. That is the way his new religion spread and spread and spread all over that part of God's World, until today one out of every seven persons in all God's Family is a Mohammedan.

It was because their great prophet, Mohammed, was born in Mecca that the Arabians always faced toward Mecca five times a day when they prayed, and it was also the reason they wanted to visit Mecca and the House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat.

By this time Ibrahim's father and his two camels were almost in Mecca, so both the men changed their clothes and put on the special kind that pilgrims have to wear. They went to a holy well, called *Zem Zem,* to bathe and drink the water. Then they went to the House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat, and walked seven times in front of it, each time touching a black stone in one of the walls. And that was all there was to it!

It seems foolish to have come way over the desert just for that, but they think it will do them lots of good.

Donkey Tails and Other Tales

LAST SUNDAY YOU HEARD HOW IBRAHIM'S FATHER TOOK A LONG TRIP across the desert to Mecca, to visit the House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat. After he had traveled the long way back home over the desert, he found his little baby Ibrahim very sick; his head was very hot and he cried so much that his mother gave him some cucumbers and figs to keep him quiet.

"Dear me!" you say, "what dreadful things to give a baby!"

But almost all mothers in Arabia would have done the same thing.

"It is the Evil Eye!" she said to her husband; so he tied a little bag around Ibrahim's neck. In the bag was some holy earth he had brought all the way from Mecca, that he had picked up right in front of the House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat.

"That will surely make him well!" said the father. But Ibrahim kept on getting worse (for of course you are remembering the cucumber and the fig!). Then his mother sent for the village barber who said it was black blood that made him sick; so he cut a little vein in Ibrahim's wrist and let some blood run out. But Ibrahim was just as sick as ever. So, poor as they were, they sent for the village doctor, a dirty man with a red fez on his head.

"Give me fifty cents," he said, "and I will give you medicine that will drive away twenty Evil Eyes!"

But Ibrahim's father said he did not have fifty cents.

"Ah indeed!" sneered the old doctor. "But you and your camels have been to Mecca, I hear! Was no money paid for the use of your camels? Ha! Ha! I know everything!"

"Well, here is twenty cents," said Ibrahim's father. "You make my baby well for twenty cents."

"I humbly lick the dust beneath your feet," smiled the old doctor, "but only when I have thirty cents in my hand will I make your baby well."

"Oh, do give him the thirty cents," begged Ibrahim's mother, who saw that the baby was getting worse all the time. So the doctor got his thirty cents, but what do you suppose his medicine was?

He wrote on paper some verses from the Koran, and made the baby swallow the paper! That was all he did. He went away proudly, and Ibrahim's mother noticed that the baby was even worse than before!

Then you did something to help, for one of our Dr. Missionaries was riding by on his little donkey; he heard a baby wailing and crying inside the tent. So he got off, and started to go inside to see what the matter was. Doctors know what certain kinds of crying mean, and he knew that Ibrahim's cry came from a baby who was sick.

You ought to have seen how quickly Ibrahim's mother covered her face so this strange man in a white suit could not see it! But our Dr. Missionary was used to that; in fact, that is the reason why we have to have some lady doctors in Arabia!

Well, after our Dr. Missionary had looked at Ibrahim very carefully, he gave him some of our kind of medicine and said: "I would like to take him to my hospital. I can make him well there."

"How much will it cost?" Ibrahim's father asked anxiously.

"It will cost what you can afford to pay," said our doctor, seeing how very poor their tent was. "If you have no money at all, we will do it for nothing."

"May Allah reward you for your goodness!" said Ibrahim's mother.

Our Dr. Missionary said nothing just then, but he made up his mind that sometime soon she must learn about Jesus; and she did,

too. For when the doctor went walking off with Ibrahim safely packed into the straw basket hanging by the donkey's side, the mother and father walked along beside him. There wasn't a thing in our hospital that they missed seeing: the neat nurses, the white beds, the kind doctors, the low voices, the soft tender hands that undressed Ibrahim from his tight calico bandages.

"Please wash him!" our Dr. Missionary said to the nurse.

"No! No!" called Ibrahim's mother, "do not wash him, he has never been washed!"

Then they had to show her other babies in the hospital who were washed every single day of their lives. Nice fat gurgling babies, cooing in Arabian! "Well," she said finally, "wash him, but don't use any more water than you have to!"

He bawled and squawled and behaved very badly during the bath, because such a wet thing as water all over him had never happened to him before. But afterwards he felt a little better, and went to sleep.

He stayed in the hospital three days, and all that time his mother hung around, and watched everything hard. She heard the Bible women telling stories about Jesus, and for a whole year after she carried the baby home as she kept going to our beautiful church in Arabia. Then one day she and the father, and Ibrahim, too, joined our church and were very happy.

The Land Where Jesus Was Born

IN JUST A FEW DAYS IT IS GOING TO BE CHRISTMAS DAY—THE ONE day that every Christian boy and girl loves the best of all the days in the year! Do you know what God's very first Christmas present to His Family was? It was the gift of His Son, Jesus. We sang about it a few minutes ago:

> Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
> The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head
> The stars in the sky looked down where he lay,
> The little Lord Jesus, asleep in the hay.

Of course, that was in the long, long ago time; but the angels and the stars can never forget what they saw that first Christmas night. Probably all babies help them to remember! White babies in your home and my home; yellow babies in China; brown babies in India playing in the dust; red Indian babies laced in tree cradles; Eskimo babies in furry bags; black babies in Africa—the stars and the angels can't see one bit of difference between any of them! And each little baby has his own little angel to watch over him—Jesus told us so!

But doesn't it make you feel a little sorry to remember that when you will be having a merry Christmas in *your* home, there will be homes and homes all over God's World where His Family won't even know it is Christmas at all—because they never so much as heard of Jesus.

Did you ever think that when God sent the baby Jesus into His

World as a first Christmas present, He was born way over the sea near the land where our little friend Ibrahim lives? It is very curious that Mary, the mother of Jesus, did some of the very same things to Jesus that Ibrahim's mother did to Ibrahim. For the Bible tells us that on that first Christmas Day when Jesus was born Mary "wrapped the baby in swaddling clothes," which means exactly the same kind of calico bandages that Ibrahim's mother wound round and round her baby, so that his legs and his arms could not move. And possibly Ibrahim's mother even laid Ibrahim in a manger, just as Mary laid Jesus; for in Ibrahim's tent there was a trough full of hay where the camels ate their food, and when his mother wanted Ibrahim safely out of the way, she may have laid him there for a while!

You will remember that when Jesus came to live in God's World, He started by being the carpenter's little boy, so we feel sure there was work as well as play for Him, because His parents were poor, just as Ibrahim's parents were poor. Probably He used to go to the village well with Mary, His mother, just as Ibrahim goes to his village well with his mother. Mary carried her water jar on her head, just the way Ibrahim's mother carries hers today. Probably Jesus went out on the hillsides with Mary to gather fagots of brushwood for the fire, and helped drag them home, the way Ibrahim helps his mother today. Perhaps Jesus helped Mary spread the grain out in the sun to dry or the olives to ripen, just as Abrahim helps his mother. Or when Mary ground the corn into flour, perhaps Jesus helped turn the handmill, just as Ibrahim helps his mother.

The little boy living today in the same land where Jesus lived so many years ago, is doing the very same things that Jesus did; but wouldn't it be splendid if he could grow up and do the same things that Jesus did when He grew up? You will remember what those things were: helping the people who needed help, being gentle to those who were in trouble, making sick people well again, loving little children.

God made Jesus His first Christmas gift to His Family, so that everybody in the Family could know the way to live. But it is not easy to live like Jesus. A great many people never even try at all; a great many others try, but they don't get along very well. But you can see from these stories that our missionaries are really and truly living like Jesus: for they spend all their time and their strength in helping people, and telling them about Jesus, and teaching them the things they need to know. It is never easy work, yet they keep right at it all the time!

If Jesus is God's first Christmas gift to us, and if He keeps right on giving us all the nice things we have—our homes and schools and churches and pictures and toys—don't you *really* think we might give some Christmas presents to God?

At this very minute we each have some little Christmas present all ready for mother, and one for father, perhaps one for grandmother, and brother and sister. But surely we oughtn't to leave God out, when He gives us everything we have!

Now what do you suppose He would rather have the very best of all? He would just love to hear you say to Him: "Dear Father in Heaven, thank you for all your Christmas presents to me! The only present I have to give you is myself. If you can use a little boy—a little girl—like me this year, I want you to please use me. Amen."

And of course, when you give a Christmas present, you never try to grab it back, do you?

So since we've given ourselves to God to use, let's try all this year to do what we can to help the other children in God's Family to know about Him; then perhaps *next* Christmas a good many yellow children and brown children and red children can have a merry Christmas, too.

The Gifts That the Wise Men Brought

IT WASN'T VERY LONG AFTER THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY, YEARS AND years ago, when Jesus was born, that over in that faraway land three men set out on a journey to find Him. We call them the Three Wise Men, and what do you suppose they traveled on? Why, on camels, of course, the very same kind of camels that Ibrahim's father rode when he went to visit the House-That-Wears-an-Overcoat. Day after day the Three Wise Men kept riding and riding on their camels across the desert, following a beautiful new star in the sky, until finally the star stood still over the stable where Jesus was.

Then the camels knelt down in the way camels have of doing, and the Three Wise Men got off their backs and went into the poor little stable to worship Jesus.

The Bible does not tell us a single word these Wise Men said, but it does tell us what the Wise Men did: for they each gave Jesus a beautiful present. One of them brought him precious gold; another rich frankincense; another wonderful myrrh. They were all very expensive presents, worth a great deal of money.

It is a strange thing, but ever since that day, whenever people come to worship Jesus they bring him presents—precious things, like money, that they could use for themselves, but they really want to bring it to Jesus. Every Sunday in our church we can see people bringing their presents of money to Jesus; we call it the *"Offering."* In Sunday school we have an offering, too—all of it for Jesus.

Did you ever stop to think what happens to these presents of money for Jesus? It seems to me you must have guessed, for every

Sunday all this year you have heard in one way or another about *our* Mr. and Mrs. Missionary here, and *our* hospital there, *our* mission school in that country, and *our* orphanage in the other country, which meant that these precious presents we bring to Jesus every Sunday, all go to help pay for our work in these far-away places.

So, after this, you will love the Offering time the very best of all! Make up little stories in your own mind about which members of God's Family you hope will get the money for their mission. Perhaps you will do it like this: "Let me see—I guess today I want the money to help tell the 'Cradle-That-Walked-on-Two-Feet' about Jesus"—she was the little Japanese girl who carried the baby on her back all day, you remember? But the minute you decide to send the money there, you will say: "No, after all, I really think I'd rather send it to the little red children whose cradles hang up in the trees"; but you're sure to change your mind again when you remember the lonely sunbonnet children in the Kentucky mountains, or when you think of the brown children in India who worship elephant idols. You really will have quite a hard time deciding! You will be so afraid there won't be enough to go around if you give a little of the offering to each country.

And really there never is quite enough money to go around! Then all the men and women who have charge of our missions feel very unhappy, because they know how badly every single one of our missionaries is needed to tell the members of God's Family about Jesus.

Surely we could bring more, if we only tried. The Wise Men brought *precious* gifts to Jesus, things they really might have enjoyed keeping for themselves. None of us has a great deal of money, but every once in a while we spend five cents for candy or gum. Tell me this: What would the person who wanted to help God's Family do with that money? You answer that question yourself, and next Sunday see if you can't have a very much bigger offering for Jesus.

Just think how lovely it will be when every single little child in all God's Family knows about Him! Then when Sunday comes around, all over God's World their voices will be singing with you: "Jesus loves me, this I know." And it won't matter at all that some of the children will sing in Chinese, and some in Japanese, some in Hindu and some in English, for God understands us all exactly alike.

Junior Series

The Story of a Name

(Note: Opening paragraphs adapted from "When the King Came," by Hodges.)

Once upon a time there was a Year One. Strangely enough, it was not the beginning of the years, for the world was already very old; nobody knows how old. People had been living on the earth, time out of mind, in mighty nations, fighting great battles and building great cities. But somehow, everything seemed to begin over again that year, because that was when the Boy-with-the-wonderful-name was born. When we say that this present year is 1948, we mean that the Year One was just that many years ago.

It is always to be remembered about that Year One that one of its days was Christmas Day. The truth is that there never had been a Christmas Day until the Year One.

Year after year and year after year the evergreen trees grew out in the woods—but nobody came to get them. Nobody thought of lighting them up with candles or of loading them down with candles. The holly showed its berries of red and the mistletoe its berries of white, and nobody paid any attention to them. The twenty-fifth day of December came and went, like the twenty-fourth and the twenty-sixth, and boys and girls were born, and grew up into men and women with never a Christmas carol, nor a Christmas tree, nor a Christmas gift, and without having so

much as heard of the singing angels, or of the Holy Child: because that was before the Boy-with-the-wonderful-name was born.

Now in the Year One there lived in a quiet little village, hidden among the hills of Syria, a young girl named Mary. We do not know how old she was, but we do know she was very good and gentle, with a fair sweet soul. One day Mary was sitting alone in her room. She may have been sewing, for she was soon to marry one of her neighbors, Joseph, the village carpenter, and she would need to get ready for the wedding. It was a spring morning, and the flowers were in bloom, birds were singing, and the sun was shining. I wouldn't be at all surprised if as she sat and sewed she thought about the stories she had always heard—stories of the past glories of her people, stories telling of an even better time to come when a Boy-with-a-wonderful-name should come to deliver these people. She may have whispered to herself the very words she had heard so often: "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

As she sat and thought, suddenly a gleam of splendor shone around her, like sunlight bursting through gray clouds. Mary turned to see what this new brightness could be, and there beside her stood a beautiful angel, who said to her: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God." Then while she listened, almost holding her breath at the wonder of it, he told her his errand: That the time had come when God would do what He had long promised to do—He would send this Child-with-the-wonderful-name, and Mary would be His mother. "And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Months passed after this angelic visit. The spring deepened into the green of summer; lilies grew in the fields and fruits ripened and were gathered into barns, and the long cold nights came on. And one cold night, while shepherds were watching their flocks near by, the Boy-with-the-wonderful-name was born! As you well

know, that was the first Christmas Day, and the beginning of the Year One—and the world has never been quite the same since!

We all love the story of that Boy, don't we? Of the stable and the manger, of the shepherds' and the angels' song, of the wise men and their gifts, and we love the stories of the things He did when He grew older: How He healed the sick, and blessed little children, and made everyone happy. I think He lived out his wonderful name, "Jesus," for when Jesus talked to people with thirsty souls, He said: "I am the Water of Life, you need not thirst any more if you love me"; or to hungry souls: "I am the Bread of Life, you need never be hungry again"; or to people who had lost their way: "I am the Way"; to those who felt shut out from God: "I am the Door"; to those who were sick: "I am the Great Physician." Whatever people needed most, Jesus could give them, and wherever people have learned about Him they have said: "Oh, I love Him! He is just what I need!"

So little by little, in all these long years since He lived here among men, people have been telling other people; until the story of His Name has spread slowly all over the world. Some day this verse in the Bible will come true: "Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow . . . and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

Every month this year we are going to take up a new name of Jesus, and visit different people all around the world, who seem to need just that very name in their lives. This month we have a splendid name: "The Chief Cornerstone."

How We Learned About It

IN THE DAYS WHEN JESUS WAS HERE AMONG MEN, HE CALLED HIS twelve friends together one day to tell them He was soon going back to heaven, and He taught them two words: The first word was *"Go"* and the second word was *"Teach."* This was the way He said it to them: *"Go* ye into all the world and *teach* the gospel to the nations, and I will always be with you."

So they began going to the cities near them, to teach the people about Jesus, but somehow they never got very far from home, because they thought Jesus meant them to tell only people who were Jews, like themselves. But perhaps you remember Jesus had especially said, "Go into *all the world*." So although by this time He was in heaven, He could see perfectly well what was in their hearts—He knew that they simply hated anybody who was not a Jew, they even called them "Dogs." So He had to tell them by dreams and visions that He meant everybody everywhere in every land; so then one of His friends named Peter and another one named Paul began long travels far away from home spreading the story of Jesus' name. Little churches were built so these new believers could have places to worship in; and they were such different people after they accepted Jesus that they were nicknamed *"Christians"—"Jesus Christ's Men."* Nicknames are said unkindly; but they liked theirs so much that even down to today it is a nickname millions and millions of people are proud to bear, all over the world.

After these first friends of Jesus had carried the story into Syria and Asia Minor and Greece they became old men, some of them,

so old that they died, and some of them were killed for teaching about Jesus. We call these friends "martyrs," because they were willing to die for Jesus. But there were other people willing to take their places, and keep on spreading the good news. Then it was carried into Italy, and from Italy up into France. We know a good deal about French people since the war, don't we? So it seems queer to remember that once these fine brave men and women of France had great-great-great-grandfathers who were the wildest kind of savages you can imagine. They had no cities or towns, no houses, no schools, no churches, no books—they just wandered all over the country killing wild animals and killing their enemies, too. But the missionaries from Italy told these wandering savages about Jesus, they taught them to read and to pray, until they grew milder and kinder and built villages and towns and cities. Then they went over the sea to England, and the people there were even worse savages! That seems strange to you, for probably your own great-great-great-great-grandfather lived in England, and went around with a big club hitting down his enemies and stealing. But everybody knows now that it is a fine thing to be an Englishman today. Yet neither Frenchmen, nor Dutchmen, nor Englishmen, nor Americans would be civilized today, or know how to read and write, if those first friends of Jesus had not happened to travel westward in their journeys from Palestine to Greece, from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to France, from France to England, and from England to America. How different things would be for you and for me if they had traveled eastward instead—from Palestine to Arabia, from Arabia to India, from India to China, from China to Japan! Then the people to whom we now send missionaries would have to send missionaries to us. Not one of you girls would know how to read a single word; so, of course, you couldn't write, or count or spell, or play on the piano, because in lands which are not Christian, parents do not care for girls as much as for boys. This would be rather horrid, wouldn't it? Picture your town as a heathen town—no churches

or Sunday schools; no public schools; no libraries; no drugstores; no hospitals; no orphan asylum; no old ladies' home; no doctors; no nurses; no streetcars; no telephones; no second story to our houses. And there are no old maids in non-Christian lands, either —which is a pity, since it really needs unmarried women to help make cities and towns and schools run smoothly! So aren't you glad Some-body Told Our Great-Great-Grandfathers?

But think of all the people who haven't been told yet—black people in Africa, brown people in India and Arabia, yellow people in China, white people everywhere. There is something in all their hearts that makes them want to fold their hands and pray—but because they never heard of Jesus, they have made idols carved out of wood or stone to worship! The people in our church are so sorry to have them continue such useless worship that we have always had missionaries of our own around the world.

The Little House You Live In

ANYBODY LOOKING AT JUNIORS TODAY CAN SEE A REGULAR LITTLE city of white houses—big houses and smaller ones that stand on two streets: Boy Street and Girl Street. For although you don't know it, you are a little house, yourself!

Of course, the two windows are your eyes. All day long the eye-windows of your little house-of-self are open wide, so that you, who are sitting behind them, can see everything that passes by. At night you pull down the shades, and close the blinds, while you sleep. The front door is your mouth, only there is no doorbell nor

a key, so you just run in and out all day long. Sometimes you slam it, and sometimes you open it when you ought not to.

Every single child in the whole world is a little house on Boy Street or Girl Street, and the pity of it is that they don't know how to furnish their houses better. It doesn't cost money, but it does cost patience. Let me tell you about the rooms you have inside you!

There is the parlor! Whenever you are talking to anybody or playing with anybody you are using the parlor of your little house-of-self. It is then that you show what your real manners are.

Then there is the diningroom in this little house-of-self you live in. It is where you feed yourself, when you decide what you want to do all day long to fill up the time. Some of you who like only candy and desert in your real diningrooms at home, are a lot that same way in your little house-of-self: four slices of fun, please; six glasses of good times; one teaspoonful of work; and a tiny pinch of helpfulness! But you don't grow up strong that way—no muscles, no snap—just a roly-poly good-for-nothing.

There is also a bedroom in your little house-of-self, where you dream and dream and dream of the things you are going to be when you grow up! Such fine wonderful men and women as you plan to be; but do you know? It won't do much good to dream such dreams unless you have a little attic storeroom in your house-of-self. All sorts of things are to be stored in these memory-attics: things you've learned in school and can't forget; like how to add and subtract; how to spell; poems; songs; stories; geography lessons; Bible verses. You have a telephone in this house-of-self, your ears, of course, and every time someone tells you something splendid, hurry up and store it away in your memory-attic! Or perhaps your eye-windows have seen something wonderful—store that away, too! Let's suppose you have one old chest up in your memory-attic labeled GEOGRAPHY BOX. Inside of it are all the things you've ever learned anywhere about the world—that God made it, that He made it very beautiful, that He made it safe for everybody, that He packed it full of all the things we can possibly need to feed

His children, or keep them warm or give them homes and clothing. Then you have a Bible verse packed in the geography box too—for whenever you remember the world, you say to yourselves: "God so loved the world, that He gave His Son."

Millions of boys on Boy Street and millions of girls on Girl Street haven't a single one of these things stored away in their memory-attics. When their window-eyes look out and see God's World they see only things to be afraid of—trees that have rustling leaves seem full of hobgoblins to hurt children; waves that dance in the wind seem like angry demons to the children whose eyes see only fear everywhere—all because no one ever gave them anything comfortable or true to store away in their memory-attics.

The only reason why you have something comfortable and pleasant stored away is because your little house-of-self is built on Jesus, one of whose names is the Cornerstone. He is a big, firm rock, and stone by stone your mothers and your Sunday school teachers have helped to build you up and to store away things about Jesus in your memory-attics until here you are, a comfortable, happy, little house, built on a rock! Storms can't hurt you; let them blow—you remember the strong cornerstone under you: Jesus Christ.

But those other children on Boy Street and Girl Street are like houses built on sand, for fear is a great deal like sand, isn't it? When the big storms blow the sand drifts and drifts and the little house falls over.

The Bible tells us this very same thing about the little house-of-self you live in, only it says it this way: "You are God's building . . . and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For you are the temple of the living God . . . now therefore you are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens . . . and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone . . . in whom the whole building . . . groweth into an holy temple."

Won't You Come into My Parlor?

ONCE UPON A TIME WHEN JESUS WAS HERE AMONG MEN, HE SAID to His friends: "I am the Door, by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out." Of course, you know what an interesting thing a door is, don't you? When you stand outside you can't help but wonder and wonder what is inside! And whether, if you knock, anyone will open it! Or if it will be as nice as you hoped when you once get inside.

When Jesus said: "I am the Door," He really meant He was the Door to God. All over the world people have been trying and trying to get near to God, and to them Jesus says: "I am the Door to God, if you believe on Me, and enter me, you will be with God all the time."

This month suppose you go on a visit to China, to learn how one by one your Chinese brothers and sisters are learning about this Door. Begin by pretending to walk down The Street of Ten Thousand Virtues, where all the corners of the roofs tip up! You will learn that the Chinese build them that way because they think the air is full of evil spirits—whom they cannot see, of course, but of whom they are terribly afraid. They even think the evil spirits are always trying to slip inside their houses to harm them, so they make all the roof corners tip up, so that if an evil spirit should alight on any part of the roof, he will get hit on a sharp point and be bounced high up above the open courtyard!

Pretend to enter the door of a Chinese house. There is no doorbell, so knock loudly and say: "I call! I call!" Then a servant in

blue trousers and blue coat shuffles to the door in his straw sandals, he flings it open and tucking each hand up the sleeve of the other arm, he bows very politely and says: "Condescend to enter! I beg you to walk in!"

You will be polite enough to bow too, for the Chinese have wonderful manners, and think Americans are rather impolite. Now you are in the room, and two ladies come toward you, one is the grandmother who-always-has-her-own-way. She bows and shakes her own hands as she begs you to be seated in a chair up near a table at the end of the room. "Honorable ones, I invite you to sit there."

But you must not sit up there near the table—no! no! Those are the seats of highest honor; so try to sit as near the door as possible. Then the grandmother-who-has-her-own-way and the meek little mother-who-never-has-her-own-way and the two cute little girls in blue all cry out in a shrill chorus: "No! No! Sit higher! Sit higher!" They actually try to pull you up to the table, but you must scuttle into the seats near the middle of the room, neither too high nor too low. You must be all agog with curiosity to know why the seats near that particular table are so honorable. This is the reason: On the table are some thin slabs of wood, standing up on end. They are called Ancestral Tablets. The Chinese are always wonderfully polite to old people, and when an ancestor dies they think his spirit enters into just such a little slab of wood as the ones on the carved table, and because they were always very polite to him when he was alive, they keep right on being polite to the slab of wood where his spirit is supposed to live. Once a day the son of the house kneels before the tablets to light some incense, to make these spirit-ancestors happy.

The grandmother-who-always-has-her-own-way offers you tea. The cups have no handles, and there are no saucers. You must take your cups in both hands, and when the grandmother urges you to take home the cakes and other things in your handkerchief, remember it is quite the proper thing to do in China! Perhaps you

wish this part of the trip were not all "pretend," for you would enjoy eating dried melon seeds, roasted monkey nuts, pickled onions and eggs floating in syrup!

The doors in the house are interesting, for no two of them are directly across from each other, since evil spirits are supposed to dart in quick straight lines, and they might rush through several open doors at once if the doors were all opposite each other; then if anybody happened to be standing or sitting and sleeping between opposite doors, the evil spirits would dart right into them, and then they would be sick! They feel safer with their doors never opposite, but not entirely safe, either, for on the front door is pasted a piece of paper with a horrible man painted on it in gorgeous colors—reds, blues, greens, oranges. Beside him is a little shelf with a bowl of rice on it. The picture is a "door god," to watch over the door and scare away evil spirits; the rice is to keep him in a good humor. There is a paper kitchen god in the kitchen with his bowl of rice; and some brass idols on another shelf with their bowls of rice.

But it is time you end your call for today. The grandmother says it has made flowers bloom in the garden of her mind and instead of saying "good-by" you tell her you have troubled her too much, that she has spent too much money on you. She bows very politely, and you begin backing out the door, while she says: "Walk slowly! Walk slowly!" which you have to do, not being used to walking backward!

Children in Blue and What They Do!

LAST SUNDAY YOU MADE A VERY FORMAL TEA-CALL IN THE PARLOR OF the grandmother-who-always-has-her-own-way, so today it will be more fun to play with those two quiet little girls in blue. If you get there early enough in the morning, we will find them just hopping out of bed, although you may be surprised to hear that the bed is built of bricks! The night before they wrapped themselves snugly in a quilt and lay right down on the bricks. Being February it is very cold, of course, so a fire is built under the bricks. Maybe their bed is not very soft, but it is very warm!

People sometimes call China "The land of the blue gown," because almost everybody wears blue, so the very first thing about these little children in blue will be about their jackets. February is such a cold month that when little Ling Te jumps up from her brick bed she shivers and says to her sister: "B'rrrr! It is five jackets cold!" So Ling Te piles on as many jackets as she thinks she needs —five jackets today—until she is stuffed out as round as a plump pincushion. Toward noon, when she feels warmer, she will peel off a layer or two, and begin to look positively thin!

You might almost think Ling Te was a boy from her trousers, but her grandmother and her mother wear them too. The baby tied on her back shows she is a girl, at once, for Chinese sisters take care of their tiny sisters and brothers that way. It seems a risky thing to be a Chinese baby! Not only because it looks rather dangerous to be bounced around all day tied on sister's back, while she plays exciting games called "Going to Town" or "Hawk and Dove," but the baby's mother is afraid the spirits will envy her

happiness in having a baby boy, so she pretends he is only a girl and calls him Suey Sin Fah, a girl's name which means Lily Flower. She puts an earring into his ear, too, and pretends to slap him and call him an ugly little spider (Kom Loi)!

Last Sunday you heard about the slabs of wood called Ancestral Tablets, which the son of a house worships every day. It is because only boys can worship these tablets, that Chinese families really do not want to have daughters.

When Ling Te was born, everybody from the grandmother-who-always-has her-own-way to the stupid old cook, shook their heads dolefully and said: "Oh, what a pity! She's only a girl! No good at all! No good at all!" Her father said: "Call her Ling Te!" which means in English, Lead-Along-a-Brother. You can just imagine how disgusted they all were when the second baby was a girl, too!

"Oh dear!" wailed the grandmother who wasn't having her own way at all, "the gods have forgotten us!" And the father said: "Never mind about giving the little nuisance a name, just call her Number Two!" So that was her name—wouldn't you just hate to be as unimportant as that?

The meek little mother-who-never-had-her-own-way was meeker than ever, because a mother can't even begin to have her own way, in China, until she is the mother of sons. That is why the grandmother had her own way all the time, because her sons were grown up and very important.

It was a good thing that they really did have a baby boy born in their family soon; you have no idea how happy they all were inside, although they did not dare act too happy, for fear of the evil spirits who hate to see people happy. In China they say that "eighteen goddess-like daughters are not equal to one son with a limp!" and although this new baby was not nearly as pretty as the little girls, he was a boy! Such a fuss as they made over him!

The old grandmother herself went around and asked a hundred different families to give her one cash apiece to buy an earring for

the boy. She made him a little red cap all covered with looking-glasses, because evil spirits run away when they see themselves in a glass! The mother fastened little fur cats' feet on the baby's slippers so he could walk lightly as a cat, and never stumble! She put a picture of an archer on the wall, who could shoot any evil spirit bringing disease. And now he spends most of his time being bounced around on Ling Te's back while she plays.

Over the Hills and Far Away in a Chinese Chair That Can Travel All Day!

ONE DAY, ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES SAID TO HERSELF: "I AM GOING to take two weeks and travel around to as many little villages as I can, to tell about Jesus."

Traveling among these little villages is not at all easy, because there are no railroads and no automobiles. She hired a sedan chair and two coolies to carry it. Then she packed a lot of little Bibles, Sunday school cards, and leaflets inside, after which she got in, herself, and off the coolies started. All day long, and for several days, the creaking of the chair poles kept time with the patter of the coolies' sandals, as they followed the rough paths over the hills —past gay pagodas with five stories, past wayside shrines with idols inside, through bamboo groves and little villages.

But at each little village she stopped and made some visits. It would be like playing tag to follow her into these homes, for she was very busy all day long. But this is the way she did: "Coolie!"

she called, "I want to visit in this next house!" So the coolies set her chair down on the ground, she stepped out, and knocked at the door. "I call! I call!" she said.

The door opened and she was politely ushered into a room where the lady of the house said: "How honored I am to see you! I pray you to sit higher! Sit higher!" But our missionary had learned good Chinese manners, and would not be so rude as to sit up near the ancestral tablets! She sat quite near the door, and said:

"Has your body peace?" Meaning, was she pretty well?

"No, it is very much not peace!" sighed the poor little lady.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said our missionary, "I hope all the little brothers and sisters have peace?" And she pointed to the spell-bound family of little boys and girls in blue, who sat listening to this white lady who wore a hat!

"Yes, they all have peace, except Little Dog!" said the mother. Little Dog, of course, was the precious baby boy who was given this name to make the evil spirits think he was no good at all. "Little Dog has Heavenly Blossoms, alas!" the mother added.

Now that certainly sounds very pretty, doesn't it? But it made our missionary want to run right out of the house. For "Heavenly Blossoms" is one of the Chinese ways of saying that Little Dog had smallpox. Perhaps you know that smallpox is a disease like chickenpox and measles, only so much worse that one's whole body is covered with little red spots, and it is dangerously easy to catch the disease, and very hard to keep from dying when you once get it. So do you wonder our missionary was startled?

But instead of running away, she said: "What medicine are you giving Little Dog?"

"Well!" said his mother unhappily, "We have tried everything. We have tied red rags around his head, because the smallpox goddess likes red, and we have held a red hot coin on each shoulder to let the evil spirits out, but he gets worse every day."

That was our missionary's chance. For although she was not a doctor she knew a few things, and she explained them to the

mother: how smallpox was contagious, and she must keep all the other children away; about a simple remedy; then leaving a picture card of Christ blessing little children, she politely backed out of the room, praying in her heart that God would bless this family.

Now it just happened this family lived next door to Ling Te's house, and although our missionary was very tired, she decided to go in there, for she had seen the two little girls in blue.

All over again they said the words that always have to be said in Chinese visits. The grandmother-who-always-has-her-own-way said: "Sit higher! Sit higher!" But our missionary sat near the door, of course. Then she inquired for everybody's health—"Did they have peace?" And after she knew all about the family's health, and had admired the baby, who should walk in but the father himself! You have not seen him yet, or heard about him very much. He was very solemn looking, with black mustaches that drooped down on each side of his mouth. He wore a black cap with a red button on top, and carried a fan.

He bowed to our missionary, and our missionary bowed politely to him, as she said: "Honored sir, I notice you have two honorable daughters, who seem unusually bright. Would you not like to send them to our school for girls so they can learn to read and write?"

You ought to have seen this solemn looking gentleman then! He nearly fell over, he was so surprised!

"August lady," he said, "you fill the air with useless words! Teach my stupid little girls to read? Why excellency, that is quite impossible—there is nothing in their empty heads—maybe you could teach my cows or my chickens, but never my daughters!"

Of course, our missionary knew more about girls than that, and she must have told it very well, indeed, for he was convinced that it would be worth trying; for, one day, a week later, you could have seen a procession of three blue sedan chairs and six coolies, two for each chair, with bundles of clothes and bedding and rice tied on top. Inside one chair sat Ling Te, inside another sat Number Two,

inside the third sat their dignified father, who wanted to see the wonderful school for girls, himself.

"Go slowly! Go slowly!" called the grandmother-who-always-has-her-own-way. And three voices from the three chairs answered politely: "Sit slowly! We are going!"

A Happy New Year!

LAST SUNDAY WE LEFT OUR MISSIONARY "OVER THE HILLS AND FAR away in her Chinese chair that can travel all day."

Although she lived in quite a big city, the streets are as narrow as alleys, and her coolies had to keep calling, "Clear the way! Chair coming!" Even then when they turned a corner the long poles went bump! bump! against the walls of the houses, and knocked over a peddler's stall of molasses candy or some barber's outdoor shop where he was cutting people's hair, right in the street! There was some squabbling in Chinese, squabbling that was just as impolite as it sounded.

But finally our missionary reached the gate of a red brick building—our "Developing Character School for Girls." It was here that Ling Te and Number Two came in their sedan chairs a long while before, by this time they were quite at home there, and learning so much! They found it was going to be quite easy to learn to read, and to add, subtract and multiply. They saw all the other girls doing it every day, and acting just as if it were the most matter-of-fact thing in the world for girls to be educated.

"Tut! Tut!" said the grandmother-who-always-had-her-own-way, "you little girls talk like teapots! You have filled the pockets of your minds with too much knowledge."

Yet down in her heart she admired these granddaughters who could do so many more things than she could do—for she did not know how to read or write, dear me, no! And she did not know any songs about Jesus, or any stories about what He did when He was here among men. She was still very much afraid of evil spirits, and every morning offered rice to the idols in the house.

New Year's Day comes in February in China, not on the same day as ours, and it is quite a different kind of day, too! There was the greatest stir getting ready for it: Ling Te and Number Two helped fix up the whole house, and they each had new jackets and new trousers and new flowers for their hair. Their father hurried around to pay all his debts, for if he should forget to pay anything he owed, then the man to whom he owed money might come and steal away his front door! I hope you have not forgotten the paper door god on that front door, or how every New Year's Day there must be a new god on the door. Otherwise everybody in China thinks the prowling evil spirits, who are livelier than ever at New Year's time, would creep in and spoil every one's happiness during all the coming year.

Ling Te and Number Two kept saying over and over again, very politely: "Honorable parents, there really are no evil spirits!" But their father took down the old paper door god, and ceremoniously burned it in a basin just the same old way he had done for years and years. He threw some gilt paper money in the fire to please the evil spirits so they would tell only good tales about his family up in the spirit world.

On New Year's morning there was the greatest racket in the world—three Fourths of July could not possibly equal it! For the air was fairly alive with the din of firecrackers and the glare of rockets. All this noise is to scare away the evil spirits from people's front doors!

The gentlemen went calling that day, leaving great red visiting cards at their friends' houses, and wishing each other "HSIU HSI" —which means, "New Happiness" in English. Families saved the cards for a long time, to show how many callers they had had. But the men went alone—for in China, husbands hardly ever go out on the street with their wives. If they do, he walks ahead, and she meekly walks behind! That is the way men speak of their wives: "My Walk Behind," or "The Person Who Occupies My Inner Apartment"—it would not be at all proper to say "my wife."

The grandmother-who-always-had-her-own-way had one caller on New Year's Day, our missionary; they wished each other "New Happiness," then our missionary told what that new happiness would be if the father threw away all the useless idols and prayed to the one God: "Our Father, who are in heaven, these idols are like rusty keys with which we tried to unlock the door to safety. But help us know that Jesus is the Door to God; help us all to enter in, and trust Thee."

The Shepherd Loves These Sheep

ONCE, WHEN JESUS WAS HERE AMONG MEN, HE SAID TO HIS FRIENDS: "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep and am known of mine. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." But Jesus could always see just what was in people's minds, so He also said: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

First of all, can you answer these questions: Who knows the name of the little boat that crossed the Atlantic Ocean and landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620? Yes, the *Mayflower!* And what day do we keep every November in honor of the day they landed? Yes, Thanksgiving Day. But do you know why it was that the Pilgrims especially gave thanks to God? Because they were so glad to be in a free land where they could worship God and live exactly as they wanted to live!

Day by day as the *Mayflower* was rocking its long, weary way over the ocean, another ship called the *Treasurer* was also rocking and rolling its long, weary way over the very same ocean. It was a very tiresome trip to everybody in both ships, only there was such a big difference in the passengers. For the Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* wanted to come, so they could have freedom to worship God. While the poor black passengers in the *Treasurer* were forced to come, most unwillingly, because they were black men being brought over from Africa as slaves, with no possible hope of freedom. Everybody is proud of the people who came in the *Mayflower,* but none of us likes to remember about the twenty poor slaves in the *Treasurer,* so many years ago.

They landed in a place called Jamestown, where some white men bought them to work on their big cotton and tobacco farms called plantations. More and more ships kept bringing over black slaves until finally there were a million of them. They were very unhappy, because some of their masters treated them very badly, whipping them when they did not work hard enough or when anything went wrong. But a very wonderful American whom we all know about signed a very important paper which set all these poor slaves free—perhaps you already know that this famous man's name was Abraham Lincoln, and the important paper was called the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Here is the true story of a little slave boy named Booker, who had no last name because he did not know who his father was. He lived in a log cabin with his mother, who was also a slave, of

course. She cooked the meals for everybody on the plantation. Their log cabin was very unattractive—no glass in the windows, no floor but the earth itself, even the door would not shut tight, so the cold air and the rain could make it very unpleasant and damp inside.

Booker's mother had no stove, but did all her cooking at the open fireplace. She was so busy all day long that no one in her family sat down to meals, but ate a piece of bread now, or a scrap of meat then, a glass of milk here, and some sweet potatoes there, at any time of day or night!

When Booker was old enough he used to go at mealtimes to the "big house" where the white family lived, to fan away the flies from the table with some large paper fans worked by a pulley. Can't you just imagine how big his eyes were while he watched this fine family eating and talking?

Poor Booker's clothes were just as uncomfortable as his home and the queer meals he had. For his first shoes were wooden ones, with rough leather on the top. The soles never could bend when he walked, of course, because they were wooden, and how they did squeak! But even worse than the shoes, were his flax shirts, made out of rough flax. Years later when he grew up he wrote a book about himself, and said those shirts felt like prickly chestnut burrs against his body at first! After a week or so the sharp pin points would get broken-in a little, but at first they were simply agony to him!

Then came the wonderful day when Abraham Lincoln signed the important paper making every one of these black people free. Of course, that included Booker and his mother.

The Boy Who Swept the Corners Clean

LAST SUNDAY IN TELLING YOU ABOUT HOW AMERICA CAME TO HAVE Negro slaves, you also heard how Abraham Lincoln signed a paper freeing them all, among whom were a little boy named Booker and his mother.

Although they were free, they were terribly poor, so when Booker's mother took him and his brother and sister to another town, where there were big salt furnaces, little Booker had to go to work in these furnaces. It was hard, disagreeable work for such a small boy, especially as he often had to begin at four o'clock in the morning, long before the sun was up!

All this time there was just one thing Booker wanted more than anything else in the whole world. Can you guess? You might think it was money, since he was so poor! Or nice clothes, since he had such shabby, prickly ones! Or plenty to eat, since he never had enough! But it was none of these things he wanted most—but oh! how he did want to learn to read.

He did not know any of the Negro people near him who could read even a word, but so many of them wanted to, that finally a small school was opened, and he thought, of course, he could go. But no! poor Booker's family decided he ought to keep right on working in the salt furnaces! But did that stop him?

No indeed! For he took lessons at night. He was ever so sleepy, but do you know? He actually learned more at night than the other children learned during the day. So finally his family decided that if Booker would work in the furnaces from four o'clock in

the morning until nine o'clock in the morning, then he could go to school.

When he went to school with the other children he noticed they all wore hats or caps, and he had never had a hat or a cap in all his life! He went home and told his mother he really must have a hat; but she had no money to buy a "store hat," so she took two pieces of goods and sewed them together. This made a very curious-looking cap; but years later when he grew up and could buy any kind of a hat he needed, he was proud to remember his first cap which his mother had sewed for him out of two pieces of cloth.

Then when he got to school he found all the boys had two names, sometimes even three names, which the teacher read off when he called the roll. But Booker had no other name but *Booker;* so all the time the teacher was calling off the other names he was wondering what in the world he should say when it came his turn. But when the teacher finally said, "Booker, what is your full name?" he had a bright idea, and answered, "Booker Washington, sir?" just exactly as if he had always had two names like other boys! And do you know? There is hardly a grown-up person anywhere in the United States today who does not know that name, Booker Washington!

You see, he was the kind of boy who had made up his mind to be someone worth while, so in spite of being poor and wearing queer clothes and having no name, he decided he just must have an education. So one day he said good-by to his family, and started off for a school called Hampton Institute, which is almost on the very spot where the first twenty slaves landed years and years ago.

Booker Washington had to walk five hundred miles to get to that school, he had to earn money all along the way to buy his meals, he had to sleep in the queerest places. Once he slept for several nights right under a board sidewalk in a city called Richmond. He could hear people walking over him all night long,

people who never dreamed there was a hungry, tired, little Negro boy sleeping under their feet.

Finally he reached Hampton, but he was so tired and dusty and shabby that the teacher hardly liked to take such an unattractive boy into the school! You can imagine how terribly he felt! To have spent weeks and weeks walking so many miles, working his way, and dreaming beautiful dreams of school days—then to be turned away. When the teacher saw how heartbroken he looked, she gave him one chance.

"The recitation room needs sweeping," she said, "take this broom and sweep it."

Well! He swept that room once. And he swept that room twice. Then he swept it the third time. It never had been so clean before! Then he got a duster, and he dusted it four times, until there was no speck of dust in even the tiniest corner. Then he called in the teacher. But she couldn't find anything wrong there, of course; and that is the way Booker Washington entered Hampton Institute.

He had a great many things besides reading and writing and arithmetic to learn! He had to learn what a bath tub was for! What a tooth brush was for! Even what sheets on a bed were for! The first night he slept under both the sheets; the second night on top of both of them, then he learned to sleep between them!

He worked his way all through that school; then years later he had a wonderful school of his very own for Negroes, called Tuskegee. Everyone in America is proud of the boy who swept the corners clean!

The Smoke of a Thousand Villages

TODAY YOU GO TO AFRICA, WHERE TWO SUNDAYS AGO YOU HEARD about a ship called the *Treasurer* starting for America, with the first twenty Negro slaves on board. Perhaps you can see how greatly the Good Shepherd needs our help in bringing all His sheep into His fold!

An African village is called a Kraal; it is built of little round mud huts, with thatched roofs. There is a dusty road down the middle of the Kraal, with the round huts in rows on each side of it; then at the end of the village is a bigger hut called the Palaver-house where the men of the village sit in the shade of the palm trees all day long, lazily watching their busy wives out in the fields ploughing and planting in the hot sun, while the smoke of the village fires curls up above the roof tops.

Around the entire village is built a stockade, which is a great fence to keep out wild animals or men from other villages who might come to steal cows or sheep.

In one of these dark, low, smoky huts a new baby has just been born, and a crowd of delighted grandmothers, aunts and cousins are crowded inside to see it. While outside on the dusty road the father and all the village people are beating drums and making all the noise they can to drive away any evil spirits that may have come to harm the precious new baby.

Perhaps you already know that it is very hot in Africa, so hot that people really do not need to wear clothes at all. The children don't wear anything, and the grown people wear only skins of wild animals and dried grass or a piece of cloth tied around their

waists. They make up for having few clothes by wearing great heavy brass necklaces and huge iron bracelets, and by tattooing their faces and arms in all sorts of patterns. They wear something else you will not be able to understand: one man wears the claw of a chicken tied around his neck by a string; the baby's grandmother has a lion's tooth tied around her arm: a little boy has a few feathers tied around his waist—in fact, almost everybody has something like that on him. For just as the Chinese people are afraid of evil spirits, so these Negroes in Africa are afraid of the evil spirits who live in everything, they think: in the trees, the air, the grass. The chicken claws, feathers and the lion's tooth are charms to please the evil spirits. There are charms for all sorts of other things too—for loving, hating, buying, selling, fishing, hunting, traveling.

Everybody calls the baby Ndindo right away, a word which really means Dirt! Perhaps they say it the way we sometimes say to our babies: "You naughty little rascal!" Of course, when he gets older he will have a better name, for a baby is very precious in Africa, and after he is washed in cold water and dusted over with a red powder, they tie a bundle of dried grass around his neck to scare away the evil spirits.

The baby's father, whose name is Njaku (which means Elephant), is a very brave hunter of elephants. One day as he sat in the Palaver-house he heard his baby crying. He smiled at the other men, and said: "My son will be a man of courage, he will not fear to kill his enemies and bring home their skulls. Listen how strong his voice is!"

Once one of the missionaries went home to England, and told about an African Kraal, the fears of the people, the charms they wear, and he ended with these words: "I have sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where the name of Christ has never been heard."

One young man in the audience could just see those thousand

villages, he could see the smoke curling up over the thatched roofs, and he said: "I am going to let God use me in Africa to bring the black sheep into His fold! I am going to be the man to go to those thousand villages."

So away he sailed; and on the steamer the passengers said: "Mr. Livingstone, have you never heard how savage the Negroes are? We are afraid they will kill you! They will surely rob you, for how can they understand your story about the Good Shepherd?"

"I will go and do what I can!" said young Mr. Livingstone, which was a very brave answer.

A True Lion Story

DAVID LIVINGSTONE SAILED TO AFRICA BECAUSE ANOTHER MISSIONary had told him how often he could see the smoke of a thousand villages where the name of Christ had never been heard.

It was no fun to travel in Africa, for there were no railroad trains, no horses and carriages, and, of course, no automobiles. A great deal of the way there was not even a road, just a thin little trail through the jungle where the grass was worn down by other feet. Giant trees locked their branches overhead, wild animals sneaked stealthily through the tall grass—grass that was higher than Mr. Livingstone's head, grass where great poisonous snakes crawled silently! Although it was very dangerous, and something entirely new to him, Mr. Livingstone followed his guides, two wild-

looking black men who wore no clothes and carried sharp spears, until finally they reached the very village about which you heard last Sunday.

Out walked the fierce-looking Headman of the village from the Palaver-house. He glared at Mr. Livingstone and growled as he looked him all over, then Mr. Livingstone explained by signs that he had come to live in this village! The Headman scowled some more, rather fiercely; but finally I suppose he thought better of it, for he called over two of his wives and said: "Build this white man a house!"

And if you'll believe it, in half an hour the house was actually built! One of those round affairs, with four bamboo poles to start with, mud sides which soon dried out in the hot sun, and a thatched roof made of palm leaves. Into this Mr. Livingstone carried his bundles and got ready to tell this first village about the Good Shepherd.

But he did not know a word of the language, and there was no book telling him about it either, because none of the Negroes could read or write, so this is what Mr. Livingstone had to do: he would hold up a chicken and say "chicken" in English, then the villagers would say *their* word for chicken, and he would write it down, spelling it the way it sounded. Then he would try to find out another new word and another, until after a long time he had learned enough words to talk to them a little. Everyone was interested in the curious things he had, for, of course, they had never seen a mirror before, or scissors, or a razor, or soap, or pins and needles, or clothes like his. Can't you just imagine how lonely he was—no one to whom he could talk in English, only black faces to look at day after day after day? He had to keep house and do his own cooking, too, and mend his own clothes—things that took entirely too much time from his real true work of telling the people in the village about Christ. He translated the Bible into their language, and night after night he went to the Palaver-house, and by the light of a dim lantern he read to the men of the village about

Jesus—about the lost sheep—about the Good Shepherd, who looked and looked until he found it, then brought it home rejoicing.

The men in the village looked at one another by the dim light of the lantern, and said: "The Brother-from-over-the-sea speaks true words." So little by little, one by one, they were beginning to believe his story of Jesus, but he wished there could be some white woman to talk in the same way to the women and children.

Then one day something dreadful happened. For some weeks lions had been prowling all around their village, sometimes killing as many as nine sheep in one day. Of course, nobody was safe, and all the people in the village were frightened. So the brave hunters went out with spears to kill the lions, and Mr. Livingstone went with them, taking his gun. But instead of Mr. Livingstone killing a lion, a lion almost killed him, for it sprang out at him from behind a bush where it had been hiding. It caught him by the shoulder, shaking him until the bones in his arm were all crunched and broken, and the flesh terribly torn!

He was so sick, and the villagers were so unable to take proper care of him, that he had to be taken two hundred miles away to Mr. Moffat's home to get well there. And while he was there he fell in love with Mr. Moffat's daughter and married her. So when he came back to his old village with his wife, he built her a real house, and they planted a pretty garden, and at last there was someone to go into those other huts and tell the women and children stories of Jesus.

A Giant Question Mark and a Giant Ear

IF YOU LISTENED ALL TODAY, AND ALL TOMORROW AND ALL THE NEXT day, and the day after that, and right on until next Sunday, even then you could not hear all the wonderful things Mr. Livingstone was able to do for Africa during the years he lived there! The thousand villages which he had hoped to be able to visit, he did visit, telling the people about Jesus, and leaving many a little new church behind him. Sometimes he saw white men taking black men for slaves, and he worked hard to put a stop to it.

If you open your geography, can't you see that the shape of the map looks like a great big question mark? And can't you also see how the shape of Africa is very much like a giant ear—listening—listening—waiting—waiting—for the answer to its giant question mark?

And now let me tell you what happened when the baby Ndindo became quite ill. The anxious parents sent for the witch doctor, a wild-looking man whose face was entirely covered with tattooing and paint; all sorts of bundles and charms were hanging around his neck, and he had a rattle which he kept shaking all the time.

Poor little Ndindo began crying the minute this noisy man came dancing into their hut, waving his arms and foaming at the mouth. He gave the baby no medicine, but he danced round it faster and faster! The neighbors came and stood around watching him dance faster and faster. Suddenly he stopped before a young woman. "*You did it!*" he screamed, pointing his finger at her, "you bewitched this baby!"

"No! No!" cried the young woman, but what she said really didn't matter at all, because everybody there thought that sickness came from being bewitched by evil spirits, and the only way to cure a sick person was to punish the person who did the bewitching. It was the witch doctor's job to find the guilty person, and to prove whether she was guilty or not he gave her some sasswood poison! If she died after taking it, then she was guilty; but if she lived in spite of the poison, then she was innocent. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone knew this way of doing things was all nonsense—and how hard they did work and talk to stop the cruel poisoning!

Another thing that the Livingstones hated to see was a father selling his daughter to the man she was to marry. The father would take so many goats and brass rods and glass beads in exchange for his little girl, maybe even a cow if she were really very pretty! That is because the Africans think women are not any better than animals, and a father thought no more of selling his daughter than of selling his goat or his chickens. They have a proverb in Africa which says: "A wife is worth six ploughs," and Mrs. Livingstone spent many a day telling them the Christian way—that God who made everybody, cares just exactly as much for women as for men.

So little by little, one by one, these black people became Christians. Hard as it was they gave up wearing their queer charms, and trusted God to take care of them. Every time you see a map of Africa remember how much it looks like a giant question mark, and the question in every one of their black minds was: "How can I be safe from evil spirits?" The only answer the witch doctors had was: "Try wearing this new charm around your neck—it will protect you!" But the missionaries had a better answer for the great listening ear of Africa: "God is love. Trust Him."

When Mr. Livingstone went to Africa, no one knew anything about the geography of the country. No white man had ever dared to explore it, because traveling in Africa was so dangerous. But David Livingstone was just as great an explorer as he was a mis-

sionary, he really was both things at once! He traveled over 29,000 miles discovering tremendous lakes, rivers and water falls which no white man had ever seen before. He took two black men with him, and once after he had been in Africa for many years he was spending the night in a lonely hut far away in the interior of Africa.

In the morning these two black men came into his hut to wake him, when they saw him kneeling by his bed, so they tiptoed out, knowing he was praying to the great God. But an hour later when they came back again, he was still kneeling there, and they found that while he had been praying, he had died. Once these black men would have stolen Mr. Livingstone's treasures and rushed away in fear, afraid of evil spirits. But they were Christians now, and you will like to know that these friends of Mr. Livingstone's tenderly wrapped his body round and round with the soft inside bark of some trees, and carried it day after day after day on their shoulders 5,000 miles to the seacoast, so that the body could be sent back to England where everyone was proud of this brave white man.

Jack and Jill Went up the Hill

A GREAT MANY YEARS BEFORE JESUS LIVED HERE AMONG MEN, A wise man told how some day Jesus was coming and said that He would be like the Lily of the Valley. Perhaps he did not mean just exactly the kind of lily you and I call by that name, for he lived far across the sea in a land called Syria. This is the time of

the year when we can see them starting to grow in our back yards, making their shady corner very sweet and pure and beautiful. For that is what Jesus does when He lives in men and women, or in boys and girls, He makes even the corners of their lives pure and sweet and beautiful. At Easter time we especially like to remember these things, so this month there is a story for you about some lonely valleys hidden in a corner of America where our missionaries are making the Lily of the Valley grow.

How would you like to have a mountain sitting in your back yard? And another big mountain sitting in your front yard? And more mountains scattered all around the other sides of your houses?

"But how could I have any neighbors?" you ask, "and where would the streets be?"

Well, you couldn't have neighbors and there wouldn't be streets, for everybody else's house would have mountains sitting around in the front and back yards, too; if you wanted to get to the houses you would have to climb up the hills and down the hills.

This is going to be a story about a boy called Jack and his sister called Jill who live here in America, in the State of Kentucky, with mountains everywhere around them. They lived in a log cabin, the very same kind of a house that Abraham Lincoln lived in when he was a small boy. A cabin where the logs were so far apart that the wind and the rain could blow right through, where the mother did all the cooking in an open fireplace which smoked, and *smoked,* and SMOKED, in the most dismal way. Also there were not beds enough, nor chairs enough, nor dishes enough, nor shoes enough to go around in the family; there were no books anywhere, for nobody could read a single word; there was no wallpaper on the wall, and no pictures, there was not even any plaster on the walls. As for pianos, sewing machines, and electric lights they were simply unheard of in those mountains. They used tallow candles which their mother made, and on winter evenings she often spun yarn on a spinning wheel exactly the way Abraham Lincoln's mother did. There was no running water in the log

cabin, so Jack and Jill often had to go up the hill to fetch a pail of water, and they had to chop up all the wood used in the fireplace.

When people can't read, and have no near neighbors, and have nothing attractive in their homes they are really very unhappy. The children can't be merry and chipper all day long. Fetching pails of water, chopping wood, working in the stony vegetable gardens, washing clothes in the mountain streams, making butter, curing hams and milking cows, having all work and no play made Jack a dull boy! As for Jill, she really seemed slow and stupid and heavy. She turned out all right, by and by, but she hardly ever smiled the way girls do, for nobody smiled much in the mountains. The mothers were always tired, and the fathers were, too. They looked as if their sagging shoulders were saying: "Oh, what's the use?"

But we have a school of our very own up there in the Kentucky mountains where Jill went to school for one year. She had to walk about twenty miles to get there; in her bare feet, for she carried her shoes in her hand to save them. She wore a sunbonnet and a patched dress. Even after she reached the school she never smiled. She felt stupid—and really seemed to forget more than she learned. The girls did everything there was to do in the building, cooking, dishwashing, bedmaking, cleaning—things Jill never knew people took real pains to do neatly. "Any old way" seemed to suit Jill. She never said "please" or "thank you," because nobody in her home ever did any of the lovely things that make a home a home.

But Jill did the best she could, and down in her heart something was beginning to grow that did not show very plainly yet—just a little seed of love and happiness. It must have been the Lily of the Valley in the lonely corner of her heart. Anyway, when the year of school was over, she trudged the long twenty miles home, up hill and down hill, and she said to her mother: "I'm powerful set on going back to school next year, mammy, I allows I kin earn money pickin' berries and sellin' 'em at the crossroads."

"Course yer kin!" said her mother.

When Patches Are Beautiful

LAST SUNDAY WE LEFT JILL PICKING BERRIES TO EARN ENOUGH MONEY to go back to school the following year. But money is very hard to earn in the mountains, and pennies have the slowest kind of a way of piling up into dollars. So that when it was time for school to begin again, way over the hills, Jill felt she had not saved nearly enough money. She worked and worked and worked for three weeks more; then her mother helped by selling a very beautiful patchwork quilt she had made years before. So that gave Jill twelve dollars, and that morning she rolled her few clothes into a little bundle, put on her old sunbonnet, and carried her precious shoes to save them.

"Good-by, mammy!" she said, "I'm powerful 'bliged to you for helpin' me this way."

Twenty miles is a long way up hill and down hill, up hill and down hill, especially in bare feet over stony roads. Jill had to stay over night with a family half way on her trip. But early the next morning she was off again. By and by she came in sight of the school!

She sat down on a stone beside the road and put on her shoes, she shook the dust from her patched calico dress and straightened her sunbonnet. Something very happy began to sing in her heart: "I'm most there now! Oh how nice school is!"

But in the window of the school stood two of the teachers. One of them said: "Oh dear! Oh dear! Isn't that poor little Jill coming up the road?"

The other teacher looked: "Oh, I do hope it isn't—but yes! yes!

It certainly is! Poor little Jill! What shall we do? There isn't an inch of room left anywhere in the whole school by this time. What made her so late? I supposed she wasn't coming."

Then the other teacher said: "I never even supposed she cared enough to come back. She always seemed so quiet and slow. I dare say the poor little thing has forgotten the little bit she learned last year!"

By this time the smiling Jill was inside the school, shaking their hands in her awkward way.

"I done come back!" she exclaimed smiling. "I didn't git here at first, 'cause I stays to earn some money, see? Laws, but I works hard all summer—but here it is, twelve dollars. Mammy sold her patchwork quilt so I could have the money. Here, you take it, 'tain't nearly enough to pay for all the fine learnin' you gimme."

Then one of our teachers cried, while the other explained to Jill that there wasn't any room left. They hadn't dreamed she even wanted to come back, so by this time every single bit of room had been taken.

Poor Jill! All the happiness in her heart was now as heavy as a stone. They begged her to stay to dinner before she started the long walk home.

"I ain't a bit hungry," she said slowly, "so I'll just walk along. Good-by. I know it ain't your fault the rooms is all jamfull. I jest couldn't git here sooner."

So away she walked, and when she was out of sight of the school, she threw herself down on the ground, and cried as if her heart would break.

The next day her mother said: "Why Jill, what brung you back?"

"Oh mammy," she said, "they couldn't take me, the school was plum full."

Her mother saw how red her eyes were, and how tired she looked. "Well, all I've got to say is—it were a long tromp for nothin'. 'Pears like they might have waited for you."

"No, 'tain't their fault, mammy, I never said nothin' 'bout comin' back."

That night by the firelight Jill read her little Bible, and a bit of happiness stole back into her heart. For she read that there had not always been room for Jesus, either, when He was here among men.

"I reckon Jesus knows jest how I feel," she whispered to herself as she fell asleep.

The next morning when she looked at the twelve precious dollars, she had a wonderful idea.

"Mammy," she said, "I'm powerful set on usin' this patchwork and berry money to give school to somebody someways. 'Twon't be nothin' but patches of learnin' I kin give 'em, but I can't keep this here money for myself."

"I reckon you kin do as you like with it," her mother said.

So Jill decided to start a little school of her own for the boys and girls from the other log cabins. Perhaps you will think it a strange school, but her little patches of learning were really beautiful!

This Is the House That Jack Built

DO YOU REMEMBER LAST SUNDAY HOW JILL DECIDED TO START A school of her very own near her home, after she found there was no room for her in our school way over the hill?

She could hardly have had the school if it had not been for Jack. The little old log cabin she was going to use for a school was

almost falling to pieces, and Jack built it up for her. He filled in the chinks with earth where the logs were sprung apart. He made a new door. He nailed up the sides. The chimney was all caved in, so he piled up stone on stone, very neatly, both inside and outside. He chopped wood for the fire, he made the benches from logs, and a table for the Teacher, too! The day before the school was to begin Jack and Jill went up the hill to see this House that Jack Built.

"I reckon it looks fine, Jack," Jill said.

Then she did something that Jack called "plum crazy!" She went outside and picked a branch off a maple tree, with lovely red leaves all over it. She had an old broken jar under her arm, and she put the branch in the jar and set it on the table Jack built.

"Now what's that fer?" Jack asked. "You must be plum crazy!"

Jill smiled. "I learned that over at the big school. Teacher said God made the trees beautiful fer us to love. I reckon I never thought about trees before. But over there they had things like this settin' around everywhere to remind us how careful God made everything."

Jack looked at the leaves and grinned. "Looks awful silly to me to bring trees into the house, but if they does it over to the big school, you bet we'll do it here!"

Then Jill said: "Oh Jack, I completely forgot, we ain't got no flag!"

"What's a flag?" asked Jack. "I never heard tell of one before."

Which just shows you how far from everything these mountain Americans are! Jill explained that over at the big school there was a red, white and blue flag which everybody saluted once a day to show they loved their country. "I can't have no school, if there ain't no flag," she cried.

"Then let's make one," said Jack, "I reckon if you seen one onct, you kin make one easy-like."

So Jack and Jill ran down the hill to find some pieces of red,

white and blue. Such queer little pieces of colored calico as they put together! Red and white stripes, to be sure, with a big blue square in the corner, but such funny stars! Only three of them, and none the same size, and one of them had seven points! But it didn't really matter a bit, of course, for after they had fastened it on a long twig, Jill taught Jack to put out his arm and say, "I pledge allegiance," just exactly as you say it.

The next day, shy little girls and bashful boys came walking into the House that Jack Built, and sat on the benches he had made. Jill did what she could to teach them what she remembered about A B C's, and how to count and how to read. She taught them how to salute the flag, how to love the flowers they had never thought of even looking at before. She told them God made flowers specially for people to love. She always ended the day by telling them a story about what Jesus did when He was here among men.

Twelve dollars never lasts forever, and one day Jill wrote a letter to one of her teachers at our Mission School over the hills, telling about the tiny school she had started. She said she could only give little patches of learning, because she did not know very much herself, but if the teacher could only spare her some books and some Bibles she could do better. There were only two Bibles in all that neighborhood.

The teacher in our school sent her a box full of splendid things, and several weeks later the teacher herself came over the hills on horseback to pay Jill a visit. The day was very warm and pleasant, so Jill had all her school outdoors. When our missionary came up, Jill was almost too happy for words. But finally she said: "Oh teacher, now my poor scholars will have somebody to tell them things right. I could only give them little patches of learnin'."

So our missionary began talking, and several women from nearby log cabins came over to listen, and a few men from the cornfields came over, too. As they listened the nicest thing happened. Somebody spoke up:

"Oh yes! that's just what Jill told us, Miss."

Then by and by somebody else said: "Why I reckon that's just what Jill has kept tellin' us over and over."

So after our missionary had seen the scholars salute the little homemade calico flag as they left for their homes over the hills, she went into the House that Jack Built and put her arm around Jill. She promised her that another year there would be a place saved for her in our school, for down in her heart she knew that instead of being stupid and dull, Jill had really been more wide-awake than anyone dreamed, during her one year at school.

Jack the Giant-Killer

WHEN JILL WENT BACK TO OUR MISSION SCHOOL IN THE KENTUCKY mountains she did not go alone, for this time it was Jack and Jill who went up the hills together, and down the hills together.

Jill had a place all waiting for her in the girls' dormitory, and she loved every minute in school. The girls were busy from morning till night, cooking, sweeping, cleaning, studying. But today maybe you will be more interested to know about Jack. Since by this time you ought to feel pretty certain that Jill will turn out all right!

One fine thing about our school is that it teaches boys how to do things—real things. There were acres and acres of fields to be plowed, vegetables to be cared for, cows to be milked, furniture to be made, horses to be shod—in fact, so many things to be learned that Jack felt he wanted to be a Jack-of-all-trades.

One day his favorite teacher asked him about it, and Jack grinned as he answered: "I reckon I can't tell yet. When I first come, I thought I jest wanted to build things. Then when I seen what fine crops you-all raises, I says *that's* what I'll do, I'll be a farmer—but laws! I kept a-changin' and a-changin', until now I jest wants to do somethin' big and hard what needs to be done turrible bad by somebody, only nobody does it—see?"

When boys don't think much, they want to do what "all the other fellows do," but here was Jack wanting to do what nobody else was willing to do, provided it was hard.

When vacation time came Jack and Jill went up the hills and down the hills once more, on their long walk back to the little log cabin. When they got home they found their frail little mother very sick in bed. She was in terrible pain, she said something ached her all up and down inside. It had been like that for weeks now.

Jack said: "I reckon I'll jest go down the road a piece and borrer a horse, so as I kin ride over the hills to fetch a nurse."

Perhaps you did not know that you and I have a nurse up there in the Kentucky mountains, in fact, we have a doctor and a hospital, too, although Jack did not know about that, then.

When our nurse reached the log cabin, she found the mother very sick indeed, so sick that nothing but an operation in the hospital could ever help her. But it seemed almost impossible to get her to the hospital, so many miles away, since she could not stand being jarred in a wagon. So Jack's father said it simply couldn't be done, but Jack said: "We'll make a stretcher and carry her, she's nothin' but a handful now. Ain't we both got muscles—say, just look at mine?"

So they made a stretcher and carried her mile after mile over the hills to our hospital. Jack and Jill were used to neat white iron beds at school, of course, but their mother knew very little about such things and she sank into the hospital bed with a sigh of relief. Jack never forgot the days there. He watched everything. He saw

the giant Pain walking around that hospital, making the people cry out with the terrible hurt of it. Then he saw our doctor go up, and quietly cure pain; he saw aches and diseases leave sick bodies because our doctor gave them the right kind of pills to swallow, or because he knew just where to operate.

Jack said to himself: "This beats farmin' or carpenterin' all holler! If they can make a doctor out of a stupid rough feller like me, then I wants to be a doctor. There ain't nearly enough doctors in these parts, so I reckon I could be right useful."

Almost a Jack-the-Giant-Killer, wanting always to do something hard, something that would take years and years of study. "I ain't scairt of studyin'!" Jack said, throwing back his shoulders, "I'm plum set on bein' worth while, I am!"

Years and years later, when Jack and Jill are grown up, can't you just imagine that there are going to be lovely corners through all those lonely valleys, where in this little log cabin, and in that little log cabin, people are going to be happier and healthier? And although other people will call it "the spread of Christianity," whenever you hear about it, you will remember that Jesus is the "Lily of the Valley," and that the new sweetness, the new purity, the new whiteness are all due to Him.

Some Japanese Flowers That Can Talk

IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR FLOWER THAT YOU ALWAYS EXPECT TO SEE when June is here? A flower that everybody loves and calls the most beautiful of all the flowers in the world? Yes—a rose!

Before Jesus came here among men, a very wise man was telling all the things that Jesus would be, and one of the loveliest names he gave Him was *The Rose of Sharon.*

Over the ocean in the Land of the Rising Sun, which is called Japan in our geographies, children look just as lovely as the flowers for which they are named. Among these are three little sisters whose names are O Ishihara San (Miss Chrysanthemum), O Umé San (Miss Plum Blossom), and O Shika San (Miss Camellia).

Chrysanthemum has on a yellow kimono, Plum Blossom's is lavender and Camellia's is pink. Their sleeves are very long, and they flutter around exactly like three big butterflies. Children in Japan are taught to be very polite, so when they enter their cunning little house, the three small girls fall on their knees and bow their foreheads on the floor before their father and mother!

You never saw a house with so little in it—no chairs, no tables, no bookcases, no lamps. On the floor there are some soft thick mats called Japanese straw mats. Every mat in Japan is made a certain size, so the rooms of a house simply have to be built the right size for the mats. People say: "This is a six mat room!" The walls, doors and windows are made of thick paper; and the walls, which are really big paper doors, made like screens, can be pushed aside to make all the rooms into one big room. You can just imagine

how careful Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia had to be, not to fall through the paper walls into the next room!

In Japan the people tuck their feet under them and sit right down on the floor; at night they get some quilts and roll themselves up ready to sleep, on the floor, too! When they have a meal, they sit on the floor before tiny tables, with legs only a few inches high. Somehow it seems like playing house to live there, don't you think so?

There is a god-shelf in the house with a great many little idols made of wood and brass on it. There is one idol with a very long head to which the family pray for long life. There is another idol with a string of fish in his hands, to which they pray when they want good luck. There is a god with rice bags on his back to which they pray when they want wealth—and many more, sitting there like useless dolls—and the family give them each some rice every day to keep them in a good humor.

On the day our story opens, all the little sisters are out in their tiny garden, which hardly seems bigger than a pocket handkerchief, although there is a pretty little bridge over a tiny lake, there is an old stone lantern, several trees and some lovely flowers, too. Their mother is giving them lessons in arranging flowers, for there are ways—and ways! Each morning the sisters take turns, and on the day our story begins it is Chrysanthemum's turn to pick something pretty in the garden for the vase of flowers. She dances round the garden like a yellow butterfly, over the bridge, around the tiny lake: here, there, everywhere, until finally she chooses a branch of plum blossoms because that is what her sister Umé's name means.

Then she goes indoors and politely bowing to her mother, kneels on the floor beside her and begins arranging the branch—this way—that way—the other way. Such twistings and turnings! Finally it is exactly right, her mother says, and tells her to put it in the "honorable recess," which is a raised alcove in the best room near the verandah. The real name for the honorable recess is the *Tokonoma,* where the little table holds the little vase of plum

blossoms which Chrysanthemum has arranged. There is always a long paper picture which looks rather like a banner hanging in the honorable recess, this picture is called the *Kakemono*. There is so little furniture in the house, that this honorable recess must always be kept beautiful by the little sisters.

Leaving Out the Best Part of Children's Day

IN BEAUTIFUL JAPAN THERE ARE TWO CHILDREN'S DAYS: ONE ON March third is called The Feast of Dolls, for girls; the one on May fifth is called The Feast of Flags, for boys. Since our three little Japanese flower friends are girls, you can hear today what Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia did on their Feast of Dolls, their Children's Day, on which the very best part of all was left out!

For in all our hearts there is always the love of Jesus, and when we sing songs about the lovely flowers, we know that Jesus Himself is far lovelier, because we remember His name: "The Rose of Sharon."

All the little girls in Japan have their birthdays at the same time, at the Feast of Dolls. Days and days before the great feast came, Plum Blossom would say: "Honored mother, how many days is it now?" And her mother always knew she meant: "Oh dear! When is my birthday going to get here?"

But, of course, the day really did arrive, and the three sisters trotted out in the garden behind their father to a little house where all their precious things were stored. He lifted down a large red

box, as big as a trunk, and carried it into the house where on one side of the room were five shelves, like steps, against the wall. Although you have no idea what they are for, you may rest assured that Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia knew just what to do. It didn't take them a minute to cover the steps with a beautiful piece of red silk, then they opened the big red box and found it full of dolls—just stuffed with them!

One sister lifted out the first doll, a very grand lady doll dressed in stiff silk robes embroidered with chrysanthemums. That was the Empress doll, so she set it up on the highest step. Then another sister carefully lifted out the Emperor doll, dressed in stiff silk robes, too, and put him beside the Empress on the top step.

There were girl dolls, and boy dolls, lady dolls with baby dolls strapped on their backs—all sorts of dolls were stuffed in that wonderful red box. Each doll was carried over to the steps and made to bow very low before the Emperor and Empress dolls, before being set up in its own place on a lower shelf.

These dolls had belonged to the sisters' grandmother, and when she was a little girl she had played with them on her birthdays; then their own mother had played with them on *her* birthdays, but so carefully that none of them were broken or torn. For they were taken out of the red box only once a year, on the Feast of Dolls. After every doll was out of the box and seated on the steps, then the three sisters got tiny dishes and pretended to feed them, beginning first with the Emperor and Empress dolls, of course! All day long they played with the dolls, knowing that at night they would have to say good-by to them for another whole year. They could sit up as late as they wanted to that night, and their father took them out for a little walk on the street.

They each carried a paper lantern, because the streets were dark. While they were walking up and down the very strangest-looking lady they had ever seen walked up to them, smiling all over her pale face, she said something like this: "Honored sir, would you

be willing for your distinguished daughters to attend my humble Sunday school tomorrow?"

The father bowed very politely, and although he had never heard of a Sunday school before, he said that his miserable little daughters would be delighted to attend her excellency's illustrious school.

At that, all the "miserable little daughters" looked far from miserable, for they liked this American lady right away.

Three Little Sisters and What They Learned

PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER THAT LAST SUNDAY THE THREE LITTLE Japanese girls, Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia, were invited to Sunday school by our missionary, a place where they had never been before. They did look very charming as they left home, for each of them carried a bright-colored paper parasol and slipped into wooden clogs—clickety-clack, clickety-clack—what a clatter they made as their wooden shoes scraped along the street.

Long before they reached our chapel, they could easily tell which building it was because children were simply pouring inside the door. When the three sisters were indoors themselves, they saw the lady with the pale hair, and they said in a chorus: *"Ohay, Sensi-San,"* which means in English, "How do you do, honorable teacher!"

After all the children had folded their legs under them, as they

sat on the floor, our missionary closed her eyes and said a little prayer. The three little sisters did not know about keeping their eyes shut, of course, so they spent all the time looking for the idol to whom this lady was praying.

"I can't see any idol anywhere, can you?" whispered Plum Blossom.

"Neither can I," said Chrysanthemum. Then the lady asked the scholars to sing a song you and I know so well, "Jesus loves me, this I know," it sounds like this in Japanese: *"Shu ware no aisu."* Then our missionary began telling a new story about Jesus, how kind He was, how He was with us all day in our work and in our play—just the sort of a lesson our very own teachers give us every Sunday.

"How many gods are there?" asked our missionary.

Up went some hands.

"Fifteen!" said a little boy named Shouter San.

"Twenty-five!" said Chrysanthemum, smiling at the new teacher, "we have that many in our house, I heard my father say so. There's the honorable Buddha, there's the god of long life with the long head, there's the god of good luck with the string of fish, there's *Jizu Sama* the children's special idol, there's Kwannon the goddess of mercy with her hundred hands, there's the god of wealth with his rice bags—and ever so many more!"

But our missionary was far from pleased with that answer, and she told them about the one true God. Plum Blossom, Chrysanthemum and Camellia talked about it on the way home.

"I wonder if she can be right about our idols being nothing but bits of stone and wood?" Chrysanthemum said.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised!" said Plum Blossom, "for once when I asked our honorable parent why the idols never ate the rice we offered them, he said the honorable gods are so great they can eat the *spirit* of the rice, without eating the rice itself. That seems hard to believe!"

Chrysanthemum said: "I tell you what I think—I think it's

hard to believe that we three little girls can skip around all day long, but the honorable idols never budge the tiniest bit from the place where we set them! Once I saw the wind blow one of our idols off the god-shelf. He fell on his nose, and he couldn't get up again, he didn't even seem to try, so I just had to put him back myself."

The quiet little Camellia spoke up: "I've heard them beat great gongs and ring loud bells in the temples to wake up the idols, but it never seems to wake them up at all! Their stone eyes never blink the way mine do when I wake up!"

You never would have guessed to see those three gay paper parasols bouncing along the street, that the three little heads under them were full of the big new ideas they had learned on their very first Sunday in Sunday school.

The Idol Who Could Not Help Himself

YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN HOW CHRYSANTHEMUM, PLUM BLOSSOM and Camellia went to Sunday school for the first time and heard our missionary tell about how useless the idols were. For after they reached home Chrysanthemum tiptoed softly over to the idol-shelf and took down the idol whose name is Buddha. He was carved out of wood, and was sitting on the petals of a water lily. Bowing quite politely she whispered to him: "Honorable Buddha, I am going to make a hole in the garden and cover you all up with the earth. If you can get out of the ground and back on your shelf then I will know you are great and strong, and we

will all keep right on worshiping you. But if you aren't strong enough to help yourself, you can't help us much!"

Plum Blossom was just as eager as Chrysanthemum to see what would happen, but Camellia began to cry, because she was sure something perfectly awful was going to happen to them for doing such a wicked thing! She watched her two sisters dig the hole and hide the Buddha, then they all went indoors and tried to act just as if they were not full of their tremendous secret!

The next day absolutely nothing had happened as far as they could see, so they spent most of the day watching their father get ready to make a pilgrimage up a mountain called Fujiyama, the one place in all Japan that everybody loves. They love it so much that artists paint it on fans and dishes and trays and screens. You have probably seen it yourself on something Japanese—a beautiful mountain with pure white snow at the top. During the summer months thousands of Japanese people climb Fujiyama to worship the gods at the top, and get rid of their sins, which was what the little girls' father was going to do.

They were very much surprised to see that he was dressed all in white, for that is quite unusual in Japan, where people only wear white when they are in mourning, instead of black, as we do here. On his head he wore a very large hat to keep off the sun and rain. He held a staff in his hand, and around his waist was tied a belt with little bells which tinkled as he walked. He carried a roll of matting on his back, to use as a bed at night.

"Honorable father," begged Chrysanthemum, "do tell us what you will do when you get to the top of the mountain?"

"We will worship the god of the sacred mountain, little daughter, for there is a shrine up there built of stones. Then we will stay all night, so we can worship the sun as it rises up from the sea in the morning. Then when we come down from the sacred mountain we will have left our sins behind us."

Plum Blossom had a question, too: "But why is Fujiyama called sacred, honorable father?"

The father said: "Has my daughter ever noticed that the god Buddha on the idol-shelf is sitting on a lotus flower—the flower that looks like a water lily?"

You should have seen those three girls then, for that was the very idol they had buried in the garden! It was all Plum Blossom could do to say yes, she knew the idol her father meant.

"Well then," he explained, "we think that Fujiyama is like a lotus flower. It is snowy-white above and green beneath, just as the lotus is. We feel that just as the images of Buddha show him sitting on a lotus flower, so he must be sitting up on the Fujiyama glorified. It is too deep for little girls to understand, I fear."

Then he left. He was away six days, and every day the three sisters went out to the garden to see if anything had happened to the idol. On the sixth day they saw a tiny green shoot coming out of the ground.

"The idol is growing up!" whispered Plum Blossom, and knelt down and knocked her head very politely to the idol who really did seem able to do something, after all.

But Chrysanthemum carefully dug down into the earth and saw that it was only a tiny grain of rice, left on the idol's arm, which had sprouted and grown. But the idol himself looked exactly as wooden and helpless as ever.

"Well!" said Chrysanthemum, "I don't think Buddha is one bit of good, he couldn't even do what a tiny grain of rice did!"

So Plum Blossom got up from her knees, and carried the helpless old idol back into the house. And there she met her father, just back home, tired and very dusty.

"You must have left your sins behind you on the mountain, honored father!" she said, "you look so happy."

The father reached in his long sleeve and pulled out a little package wrapped up in a bundle handkerchief, the Japanese call it a *furushiki,* and drew out a little black book which you would know in a minute was a Bible, although none of the others had ever seen one before. He explained how a Japanese Christian had

climbed Fujiyama with him and the other pilgrims, not to worship the idols at the top, but to tell the pilgrims about Jesus, and to give them each a Bible. So way up on beautiful Fujiyama the father had become a Christian, and he did not care at all when they told him about burying the idol, for just as you can't imagine picking thorns and weeds when there is a wonderful rose to be gathered, so you can't imagine worshiping idols when you come to love Jesus, "the Rose of Sharon."

The Four R's

AFTER THE FATHER OF CHRYSANTHEMUM, PLUM BLOSSOM AND Camellia joined our church in Japan, our missionary said to him: "Would it not be wise to send your honorable daughters to our school, so they can learn to read and write?"

He thought it would be a very good idea, indeed, and I don't need to tell you how delighted they were! Their mother scrubbed them up so well, that it actually hurt! The Japanese bath tub looks like a barrel, with a stove in the side to heat the water, which is really almost boiling hot—hotter than you could possibly stand.

After breakfast, their mother gave them each a paper umbrella in case it should rain, and she hung a little silk bag with a jar of rice inside it on the left arm of each excited girl. This was for their luncheon. Then their father called a jinrikisha to drive them to school. A jinrikisha looks like an old-fashioned two-wheeled buggy with a hood over it, and there is a man to pull it instead of a horse. They squeezed inside it, and off the man started toward the school.

Such bowing as had to be done at school! It almost seemed as if that was all they would get done that day. The three little sisters were dreadfully surprised not to sit on the floor, but on benches before little desks, exactly like those you have. By and by Chrysanthemum's legs grew so tired of dangling in mid-air, that she tucked them under her, and felt more comfortable!

You would be surprised to see a Japanese book, and learn that they begin to read at what we call the end, and they read down the page from right to left. [Teacher please illustrate with a book.] That means that the title of their book is on what we call the back cover, and the end of their book is where we would expect the beginning! In our bookcases we like to place books on end, in rows; but the Japanese lay them flat on their sides, and pile them up in columns.

The Japanese people do not make letters like ours, but characters which are made with a brush (dipped in ink) instead of a pen. Chrysanthemum and Camellia copied their letters quite well, but poor Plum Blossom had a very mussy time, getting ink all over herself! All three of them made their papers so sopping wet with the strange black ink, that our missionary said they had better carry their sheets of paper outdoors, and hang them up to dry at recess time, while they ate their rice.

After recess they had their arithmetic class, and used a soraban, which is a counting machine made of a frame with wires stretched across it, and beads strung on the wires. Even clerks in the banks and in the stores do all their counting on sorabans.

There was a story hour in school, too, with stories and pictures about what Jesus did when He was here among men. Altogether that first day at school was very wonderful to them, and they went home full of things to tell their mother.

The Forget-Me-Not Family

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS VERY pretty, and she knew it! It is really much nicer to be pretty, and not know it at all. But, of course, she heard people say how pretty she was, so she looked in the glass and couldn't help but agree with them that her eyes were like forget-me-nots and her cheeks like roses.

"I could be prettier yet," she whispered to herself, "if I only had a new blue coat with lots of buttons on it, and a sweet little straw hat with blue forget-me-nots all around it. Then everybody would say: "Isn't she the prettiest girl, and the flowers on her hat just match her eyes!"

So she began suggesting this and that to her mother; and the consequence was that they both made a trip downtown and bought the most fetching little hat you ever saw, with darling little forget-me-nots all around it, and a pretty blue coat with dozens of buttons up and down the front. She felt very fine. And she really did look very nice, although the new things didn't cost very much; in fact, I don't believe her new things were a bit prettier than the ones I see you wearing this morning.

Saturday night she could hardly wait for Sunday morning to come, so she could wear them to Sunday school and surprise everybody. When she went to bed she even hung the little new hat and coat on the foot of her bed, so she could see them the first thing in the morning.

But she had hardly been in bed a minute before her hat began

to talk to her! She was very much surprised, for she never knew hats could talk before.

"I'm so unhappy!" cried her little Straw Hat, "because I know things about your clothes I think you ought to know!"

"Oh dear!" cried the Little Girl, feeling frightened, "is anything the matter with them? I would simply die if anything happened so I couldn't show them off tomorrow in Sunday school."

"Well, no," said the Straw Hat, "nothing's the matter with the things themselves, but you seem to think so much about yourself that you never give even a thought about how there happen to be hats and forget-me-nots and coats and buttons in the stores all ready for you to buy! I suppose you know such things don't grow on trees!"

"Of course I'm not as foolish as that!" said the Little Girl, "I suppose somebody or other makes them."

"That's just it!" cried the Straw Hat, "I hate the way you say *somebody or other,* as if it didn't matter a rap to you who made them, just so you could be called prettier than usual in them."

"Well, who did make them, anyhow?" asked the Little Girl.

"The Forget-me-not Family!" answered the Straw Hat, and even while he said the words the Little Girl felt herself floating right out of bed, right out of the window, she even floated over miles and miles of roofs, until she found herself in a horrid part of town, standing in a dirty room in a dark old tenement building.

There was a dim gas jet burning, and under it sat two girls, working just as hard as they possibly could, making forget-me-nots. But their little fingers were slow and clumsy, and found it hard to draw a yellow center through the blue velvet flower. Yet they had each finished a big box full that day, and were afraid to stop until their mother told them.

The Straw Hat whispered to the Little Girl: "Teresa has made five hundred forget-me-nots today, so she will get five cents to give her father. But Michelina has only made two hundred, she grows

so sleepy that she forgets to work. Her father will be very cross when she only gives him two cents tonight."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried the Little Girl, "Is that how I got my forget-me-nots? I do believe the little girl you call Michelina is cross-eyed?"

"Yes, she is!" said the Straw Hat. "She has to look very closely at the forget-me-nots and her eyes are weak, so the muscles have contracted. That is her mother over there sewing on button after button after button, so little girls can have dozens of them up and down the fronts of their coats. She hardly takes time to eat all day, she just sews on buttons. Her fourteen-year-old daughter works in the button factory making buttons, and the father works in the clothing factory sewing blue coats like yours. Then there is a son who works in a hat factory where straw hats, like me, are made! Factories are rather stuffy places, with noisy machinery whirring everywhere. So now you see you really wouldn't look nearly so pretty if it weren't for this Somebody-or-other Forget-me-not Family!"

"I've been such a selfish girl, haven't I?" the Little Girl said, and then presto! she was back in bed, and her mother was saying: "Why no, I don't think so, dear. You must be dreaming. Wake up, and get dressed, for it's Sunday morning."

The Little Girl wore her pretty new things all day, but she entirely forgot how pretty she probably looked in them, because she kept remembering the Forget-me-not Family that made them.

Of course, "somebody or other" makes all the pretty things you and I wear; and I think the Friend of Little Children wants us to remember that while new clothes are very nice to wear, they are very hard to make! It will make us like the clothes better if we remember these busy people in our prayers: "God bless all the people in factories who have helped make things for me to wear today."

Tin Cans and Other Cans

(NOTE: The teacher may add to the effectiveness of this story by having some of the mentioned articles to show.)

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY NAMED JACK WHO WAS ALWAYS HUNGRY. Boys often are! Probably you get hungry yourself every day; your mother expects you to—that is why she spends so much time putting things up in glass jars to be eaten next winter. Jack's mother did that same thing, and she also bought a great many canned goods—tomato cans with pictures of juicy red tomatoes on the labels, sardine cans with silvery fishes on the labels, etc. The day they came home from the store there were so many of them that she asked Jack to put them in neat rows on the pantry shelves. He worked all day, and that night he said to her: "I tell you what, mother, if it weren't for me, you wouldn't have all those things ready for winter, would you?"

"Well, of course you did help a lot," his mother answered, "but so many others helped, too, that you really are only one of about a hundred or so!"

Jack looked perfectly astonished: "Why mother, there hasn't been another person in this house all day long! I did every speck of that work myself, honest Injun!"

She smiled at him as if she had a secret, then she went to the pantry and brought back a few tin cans and some oysters and cranberries. Putting them in a row on the table, she said: "Let's begin with the string beans, Jack. First of all, somebody picked them, and sent them to a canning factory. Then somebody there was told to string the beans, and I'm sorry to say that sometimes

children helped do it. They tell me that no machine that has ever been made can snip off the ends as well as the fingers of boys and girls. Sometimes they are Italian boys and girls. They get tired working all day long. This tomato can has the same kind of a story to tell, of lots of people working, working, working."

Now here is a can of sardines which are canned in a factory in Maine by Canadians. Perhaps you never heard that sardines are caught in big nets called seines. Whenever a boatload of fish is brought in, a whistle blows. Then you ought to see people running from all directions! Perhaps some of them had been asleep, or playing—but whatever they were doing they must stop and run straight to the factories to begin their work of flaking off the fish scales.

"Horrid, isn't it?" Jack said.

"Indeed it is!" his mother agreed. "Now here are some oysters. I wonder if you know they are not soft and watery down south when they are gathered. They grow in oyster banks, with rough, bony shells all around them. Men gather cartload after cartload of oysters and take them to the factories where workers shuck them, which means taking off the hard, heavy shell so the soft, watery inside part of the oyster can be canned. They work all day until their fingers get swollen and bleeding from the broken shells.

Jack looked startled.

His mother sighed. "Now here are the cranberries which we love to begin eating on Thanksgiving Day! Cranberries grow in bogs where there are lots of mosquitoes! Italian families pick the cranberries; and when I say families, I mean not only the mothers and fathers, but even their children. They all go out together in the early morning and pick, pick, pick, all day long! Red cranberries! Red cranberries! Red cranberries—day after day. They get so sick of them!"

When his mother stopped talking, Jack said: "I suppose there's a story about every tin can if we only knew it. I wish there was some-

body who could help all those kids you've just been telling me about."

"Well," said his mother, "here are some other cans: Missionaries can, and I can, and you can! We can all help. A Christian boy can always find ways to help the 'Friend of Little Children,' if he cares enough!"

Jack answered: "You bet he can!"

Who Warms Your House in Winter?

(NOTE: The teacher may add to the effectiveness of this story by having these four articles on hand.)

ONE WINTER TOM EARNED MONEY EVERY WEEK HELPING HIS father. He did all sorts of things down in the cellar, like shoveling the ashes out of the furnaces, putting on coal through the day, chopping wood, and lots of other chores. He did it very well, too.

One day, quite by mistake, his father let the furnace fire go out. Of course the house grew very cold, because it was in January. But by the time his father came home from work, Tom had everything all ready for his father to lay paper, then the kindling wood, then the coal into the furnace. So it was only a minute before his father drew a little box of matches from his pocket, struck a match and lighted the paper.

Crackle! Crackle! Snap! Crack! Zip! Snap! Crackle!

Yes, the fire was surely started. As they stood down there with

their hands in their pockets waiting for it to burn up, Tom said proudly to his father: "I tell you what, father, if it weren't for you and me doing all this, I guess mother and the girls would just about freeze, wouldn't they?"

His father had to smile to see how very important Tom felt; then he said: "Well, let me see, Tom, I hardly know about that, I wouldn't be at all surprised if it took at least one hundred other people to help us start this fire—even a canary bird helped!"

You ought to have heard Tom laugh! "Well, I like that!" he said. "Didn't I split the kindling, and shovel the coal, and get the old newspapers all crushed up ready for you? Why, not another soul has been down in this cellar for days, Dad—honest Injun!"

Tom's father sat down on a big box, and ticked off the things on his fingers: "Well, let me see: 'First we used a match, then a newspapers, then wood, then coal. That's four things. Let's begin with the match box. Here it is—tell me what it says right there on the cover?"

Tom leaned over and read where his father pointed: "Made in Japan."

"All right!" said his father. "Then first of all it took a very tiny little Japanese girl to help us make our furnace fire. For over the sea in certain Japanese towns there are young Japanese girls and boys who make match boxes like this all day long, day in and day out. How much do you suppose they get for them?"

Tom turned the frail little box over and over in his hand: "I don't know, sir. Perhaps two cents apiece!"

Tom's father put the box back in his pocket again as he said: "My dear fellow, that would be a regular fortune to them, for they only get a few cents for a thousand boxes! Perhaps you can figure out how slow their fingers have to work bending the sides and pasting them together."

Tom whistled.

His father went on: "Then there's the newspaper we used for our fire. Now once newspapers were trees!"

"What?" gasped Tom: "Trees?"

"Yes, trees way out in some big forest. It took several rough lumber jacks, off in the lonely woods far away from churches and schools and stores, to cut down the particular tree that finally became this newspaper. It took an engineer to run the engine that pulled the freight car on which our tree was piled. Then it took a good many different men in the factory to make the tree over into wood pulp, and still more men to make the wood pulp over into paper. Then it took a lot of reporters and telegraph operators as well as typesetters and printers to print the words on the newspaper, and a newsboy to deliver it to our door. So even in crushing the old newspapers you had a good many helpers."

"Well, I should say I did!" said Tom. "Sort of hard work for all of them, too, wasn't it?"

"Indeed it was. As for the kindling wood, it was cut down and chopped up by men in our Rescue Mission here in town, men who used to spend all their time in saloons until they got jobs like that."

Tom sighed: "I guess the last little chop I gave the wood wasn't much of a stunt, then, was it?"

"It helped me, though, Tom, that counts! Now we come to the coal. Perhaps you know there is hard coal and soft coal. You and I couldn't have this hard coal burning here in our furnace if it weren't for soft coal. I'll tell you why: because there have to be steel rails for the steel coal cars to travel over, steel typewriters to write orders for the coal, steel shovels to shovel the coal into our cellars. In order to have steel, there has to be the most tremendously hot fire you can imagine—two hundred huge soft coal ovens burning day and night, with men from foreign lands in charge of them, running here and there from oven to oven to fill them up. The heat is terrific. But even before there is soft coal for the oven, other strange men from foreign lands had to go deep, deep down in the earth to dig out the coal. That was very dangerous work, for there are gases down there that make the men faint and become unconscious. That's where the canary comes in! For these miners carry

a canary in a cage with them. You see, the canary faints from the gases several minutes before the men would do so, so it gives the men a warning to rush to fresher air. Since we need soft coal and steel to bring hard coal to our furnace, I can hardly count up how many hundreds of persons it took to help you and me make this fire—all the way from the Japanese girls to the canary bird! But I do know this, it was dangerous, hard work for all of them.

Tom came and put his arm on his father's shoulders: "Dad," he said, "it makes me feel awfully cheeky to think I boasted about doing this job alone!"

Tom's father smiled: "That's all right, you couldn't know without being told that it takes such a lot of unknown persons to help us live. I think God wants us to honor each of these working men in our thoughts. He loves them exactly as well as He loves you and me. I'm sure He doesn't like to hear us make fun of them just because their faces and clothes get smutty and dirty doing our hard jobs, or because they speak languages we don't understand. God understands them."

Wanted! New Eyes!

HAVE YOU GUESSED THAT EACH OF YOU HAS HAD A NEW PAIR OF eyes the last three Sundays? No, I don't mean eyeglasses, at all! I mean eyes! Something that isn't to be worn all day and taken off when you go to bed at night, but something that will be such a part of you, that YOU wouldn't be YOU if you didn't have eyes like that!

For Christian eyes can't glare, or stare, or wink when other people don't look exactly like themselves. They remember that when the Friend of Little Children was here among men He did not say: "Let all the clean, nicely dressed little American children come unto me!" But He said: "Let the little children come unto me."

Once upon a time a Little Girl was out walking. By and by she came to Heaven. It was lovely there, for she could look right inside the gate. Lots of people were going in, so she said to the Angel at the gate: "Could I please go in with them?"

"But those are the King's Helpers," the Angel explained, "Are you a Helper?"

"Why I don't think so!" said the Little Girl. "What are they?"

"The King's Helpers do beautiful things for the King with their money and their time for anybody who needs help. The King keeps all their names in His Book of Remembrance, and today He has invited them to His palace to thank them. I will see if your name is in His Book."

"Oh no, thank you! You really needn't trouble to look!" said the Little Girl. "You see, I haven't any money at all, and I haven't any time, either, for ever since father died I have to work after school to earn money for the house rent. So there's no chance for me to be a Helper."

She was turning away, when the Angel called her back: "Just wait a minute, dear, for I have opened the Book of Remembrance and I see quite a number of things you have done for the King."

"Oh really?" asked the Little Girl, running back to the Angel. "Why, what can they be, I wonder?"

"Well, the Book says that once on a very hot day some Italian workmen were fixing the street in front of your house. You saw how they mopped their hot faces with big red handkerchiefs, so you carried out a pitcher of cold water to them."

"Oh but that was such a tiny thing to do!" said the Little Girl, "it only took me a minute, and it didn't cost me a single penny. It

was fun, though, for they grinned all over their nice brown faces. I was ever so surprised they were friendly!"

"Then here is another thing the King has entered in His Book of Remembrance. Once, in a very crowded streetcar, you gave your seat to a Negro woman carrying home a big bundle!"

"Yes, I remember that, too. You see, she was so tired. Everybody in the car got to laughing at her because she lurched around so when the car started. There wasn't a strap for her to hang on to, you know, and she had the biggest bundle you ever saw. So I just said: 'You take my seat. I love to stand.' So you see, it wasn't much for me to do, was it? I didn't suppose the King noticed little everyday things like that!"

"Oh, but He does!" said the Angel, "They are the things He counts the most. Then I see that once you gave a banana to a little Jewish newsboy downtown one cold winter day."

"Oh, did I?" asked the Little Girl. "I don't remember that at all."

"It was like this," read the Angel: "the banana was all your mother had to give you for your luncheon, but when you saw how starved the little fellow looked you shoved the banana into his hand, and said: "I'm sorry it isn't nice warm soup. But it's all I have!"

The Little Girl laughed and laughed: "Oh yes! I remember now. That was the day I was so hungry for supper, and mother simply couldn't understand why! I didn't tell her, either, for I thought she might feel badly to know I had had so little to give away."

"My dear!" said the Angel, "you have Christian eyes and hands!"

"Oh, have I really?" asked the Little Girl. "Isn't that grand? And does that mean, then, that I have really helped the King?"

But just then the King Himself stood before her, and said in a voice like the music of all sweet sounds: "I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; thirsty and you gave me to drink; a stranger and you took me in. For inasmuch as you did it to one of my brothers, even the least, you did it unto me."

The Woman at the Well

ONE DAY WHEN JESUS LIVED HERE AMONG MEN, HE WAS VERY TIRED, for he had been walking and talking all day long; so He sat down on the stone curb of a well, while His friends went into the village nearby, to get something to eat.

Before long a woman from the village came up to the well, carrying a clay water jar on her head. Jesus asked her for a drink; then, because He always knows what is in people's hearts, He knew that she had not always been good, but that she was thirsty to know how to be better. So in telling her that He had come to the world to help just such thirsty souls as hers, He said: "I am the Water of Life, if you drink of Me, you will never thirst again." It was just the kind of a name she could understand after He explained it to her, and she was so delighted that she ran back to the village to ask her neighbors to come and meet Jesus. The Bible even says she quite forgot to take her water jar back with her!

Today we have another story about a forgotten water pot, and although it happened only a very little while ago, the woman carried the same kind of a pot on her head as the woman to whom Jesus talked so many hundreds of years ago. She lived in a country called Arabia, quite near the land where Jesus lived when He was here among men.

In Arabia the people build square one-story houses with flat roofs. At night they sit on the roofs and watch the stars; but in the daytime the family goats sometimes scramble up there to eat the grass which is growing on the flat dirt roof.

Part of the inside of the house is raised up from the ground sev-

eral steps—the family live in this upper part, where there is no furniture but a few mats and jars full of grain and flour. In the unraised part of the house the donkey and the goats live—with no partition between the two halves of the room.

In one of these flat houses there lived a little Arab girl named Sherin, which means "sweet" in English, although there was not much that was sweet in her life at the time our missionary met her. It was like this:

One morning Sherin was grinding corn, when a shadow fell inside the doorway.

"Is anybody home here?" the shadow asked from outside.

Sherin jumped up and ran to the door to see what this Talking Shadow looked like! There stood our missionary.

"Oh, good morning!" she said pleasantly.

Sherin smiled a very shy smile, and bowed using the polite words they use in Arabia: "I take the earth from beneath your feet and kiss it!"

She thought all honor was due this remarkable visitor, who wore so many wonderful clothes. For one thing there was her hat—Sherin could hardly take her eyes off it, for she never had seen one before. Then she found her shoes; and she thought it was almost past belief that this astonishing lady wore no veil; for in Arabia the women wear heavy veils over their faces so no one can see them on the street.

Our missionary did not realize how startling a sight she was, and although Sherin explained that her mother had gone to the well for water, taking the baby with her, still she thought it worth while to stay and talk with this little girl. They had the best kind of a time together, for our missionary had a book and some pictures with her. Sherin nearly fell over with surprise when our missionary asked her if she could read.

"Surely Allah did not intend women to be learned!" she said, "for I never heard of a woman before who could read at all!"

"Not even one?" asked our missionary sadly.

"No one but you!" answered Sherin positively, "even my father cannot read much, although he wears a piece of paper tied around his arm with a verse from the Koran on it."

"What does he do that for?" asked our missionary, for although she thought she knew, yet she found it so hard to believe that she often had to ask all over again!

"Oh, he does it to protect him from the Evil Eye!" Sherin explained. "I think my father wears more charms than any man in this town—he has some holy earth from Mecca which he carries in a bag around his neck, then there are blue beads hanging from this bag. He wears an old coin hanging from one of his ears, and he has all the names of Allah and Mohammed fastened around his waist. He has to be protected against the Evil Eye in his business, you see."

"What is his business?" our missionary asked.

"Oh, he sells dates and figs in the bazaar, and he says you never can tell in the market when the Evil Eye will hurt you."

Perhaps you do not know what the Evil Eye is—it is rather like the evil spirits you have heard a good deal about already, only in this case it is somebody instead of something who casts his or her spell on you. Arab mothers are terribly afraid of it, and whenever they see a stranger they cover their babies with part of their shawls, so the stranger cannot send the Evil Eye to hurt their little ones. They wear charms all over them, too, and blue beads on their caps for good luck.

Before our missionary left she told Sherin a little story about Jesus, and asked her to come to our Sunday school.

About ten minutes after our missionary had gone, Sherin's mother rushed in wildly. "May Allah help me!" she cried, and then told Sherin the dreadful news that she had lost the baby!

"I put him down to play in the dirt beside the well, while I talked with some of the women. Along came a white stranger, some of the women nudged me and said: 'She is the Hat-Lady.' She wears no veil on the street, but a queer hat on her head and

shoes on her feet. And although I rushed over to cover up baby's face so she could not cast the Evil Eye on him, I was not in time, for she smiled right straight at him, and then walked away. I felt in my bones something awful would happen; I remember I touched the charm around my neck right away. But then someone got to telling us all some rare gossip, and I listened and forgot all about it, until suddenly I discovered the baby was nowhere to be seen. Then I knew the Hat-Lady had cast the Evil Eye on him and bewitched him away somewhere! May Allah help me!"

Sherin felt a thousand ways all at once. She felt sure this Hat-Lady must have been the same one who had just visited her, and she felt positive such a wonderful lady could not cast an Evil Eye on anyone. So she said to her mother: "And where is your water jar? Did she spirit that away, too?"

"Oh, I forgot all about it!" the mother exclaimed. "I left it standing on the well curb. You run and get it."

So Sherin ran off to the well to bring home the water jar, and she found the baby, too. You see, while his mother was talking and listening, the little fellow had had a beautiful time crawling further and further away from her, until finally he crawled right into somebody's house and went sound asleep! And, of course, our missionary had nothing at all to do with it, neither did the Evil Eye; but Sherin's mother said: "This is what comes of taking the swaddling clothes off the baby so soon, if he had only been all bandaged up then he couldn't have crawled! Mother's own sweet jar of milk and honey! The apple of her eye! Her sweet pomegranate blossom."

Which just shows you how much she loved him!

Five Times a Day!

LAST SUNDAY YOU MET SHERIN, A LITTLE ARAB GIRL; BUT TODAY I AM going to tell you about her brother Achmed. He went to school in a mosque—an Arab school it was, not like any you ever heard of before. A mosque is a temple where the Arabs come to worship Allah, and a great many schools are held in the unused corners of the mosque.

Achmed studied only one book, called the Koran, and he always studied it out loud! All the other boys had to study the same way, so you can imagine what a noisy school it was: one boy droning his alphabet over and over, another saying his numbers out loud, learning to count, others reading parts of the Koran. The schoolmaster would get quite provoked at Achmed if he was quiet—he thought it surely showed he was not studying, so he rapped his knuckles with a stick, which made Achmed begin jabbering away again at once, of course!

Some of the things Achmed read in the Koran seem curious to us, although he believed every word of them, such as: "If a fly falls into a dish of food, plunge it in completely, then take it out and throw it away, for in one of its wings is a cause of sickness, and in the other a cause of health; and in falling it falls on the sick wing; but if the fly is entirely covered by food, then the healthy wing will do away with the bad effect of the sick wing." You can easily see that the man who wrote the Koran did not know anything about germs, or believe in "swatting the fly" before it has a chance even to see the inside of a house.

This man who wrote the Koran also wrote that the only thing to

do to keep a bad dream from hurting you was to spit three times over the left shoulder! Another thing he said was that people should begin everything on the right side and end with the left side—in taking a bath, for instance, they should rub from the right side to the left side always, or else they would have bad luck.

Poor little Achmed was very careful to do all these things.

Five times a day a very interesting thing happened in all Arabian cities. A man walked out on the tower of the mosque and called: "Come to prayer! Come to prayer! There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." Five times a day when that sounded, every boy stopped saying his lessons out loud, and fell on his knees, bowed his head to the earth, and said a prayer from the Koran. The schoolteacher did the same thing. In fact, all over Arabia, or wherever anybody believed Mohammed and the book called the Koran, five times a day every single man, woman and child must stop whatever they are doing when they hear the muezzin call from the tower of the mosque, and kneel down to pray—in the stores, in the street, in school or at home. They were always careful to turn their faces toward a city called Mecca where Mohammed had been born.

You say: "But who is Mohammed?"

He lived in Arabia a great many hundreds of years ago, and he started a new religion of his own, since he did not care for idols, and he also did not want to believe in the Lord Jesus. This new religion was called *Mohammedanism,* after him; but since he was not a good man, the things he taught were often very far from good. For one thing, he said that anyone who did not believe in his new religion should be killed at once. The poor Arabs were frightened into becoming Mohammedans, of course. Then Mohammed wrote the Koran, to be a sort of Bible to his followers, only he put in many absurd things like the sayings about dreams and flies, and many cruel things about women: that they were not nearly as good as a man, that they must not leave their homes, that they must always wear veils over their faces—all kinds of things

that have made Arab women unhappy ever since! It was because the Arabs believed the Koran, that it was the only book they studied in school.

After Achmed had read it all through once, he was ready to graduate from the primary school, which was a wonderful event in his life. His mother dressed him up in his best clothes, and Sherin decorated their patient old gray donkey with blue bead necklaces and jingling bells and a red tassel here and there just for luck. Then Achmed set on it, and rode around to visit all his friends and neighbors, who gave him presents of sticky candy or small pieces of money. Then he rode to the mosque, carrying a handsome present of figs, dates and cigarettes for the schoolmaster.

You should have seen Achmed give it to him! He knelt down and touched the earth with one hand, then raised the hand to his lips as he said: "I take the earth from beneath your feet and kiss it, O learned master!"

So that is how Achmed went through school, learning only the things which Mohammed had written in the Koran.

Seven Loaves of Bread

PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER THAT WHEN OUR MISSIONARY CALLED AT Sherin's house with the flat roof, she had invited her to come to our Sunday school. So one day Sherin went, and found it altogether wonderful.

It was wonderful to her to learn that Jesus Christ was so kind and gracious to everybody, even to women. Mohammed had not

been that way. When he started his new religion he said that women were so totally different from men that they ought to go around with their faces covered with a heavy veil, and that because they had no souls Allah could not care for them as much as for men. Perhaps you never thought of it before, but the Bible is full of beautiful stories about women to whom Jesus could always find time to talk. Like Mary and Martha, and the woman at the well, who gave Him a drink of water. Sherin listened with all her ears, and used to run home and tell her mother about the wonderful new God who was so kind to women, that it seemed too good to be true. Sherin's mother listened and said she wished she dared believe something as nice as that; but nobody liked women, and Sherin might just as well make up her mind to it now!

There was a tree in their town which everybody said was a sacred tree. There are lots of sacred trees in Arabia, they call them manahil, and the Arabs firmly believe they are places where the angels or jinn come down to earth; so no leaf from such a tree may be plucked, and they are honored with sacrifices of shreds of fish, and made gay with bits of calico and beads, which every worshiper hangs at the shrine. Now it happened that one day a leaf had fallen from this sacred tree on the ground, and Achmed's little baby brother who loved to crawl on the street, picked up the leaf and began to chew it!

Of course you and I know that a leaf from the street would probably be so dusty and dirty that it might make anybody sick who ate it; but the Arabs never heard of germs, so when the baby began to sneeze and cough, and grow quite sick, Achmed told his mother how the baby had chewed a leaf from the sacred tree.

You never saw anyone as desperate as she was! She tried everything she could think of to make the poor baby well. At night she put seven flat loaves of bread under his pillow, and the next morning she threw them out for the dogs to eat up! She hoped that the baby's sickness would go into the loaves of bread—but the poor

little fellow was worse than ever! So then Achmed copied a verse from the Koran on a tiny scrap of paper, and his mother made the baby chew up the paper and swallow it, thinking surely a verse from the sacred Koran would make the sickness run away. But it did no good at all, and the baby was not interested in chewing the paper, poor dear! So then his mother did the worst thing of all, she took a very hot iron and burned a place on the baby's shoulder, since everyone in Arabia thinks that will cure any sickness! But the baby only screamed and coughed worse than ever, and everyone saw he was getting sicker.

Just then Sherin came home from our school where she was going every day now. When she saw the baby, she said: "I know just the thing to do! There is a Christian doctor here, and my missionary was telling me sick people go there and she cures them. Let's put the baby on the donkey, and go to see her." So the mother put the baby on the donkey, and away she hurried, although Achmed took time to hang some blue beads around the donkey's neck to bring good luck.

The doctor asked Achmed's mother a few questions about the baby. You ought to have seen the look in her eyes when the mother said she had put seven loaves of bread under the baby's head! She could even look amused about the Koran verse on the piece of paper; but how she did scowl when she heard about the hot iron! She was so glad, however, that she knew the right way to make the baby well; and in all Arabia no mother was as happy as this one was when the doctor said in three days the baby would be all right —IF! If what? If she did exactly what she was told to do. Achmed's mother promised gladly, and took the precious medicine bottle home. Sure enough the baby got well, and that was the reason why the whole family were rather willing to hear more about Christianity. A Bible woman came to the house quite often, and one day when she read them about the woman at the well, Achmed's mother said: "I am thirsty, too! I want to have your Jesus. I can

see just how He is the Water of Life. No one has ever troubled to like me before, but I really think maybe even an Arab woman can be happy!"

Then the Bible woman who was an Arab herself, smiled the happiest kind of a smile, and it wasn't so many months later when smiles and happiness became the rule of the day in the flat-roofed house where Sherin and Achmed and the baby lived. Five times a day they heard the muezzin call to prayer up in the tower of the mosque, but they did not kneel or pray, for they knew Mohammed had been only a teacher, but that Jesus was God, and the Water of Life to thirsty souls.

Three Knocks in the Night

ONCE THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL NAMED IDA SCUDDER, WHO WENT TO school here in America, while her father and mother lived in India, but she always said: "I'm never going to live in India, for there are quite enough Scudders there now!" Because, you know, her father was a doctor missionary, and her grandfather had also been a missionary, and lots of aunts and uncles and cousins. She thought there were quite enough Scudders in India without her.

But after she graduated from college her father sent her a cablegram saying her mother was ill and wanted her to come out to India at once. Then all her friends said: "Oh Ida, we just know you will stay over there and be a missionary!"

"Oh no, I won't!" she said, "I'm only going to visit mother, then I shall come back."

So off she went. But late one night after she got to India, a knock sounded on their front door. She opened it, and there stood a man breathing very hard because he had run a long way. "O doctor sahib!" he panted, "come at once to see my poor little wife, she is very sick, I fear she will die, she needs your care at once."

"I am not a doctor," said Miss Ida Scudder sadly, "but my father is a doctor and he will gladly come to see your wife."

"No! Never!" said the man, "no man has ever seen my wife's face. I would rather have her die than disgrace myself that way. I had heard that you were a doctor!"

"I am sorry!" said Miss Scudder, as the man walked slowly away, looking very much discouraged. She sat down and began to think how terrible it was that the men in India had this custom that no man could see their wives. Then there was another knock, and another man stood there, worried and hurried: "Mem Sahib," he said, salaaming, "heaven-born doctor! come and cure my wife—evil spirits have entered her, which only you can help."

"But I am not a doctor!" said Miss Scudder. "I will send my father to your house, for he is a doctor."

"That can never be!" cried the poor husband, "for no strange man can ever look at my wife." So he walked away slowly, very unhappy indeed.

You can imagine how Miss Scudder felt as she thought of the two poor little wives. Then there came a third knock, and the very same thing happened: another husband needed her at once for his wife, and no man-doctor would do!

So that very night Miss Ida Scudder decided that God certainly needed her as a missionary doctor in India. She came back to America to study hard, then she went back to India to become the doctor Ida whom hundreds and hundreds of women and girls in India love.

She lives in a city called Vellore, and you never knew any one lady so busy from morning till night. It would be like playing "Tag" to keep track of her all day, but it will be fun today to tell you how they say she spends her Wednesdays!

Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays she is in our hospital, seeing hundreds of patients, prescribing medicine for them, operating on them, visiting in their homes, but bright and early on Wednesday mornings she gets up very early. By six-thirty she is in an automobile which some Americans gave her. There is really hardly room for her and her assistant, because the auto is so full of boxes of medicine, big bottles, little bottles, all sorts of instruments, and the other things doctors need. They rush along the road for about six miles, when they come to a big crowd of fifty women, who seem to be waiting for her! So she pretends that a tree is her office, and begins asking the patients questions and prescribing medicines. Even the chauffeur helps, for he can rub in ointments and tell a patient how to take her powders. You see, they never had a doctor before, so they have to be told everything: "This is the way you open the paper; this is the way you swallow the powder; this is the way you throw away the paper. No! no! don't swallow the paper! Throw it away! No! no! don't take all the medicine at once, it won't do you any good that way. Yes, I know it's easier to swallow all the pills and have it over with, but you won't get well unless you do as the doctor says!"

Sometimes the patients get very much provoked when the doctor says they mustn't expect to get well right away. One old woman who had a disease she had had twenty years wanted the doctor to cure her in two days!

Dr. Scudder next rushes along the road in her auto to the next stopping place where there is another crowd of fifty women, and about a hundred and fifty curious neighbors looking on! After she gives medicine to them, she rushes on to two more stopping places, with crowds of people waiting for her everywhere. She has a hurried luncheon, then starts back, and all along the road are more

crowds of sick people. In the morning the people who live on one side of the road gather to be cured; in the afternoon, on her way back, the people on the other side of the road gather.

It is eight o'clock and quite dark by the time she gets back home to Vellore! You can't imagine how tired she is, for during her ride of forty-six miles she has treated three hundred patients And they say she does it every Wednesday!

What One Little Girl Became

ALL THE GOOD CHRISTIAN DOCTORS IN THE WORLD ARE NOT AMERICAN doctors, for here is the story of a little Burman girl named Mah Bin.

To begin with, she was just about the dirtiest little girl in the dirtiest little village up in the hills of Burma that you ever heard of. She positively never combed her black hair, nor took a bath; and she chewed a betel nut which made her white teeth red and black.

The bamboo hut she lived in was built high up in the air on stilts, to keep the floor of the house from getting damp when the rainy season should come. Of course, it kept the snakes out, too!

One day as Mah Bin was running along the village road, a dog followed her. She kept on running and looking over her shoulder at the dog, when suddenly she stumbled and fell, skinning her knee quite badly. She went limping home, and climbed up the ladder to her home on stilts. Her mother did nothing at all to make the bleeding knee feel better, but she hurried away to the spot where Mah Bin had fallen, carrying a tray of rice and decayed fish,

which the Burmans love to eat. She dug a hole in the ground with a stick, and buried all the food. Along came a missionary and asked her what she was doing. So she told how in the ground there lived an evil spirt (called a nat in Burma) who was evidently angry at her little girl, and had made her fall down. The mother went on to explain that the dog who had been following her daughter was doubtless a relative! You see, the Burmans believe that when a person dies he may be born over again as a cat or a dog, and such an animal would naturally want to follow his human relatives around! That is the reason why the Burmans never dare to eat meat, for fear they might be eating an uncle or an aunt or a cousin!

Because the missionary knew how untrue all this was, she had started a little school in this village, and invited Mah Bin to come with the others. There were no chairs and no desks. The pupils may have seemed stupid to begin with, but letter by letter, and word by word, they began learning things. Mah Bin had quite waked up, and became the star of the class.

"I do so want to learn more!" she said when she was through school. So the missionary sent her away to a fine Mission Boarding School. You would not have known her at that school as the same village girl who had never combed her hair. She was now the prettiest, loveliest girl, with her smooth, black hair coiled on top of her head and a pretty pink flower tucked in it. She wore a pale blue skirt, a spotless, little, white jacket and a pale pink scarf floating around her shoulders. She was the brightest girl in boarding school, and when she graduated she said she did so much want to go to college. Only boys went to college in Burma, in those days; so they said, of course, it would not be proper for her to go—unless with a chaperone.

"Then please get me a chaperone!" she begged, "I know I can go through our Mission College, if boys can!"

Some of the missionaries promised to chaperone her, seeing how very much in earnest she was. It must have been rather hard for

them to get time to do it, for every day, when she went to the men's college, a missionary lady sat beside her!

Mah Bin was so very bright in college that when she graduated she won what is called a scholarship. No woman had ever won it before! It meant she could have a chance to study some more, and, of course, was a very high honor.

There was a big wish down in her heart to be a doctor, so that she could help the sick women and girls in Burma. Perhaps she remembered some of the useless Burman customs, like the food her mother had buried in the earth for the evil spirit to eat, the time she fell down, years before. Mah Bin knew better now, for she was a Christian to whom Jesus meant everything in the world. She loved to read about Him, the Great Physician, who at sunset time had cured the sick, made the lame people walk and the blind people see. Mah Bin said to herself: Perhaps if I were only a doctor, I could be a little bit like Jesus."

So she took her scholarship money and crossed from Burma to India, where she spent four years studying medicine in a college at Calcutta. It was terribly hard work, day after day. But don't you just love it, that after four of these hard years, our little Mah Bin graduated the very highest in all her class, with another wonderful scholarship of money to go to study some more in England.

So then she sailed miles and miles away to England and studied more about medicine. Great doctors there were interested in meeting this interesting young lady, who had once been such an impossibly dirty, stupid, little Burman girl. You would never know it now—for she knew everything there was to know about sitting on chairs, and traveling in trains, about knives and forks and spoons, about sleeping in beds and reading great fat books. After three years she went back to Burma. But instead of being puffed up with glory at having so many honors, she was the same, simple Christian girl as before. She sat on the floor in the poorest little hut to cure the most unattractive kind of people.

They put her in charge of the large Lady Dufferin Hospital in Rangoon, a place of great honor and responsibility. This very day she is probably giving all her time to doing what Jesus did when he was here among men—she heals the sick and opens the eyes of the blind and helps the lame to walk.

Don't you love it? Don't you love to know that the Greatest Physician of all has power to take any little girl from some unknown village, tucked away in unknown hills anywhere in all His World, and make her over into a useful woman like Mah Bin?

Here Comes the Bride

WHEN JESUS WAS HERE AMONG MEN, HE SAID TO HIS FRIENDS ONE day: "I am the vine, ye are the branches," then He went on to explain what He meant in these words: "He that abides in me, and I in him, can bring forth a great deal of fruit; for without me you can do nothing." This is a very wonderful name of Jesus, and a very easy one to understand, for you can make a little picture of a vine and branches in your mind: here is the vine growing out of the soil, here are the branches growing out from the vine. If you cut away the vine, and just leave the branches, the poor branches die and never grow any fruit. Jesus meant that He was the vine and if we, the branches, cut ourselves off from Him, we cannot grow any fruit. Here are some stories about people in India proving just what Jesus said.

In a certain mud hut in India there once lived a beautiful little brown girl called Manorama. On the day of our story a little white

goat was skipping all around the house, but Manorama was nowhere to be seen, which was rather strange since he was exactly like "Mary's little lamb"—everywhere that Manorama went, the goat went too.

Inside the house a crowd of women were looking at a beautiful piece of red silk, several yards long. They felt it and ran it through their fingers, saying, "Oh!" and "Ah!" in all the ways there are of saying it! Then one of them said: "Where is Manorama?" Another answered: "Her little white goat just capered into the house, she must be somewhere near." Then her mother said: "There is no time to lose, for there is the courtyard to be fixed and the feast prepared. One of you go and find her."

Quite an old woman began looking for Manorama, but as there was only one room in the house and no furniture to hide behind, she decided Manorama must be at the village well, where the three palm trees grew. So she hurried there, and sure enough found Manorama listening to the crowd of women with big water jars on their heads telling stories. Not very nice stories. Manorama was tossing pebbles into the well, while she listened, when up rushed the old woman and grabbed her by the arm.

"Thou art wanted at home, Little Runaway!" she said, "Come thou with me at once, so we may dress thee up in a beautiful new red silk saree and fine jewels!"

Manorama jumped up gladly, and began skipping along faster than the old woman could walk.

"Thy words fall sweetly!" she laughed, "Is it some feast of the gods I am to be dressed up for?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the old woman, "That is a secret, Light of my Eyes! But thou wilt look very beautiful. Look out there—beware lest thy skirt touch that outcaste woman! Stop thy skipping, thou didst almost touch her—it would be very bad luck today if thou didst have to take the bath and the long ceremony of purification."

"Do not worry so!" laughed little Manorama. "Would I touch

an outcaste? Of course not! Thou must let me skip because I am happy at thy words! Dear me, a red silk saree! Oh joy!"

The little white goat capered up just then, and Manorama whispered in his ear about the new saree, and he began skipping, too! But the front yard, which was only sand, was being marked in patterns by one of the women, she smoothed it all down then traced designs on it with a stick; so she soon put a stop to the capering of the goat and Manorama, who hurried indoors to be dressed in the wonderful silk saree!

The saree was about six yards of straight unsewed goods, which was folded and draped around Manorama without using a button, or a buttonhole, or a pin!

"But won't it come undone and drop off?" you ask.

It comes very near doing that every ten minutes or so during the day, but all the little Hindu girls become very handy in looping themselves tighter into their sarees, whenever they feel them slipping loose!

After the red silk saree was on Manorama, her mother slipped many glass bracelets on her arms and many gold rings on her fingers and some on her bare brown toes, too, since she never wore shoes or stockings. There were gold anklets around her ankles, necklaces around her neck, long floppy earrings in her ears. How she did tinkle and jingle as she said: "My mother, thou art making me very beautiful—surely it must be for some feast to the gods?"

"No!" sighed her mother, "No, this is thy wedding day, thou wilt be married today to Ananta, a young man of our caste whom thy father has arranged matters with!"

Then all the sparkle went out of Manorama's eyes, and all the happiness left her skipping tinkling feet. "No! No!" she screamed, "I will not be married, I do not want a mother-in-law, I do not want to leave my little white goat and thee, my mother!" All the women standing around laughed a little sadly, as they said: "When we were her age, said we not those very words? Thou wilt get used to it soon."

But Manorama kept right on crying, and in walked her father. At the sight of his big white turban all the women bowed very low and said: "Salaam, O master!" But he grabbed Manorama by the arm and said: "Cease thy crying—the feasting has begun—art thou a boy to say 'no, I will not,' or 'yes, I will?' The gods look with disgust on a woman's tears. Come."

And he dragged her out where a great many people were sitting on the ground with brass plates before them on which curry and rice were piled. It was a long feast, so long that poor little Manorama cried herself to sleep in the middle of it, where we will leave her until next week.

Manorama means Heart's Joy, but she does not fit her name—yet!

The Little Girl Whom Nobody Loved

LAST WEEK YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT MANORAMA WAS ASLEEP AT her very long wedding feast. After the feast was over, her father picked her up, still sound asleep, and put her into a *jutka,* which is a bullock cart. The bullocks began their slow walking, the big wheels began their creaking, and the cart began bouncing her, but she was so tired out with crying that she slept through it all, until she woke up to find that the cart had stopped before quite a large house with a verandah, into which her father carried her. A servant followed with big bundles full of her new clothes and jewelry, which are called "dowry" and which helped persuade the new mother-in-law to let her son marry Manorama.

Manorama had to salaam to this mother-in-law who looked her over carefully: "Yes! yes! quite a nice girl!" she said, "and very fine jewels. I will make her into a good wife for my son!"

So then there was another long feast, after which Manorama's father salaamed, and got into the bullock cart to drive home.

Manorama knelt in the dust before him: "Oh my father," she begged, crying, "do take me back to my little white goat and to our gods, I shall die if I stay here with these strange people!"

Then the new mother-in-law laughed and said: "The words of Manorama are the same words I said when I was married—we are all alike—she will be happier soon."

So Manorama's father rode away in the bullock cart, and lonely days followed for the little bride who was left behind. Her mother-in-law taught her the ways of the household, but she only cried; her husband's sisters admired her new sarees and her fine jewelry, but she only cried; in fact she cried so much that they told her the gods would be angry with her. She saw very little of her new husband, because she was not correctly taught by his mother yet; then too, the women in a Hindu household live by themselves in a part of the house called the Zenana, and they are not allowed to leave it or go out on the street without the consent of the husband. So it was all very, very stupid for little Manorama—no goat to love, no village well to visit, nobody but these cross new women who were provoked at her for crying so much.

But about two weeks later something perfectly dreadful happened. Ananta, Manorama's husband, suddenly became very ill, he lay on the floor and moaned and groaned!

"It is evil spirits inside him!" his mother cried. She offered rice to the idols on the little shelf, then she called in all her neighbors who beat on drums and tin pans all night long hoping to scare away the spirits! Of course, you know that what he needed was quiet, so he could sleep, and you are not surprised that by morning all this horrible noise had made him much worse.

Then his mother called in a Hindu doctor, who heated a piece

of iron until it was red hot, then he laid it on the young man's arm saying it would let the evil spirit out! But, of course, this only made him worse than ever. Then they tried shaking the evil spirit out of him, until finally poor tired sick Ananta did the only thing that was left for him to do after all this dreadful treatment, he died, and although that was a great deal better for him in every way, it made everything very much worse for little Manorama.

"It is Manorama's fault!" everybody said. "You have killed your husband, you wicked girl!"

"No! no! I had nothing to do with him!" cried Manorama, but down in her heart she knew that every time a man in India dies it is somehow always the fault of his wife. She could not imagine what she had ever done to him to make him so sick, but in rushed his mother and tore off her lovely red saree and her green silk jacket; she jerked off her necklaces, bracelets, rings, anklets and earrings; she shaved off Manorama's lovely black glossy hair; then she kicked her roughly and gave her a dirty old white cotton saree to wear.

"There now, you worthless dust under my feet, go and hide yourself! You have killed my precious son, you terrible girl! Alas! Alas!"

All that night there was weeping and wailing in the house, while poor little Manorama sat outdoors under a palm tree and wondered how the moon could look so cheerful.

In the morning she crept to the village well for a drink of water, but she had no cup so she waited until a woman came along. She timidly touched her arm: "I pray thee, give me a drink from thy water jar!"

You never saw anyone so furious as that woman! "How dare you touch me, you miserable scum of the earth!" she cried. "You vile outcaste! You despised widow! You have spoiled my morning for now I must take a bath and go through the ceremony of purification."

Then poor Manorama knew the worst—she knew that as long

as she lived she must never touch anybody, or let her shadow fall on anybody, for she was an outcaste, whom nobody loved or wanted, a widow whom the gods hated.

"I will walk back to my old village and to my mother and my little white goat," she said to herself, "they will be glad to see me." Hungry and thirsty, she began this long weary walk back to the Village of the Three Palm Trees.

The Little Girl Who Found Someone to Love Her

MANORAMA WALKED BACK TO HER MOTHER'S VILLAGE, BECAUSE after her husband's death she found herself outcaste, with no friends at all. Finally she reached the Village of the Three Palm Trees and hurried as fast as she could to her own little house.

"My mother!" she called, "thy little Manorama has come home!"

Her mother rushed out in great surprise. "Manorama!" she exclaimed, and almost threw her arms around the little girl's neck, when she noticed her head with all the hair shaved off and her dirty old white saree. So she drew back and said: "Alas! Alas! where are thy jewels and thy lovely saree?"

"Oh my mother!" said little Manorama, "the gods have taken away the husband my father chose for me, and I am a widow! My mother-in-law threw me out of her house, but I knew there was love for me in thy heart, so I have come home to be thy little slave,

to fetch and carry for thee, to find peace, and play with my little white goat again."

But her mother shook her head sadly: "Thou wilt not find peace in this house, my daughter, for thy father will not have love in his heart when he sees thee in disgrace, an untouchable—an outcaste. Peace is a gift that only the gods can give, and it would not please them to see thee happily playing like a little unmarried girl. Sadness fills my heart to tell thee these cruel things."

Then Manorama understood that she was not welcome in her mother's home, either, and after her mother had given her food, she said: "My mother, I am only a young girl, and it will be well for me to find peace as soon as I can. If I make a pilgrimage, will that bring me peace?"

"Thou has spoken well!" said her mother. "An elderly widow from this village starts out on a pilgrimage tomorrow. Being an outcaste herself she will not mind having thee with her. I will give thee money and some jewels for the priests at the shrines. Now go and hide behind the zenana curtain, so thy father may not see thee. Hurry!"

So all night Manorama hid behind the curtain, and the next day her mother gave her some money and jewels, but she did not touch her. For she remembered Manorama was a widow! Then Manorama hurried off to find the grown-up widow, and together they started off on their pilgrimage, the little widow and the grown-up widow.

You have no idea of the endless things they did to get peace! On festival days when the priests led the sacred cows out of their stalls and led them through the streets covered by a great red parasol, Manorama would weave long garlands of yellow marigolds and hang them around the cows' necks to gain merit with the gods, who are supposed to love the sacred cows. Or when they reached a sacred river in which people bathed to gain merit with the gods, Manorama also bathed, and sent a wreath of flowers

floating down the river with a little prayer to the gods to give her peace. Once she crawled on her hands and knees for miles and miles to a sacred shrine, thinking this would surely please the idol, because her hands grew sore and her saree became torn and dusty. She spent all her money in the temples, making offerings of incense to the idols, or of food. But whenever she asked the priests about gaining peace, they would say: "The gods cannot give peace to a woman—but perhaps when you die you will be born again as a man, then you can gain peace."

But, of course, that seemed a very long way off, and she felt very hopeless and forlorn. The priests ate the offerings she made to the idols, and the idols themselves seemed so heartless and wooden—their faces so cruel—their hands so helpless. Manorama used to feel a hundred years old, she was so tired.

You must be tired of this dreadful story, and will be glad to know that one evening, when she was far from home, she heard singing out under the stars. She hurried toward it, and there by the light of some lanterns stood one of our missionaries telling the story of Jesus' wonderful name, how He is the vine and we are the branches, that only as we grow with Jesus and live with Jesus can we be happy, and *find peace!* How Manorama and the other widow did listen, as she explained about the little Prince of Peace, born on Christmas Day, who spent all His life giving peace to all who love Him. Every single word made these two widows happier and happier.

"Let us get down into this Jesus religion," Manorama whispered, and after the meeting they crept up and asked question after question: "Was it true that this Jesus could give peace to women in this life?" "To *widows?*" "To outcastes whom nobody wants?"

Of course our missionary said "Yes!" "Yes!" to all these questions, and putting her arm around Manorama she said: "There is a school for girls your age, I want you to come back with me and learn more of this wonderful Jesus."

Turning Their Backs on Each Other

MANORAMA NEVER HAD DREAMED THAT GIRLS COULD LEARN TO read or write; she had supposed only boys could do such things; so she was excited about every single thing in our school. Of course she had to begin at the very beginning, with the tiniest little girls who were learning to trace the alphabet in the sand which was spread out before them. They sat on the floor, and made the hooks and curves of the Hindu alphabet with their fingers. Manorama just loved it. She wore a bright pink petticoat and jacket which our missionary had given her and she felt very happy and clean!

She was so quick that before long she was promoted into a class of girls nearer her own age, but even in school Manorama had her troubles, because some of the girls did not dare touch her, because she was an outcaste widow, and, of course, her shadow was bound to fall on somebody occasionally, and the little brown girls complained to their mothers about "that widow girl Manorama." Then perhaps the mother told the father, and the father went to see our missionary about it. His big white turban bent very low as he salaamed: "Mem Sahib," he said, which is the Hindu way of saying "Lady," "my daughter sits on a bench in your school next to an outcaste, and my daughter's skirt touches the skirt of the untouchable, and the shadow of the little widow falls on my daughter. Should such things be? I pray you have this objectionable outcaste removed or the gods will look with anger on us."

Our missionary knew just how to answer him—calmly! Politely! She promised that the skirt of his noble daughter should

not touch the skirt of the outcaste girl, but as for the shadows—God sends His sun on us all, because He loves us all alike. So she could not remove Manorama from the school, since she was as precious in the sight of God as his own noble daughter, etc. He went away partly soothed and our missionary felt glad that many of the girls were Christians, and were treating Manorama beautifully.

Manorama went to that school until she had graduated from every class. You have no idea what a difference it made in her, for she became a Christian; she also knew how wrong caste is, and how much it hurts all the people in India. (You see there are over two thousand castes, and a person from one caste will not touch a person from another caste, or marry into another caste. Then there are the outcastes, the widows and the people who live outside the villages and are called "dogs" and hated by everyone.)

Manorama had the greatest love in her heart for all these people. "I was just as unhappy as they are!" she told our missionary, so it was natural for her to decide that when she graduated she would go back to her mother's Village of the Three Palm Trees and start a little school for outcaste children. Our missionary packed a blackboard, some books and other things she would need into the bullock cart which would carry her home.

The day she left, our missionary called all the girls into her room and she read them this verse: "I am the vine, ye are the branches," and she told all the girls that unless they kept with Jesus through their vacation they could not do anything for Him! Manorama smiled: "He has done so much for me, I can never even begin to do enough for Him!"

A week later she was back in the little Village of the Three Palm Trees. She had not realized before how shabby everything would look after our mission school. Her mother hardly knew this beautiful smiling grown-up daughter, who showed in her face how happy and peaceful she was!

Manorama spent day after day telling her about Jesus, explain-

ing that He is the vine, and we are the branches. But Manorama's mother could not understand what "bearing fruit for Jesus" meant, until finally one day she saw that it was just what Manorama was doing herself when she started her little school under the palm trees, when no one was too dirty or rough for Manorama to love and clean up! She saw little widows chasing around after Manorama all day, poor starved little girls who never had enough to eat because no one loved them. She saw Manorama give them her own rice, and go hungry, so that the little girls could be fed. She saw Manorama pray every evening to the unseen God, her face bright and happy. She heard Manorama's voice singing beautiful hymns about Jesus or telling wonderful stories about Jesus. Then one day something very sweet and peaceful came stealing into the heart of Manorama's mother. And then she understood right away what it meant to bear fruit for Jesus, who is the vine, while she and Manorama were the branches.

"But there are so many who do not know this happiness!" she would say at the beginning of each busy day, and Manorama would answer: "Yes, my mother, hundreds and hundreds of little unhappy girl widows and hundreds and hundreds of grown-up people too! How wonderful it is Jesus lets us help Him this way!"

The People That Walked in Darkness

ONCE WHEN JESUS WAS HERE AMONG MEN, HE SAID TO HIS FRIENDS: "I am the Light of the World," a name so beautiful and so easy to understand that it means a great deal to everybody. Were you ever lost in the dark? Perhaps in some dark room, where you simply could not see anything, or even find out by feeling, where you were? Sometimes people have been lost on dark roads, and they could hear all sorts of ghostly sounds around them, and they wanted a light, too, the worst kind of a way!

Right here in America there has always been a race of Indian people with reddish-brown skins who have walked in darkness, because they did not know Jesus as the Light of the World.

Every time I see the sheaves of yellow corn stalks out in the November fields, they remind me of an encampment of Indian tepees, so surely November is a good month for me to introduce you to "Smiling Sunset," a dear little Indian girl, and to "Big Horn" and "Laughs-at-the-Sky," her brothers.

Smiling Sunset was born on a beautiful evening just as the sun was setting, so the family said that her goddess was the sunset woman, and she always faced west when she prayed to the spirit of the sun every evening. At the time this story begins she was about eleven years old, Big Horn was twelve, but Laughs-at-the-Sky was only a papoose, which is the Indian word for "baby." He was born early one morning before the moon and the stars had quite disappeared. Way out on the hills the papoose's father had heard a lonely coyote bay at the moon, so he chose the name "Laughs-at-the-Sky" for his new baby. The Indian mother had a

cradle for him made of boards just a little bit longer than the baby. The mother, whose name was Small Ankle, laid the little papoose on the boards and tied him round and round with soft deer skins to the board, until his legs and arms and body were all covered, and nothing was left outside but his surprised little head! Sometimes all day long Small Ankle kept this cradle tied on her back, but other times she could hang him up on a tree branch while she worked in the corn fields near their tepee.

Bent Arrow, the children's father, was going to a very important Sun Dance, and the whole family were going along. Big Horn was dressed up for the fine occasion in his very best clothes. He wore a pair of trousers with long fringe hanging from the seams, soft trousers made of deerskins. His father had killed the deer, and his mother had stretched the skins out until they were dry and then rubbed them until they were soft, after which she sewed them into trousers for him. He wore a shirt with beads all over the front of it, which his mother had made, and she also made his leather moccasins, which are Indian shoes, you know. He wore a blanket with bright stripes around his shoulders, and an eagle's feather in his hair, which his father gave him for being brave.

Bent Arrow was dressed a great deal like his little son, with a blanket around his shoulders and leather trousers. He wore his hair woven into long braids which hung over his shoulders in front, and he had painted his face to make it look fiercer. He also had on a great many bead chains and big silver rings and bracelets, because this Sun Dance was an unusually grand affair.

Smiling Sunset and her mother felt very proud as they sat in their wagon and watched Bent Arrow and Big Horn prancing along beside them on their wild ponies. But dreadful things were to happen at the great Sun Dance.

The Indian Sun Dance

"TUM! TUMETY-TUM-TUM!" "TUM! TUM! TUMETY-TUM-TUM!" "Tum! Tumety-tum-tum!"

You know right away that this must be the way the music for the big Sun Dance sounded, as the Indians beat on their big tom-toms this monotonous "tumety-tum-tum," hour after hour. Crowds of Indians in bright blankets had been riding all day long to the valley where the dance was to be held. Tepees were being put up for the families to live in during the four days and nights of the dance. You never saw such an untidy, disorderly camp—flies, dogs, dirt, children, more flies, more dogs, more dirt—everywhere!

There was one great open place where the dance had already begun and Bent Arrow hurried over to take his part. Every Indian was dressed in beaded clothes, with quantities of necklaces, each face hideously painted with bright red spots or long streaks of red and yellow. They sat on the ground in two long rows facing each other; on the posts behind them hung fur bags, decorated with beads, and containing what the Indians call "medicine," things like a bit of bone, or a stone, or a seed, or a feather, or a bird's claw, anything in fact which the Indians think will be a charm to keep evil spirits *away* from them, and good spirits *with* them! There were three or four "medicine men" at the Dance, who had charms which seemed very wonderful to every Indian there. One medicine man had two big white grinning skulls as his medicine, another medicine man had the skeleton of a large eagle for his medicine.

When the Sun Dance began (Tumety-tum-tum! Tum! Tum! Tumety-tum-tum!) four of the Medicine Chiefs stood up together;

keeping step with drums and rattles, they danced down the length of the green grass and back again. Then one by one the men sitting crouched on the ground in two long rows got up and began to dance, too, swaying while they kept step, back and forth, for hours and hours at a time. Tumety-tum-tum!

Are you saying: "But what in the world is it all about?"

Well, there was a man named Buffalo Chief, whose wife was very sick in the winter. He made a vow that if she got well he would give a dance in honor of the Sun, whom the Indians consider as the Life-giver. So she did get well, and he at once invited fourteen young men to come and dance four whole days with him in honor of the Sun, who had given life to his wife. Bent Arrow was one of these fourteen men!

Many wicked things happened during those four days when they kept dancing and dancing and dancing to the spirit of the Sun. Some of the men got very drunk, they gambled away all the money they had, one man even gambled away his two daughters, and another grew so wild that he went running around with a great knife trying to kill somebody. Poor little Big Horn was very much frightened, and feared something dreadful might happen to his father before long. But all the time the "Tum! Tumety-tum-tum!" kept up, and the tired men kept dancing, dancing, dancing in honor of the Sun.

You will be glad to hear that while the dancing had been going on, one lonely white man, way off on the hills, had heard the "Tum-tumety-tum-tum," even above the wail of the coyotes and the sighing of the wind! So he said to himself: "There is something for me to do for God over at that dance! The Indians will get wild, and there will be trouble."

So that is how one of our missionaries began riding over the plains by the light of the moon, until he reached the camp with its cluster of tepees and its noisy rough men.

The Sun of Righteousness

THE SUN DANCE GREW SO SAVAGE, AND THE PEOPLE WATCHING THE dance grew so wild, that when our missionary arrived on the scene there were very few persons whose eyes were not glassy with weariness and drink.

Big Horn was not that way, but he was nearly sick with disgust to see his father reeling and tottering around because he was so drunk.

It was especially fortunate that our missionary happened to stumble across Big Horn as he was lying on the ground watching the dancing.

"Hello, Sonny!" said our missionary cheerfully.

Big Horn looked up at the strange white face curiously. He had never seen a stiff white collar, or a necktie before, or a hat like the one our missionary wore. But he liked him, and it wasn't five minutes before he told this new friend about his drunken father. He even took him over to the tepee where his mother, Laughs-at-the-Sky and Smiling Sunset were spending the four days. The tepee was full of women and children, belonging to other families, talking about how rough and dangerous the dance was getting. Big Horn and his new friend squeezed inside, and before anyone knew how it happened our missionary was talking to these excited women—telling them a story, even. You would have recognized it as a Bible story, but it was entirely new to them, since they had never even heard the name Jesus before. But they liked the story, and they liked our missionary.

But the next day two terrible things happened. First of all, Bent Arrow gambled away his own horse, and then Big Horn's pony; after which he was so very drunk that when another man began to fight with him, Bent Arrow's arm was broken and several of his ribs, too.

Instead of bathing the wounds, or stopping them from bleeding, or setting the broken bones, one of the Indian medicine men began to dance all around Bent Arrow, as he lay helpless on the ground. He rattled a big medicine rattle, he chanted some sing-song words, he drummed on a big drum, while all the other Indians stood around perfectly satisfied that this was the only way to make Bent Arrow well again. But of course it really did no good at all, so after the medicine man had gone, our missionary came up and washed the wounds, and even tried to set the broken bones, binding them up tightly, as he thought they ought to grow.

All that day Bent Arrow lay in his tepee, and heard our missionary telling stories of Jesus to the women and children who listened spellbound. In every story he especially showed how Jesus was the Light of the World, that the sun which shone on the world every day was only a plaything to the great Lord who had made it.

By and by, of course, they had to go home to their old tepee, for the Sun Dance was over. Bent Arrow and Big Horn had to ride in the wagon with the rest of the family, because the horse and the pony were gone. Our missionary rode all the way back on his pony with them, trying to make poor Bent Arrow as comfortable as possible.

Then day after day he rode over to their tepee to do what he could for the broken arm and ribs; and every time he went, the whole family would beg him for another story about Jesus, the Light of the World.

They began to go to our church and Sunday school, and they learned to sing our hymns and learn the Bible verses that you and I know. One day Smiling Sunset learned a new verse, which said:

"The Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings." She could not understand what it meant, so when she got home she asked her father.

He was standing before the tepee a long time looking at the setting sun, then he said: "Once I worshiped the sun as the giver of life, you were with me when I danced four days in his honor. But every night the sun sets, and I have to walk in darkness until it rises again the next day. But on the Jesus-Road, Jesus is the Sun, He is the Light of the World, He always shines in our hearts, and there is no night any more. He warms us when our hearts are cold, He calms us when our hearts are frightened, He shows us how to walk—that is how He heals us."

Could anyone give a more beautiful description of what Jesus meant to him than Bent Arrow gave?

How the Indians Say "Thank You"

THANKSGIVING DAY IS THE DAY OF ALL THE YEAR, WHEN WE LIKE to gather in our churches, to remember all the wonderful things we have to thank God for, but every November finds some new members in our own churches who are so happy because they know Jesus, that they always feel thankful *every day*.

Smiling Sunset and Big Horn felt that way as they sat in church. The men sit on one side of the church and the women and children on the other. Big Horn felt he was quite grown-up enough to sit with his father on the men's side. A great many of the women wore bright-colored blankets around their shoulders, and some of

the men did, too. One Indian, named Buffalo, had pink yarn braided in his hair, wore a red shirt, a purple handkerchief around his neck, and small silver chains hung from his ears! Several papoose cradles were carried right into church on the mother's back, and the babies behaved rather well, they looked around all they wanted to, and then they just went to sleep.

One of these Indian members of our church was asked what Jesus had done for him. As an answer, he went outdoors and got some dry leaves, which he laid in a circle. Then he placed a worm in the center and set the leaves on fire. The flames kept burning up the leaves until they were nearly ready to burn up the worm, then this dear old Indian Christian reached in and lifted the worm out of the fire and said: "That is the way Jesus saved me!"

Then another fine-looking Indian got up and said: "I thought I knew enough, that no one could tell me anything. But then the white brother talked. No one hit me, or hurt me in any way—but tears ran down my face as though someone had struck me. It was the white brother's preaching that made me cry. I walk in the light on the Jesus-Road now!"

Then another Indian, named White Arm, stood up and said: "The Great God knows White Arm—knows he's bad—send missionary to make him good. Now White Arm know the Great God, because missionary tell him about Jesus. Jesus loves White Arm, and White Arm loves Jesus. Jesus wants White Arm to walk in the Jesus-Road; Jesus-Road a straight road, all straight. White Arm walk straight all the day."

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

SOMETIMES IN CHURCH WE SING:

From Greenland's Icy Mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

Over in Norway there was once a young minister who had a book in his library! Just a quiet little book that sat demurely on his bookshelf and never rustled its leaves, nor clapped its covers. It couldn't, of course, being only a book! But one day the minister took it down and read it, and the book woke him up! It told about Greenland, what a wicked place it was, how once some missionaries had gone there, but probably they had been killed and for hundreds of years nobody knew much more about Greenland. So this young minister named Hans Egede decided it was probably his job to go there. Everybody in Norway thought he was crazy. Even his wife thought so, too, at first. But by and by she read the book; she said she wanted to go now, too!

So they set sail in the most uncomfortable little boat, and had a cold horrid trip. Then they got to Greenland, and there was no *green land* at all! Even in July! There were no trees, no bushes, not even a blade of grass. The people were smeared all over with

seal oil, which smelled horribly, they dressed in fur skins, and lived in huts like giant beehives, with only a door, no windows or chimney. Big families of grandmothers, grandfathers, uncles, aunts and cousins crowded inside, and the pigs and cows lived with them!

The only thing for Mr. and Mrs. Egede to do was to live in one of those Greenland huts themselves, so they could learn the language of the people, and get to know the people, too. They were not at all friendly, those Greenlanders! They could not imagine why these strangers should come and live with them, and once when the Egedes almost starved to death for lack of food, it was only at the very last that the savage people gave them some of theirs. It was the hardest kind of a winter—bitter cold in that beehive hut. Once a hungry polar bear walked right into the hut, and he could easily have killed them all, but Mr. Egede got him out by a miracle, before he hurt anybody.

But things never stay bad all the time, you know, and the Greenlanders began to be interested in the things Mr. Egede had to tell them about Jesus. Perhaps they were interested in the drawings Mr. Egede's little son drew to help illustrate his father's sermons! Anyhow, one by one, these wild people began joining the church, and Mr. Egede and his wife forgot how lonely and dangerous their lives had been, because now they had these few friends. Then more came, then more, until today Greenland is a Christian country, and the people who are in the churches are kind people, with Christian homes.

Desert Islands and Other Islands

HAVEN'T YOU ALWAYS LOVED STORIES ABOUT DESERT ISLANDS, WHERE people were shipwrecked, and where savages suddenly landed and made life miserable for everybody until the hero did something splendid, so everything could end all right? How we shiver and feel cold chills up and down our backs! But it isn't half as nice to *be* the hero, as it is to read about him.

The oceans are dotted all over with little islands; on the map they look exactly like freckles all over the face of the sea, but when you really get to them, tiny freckles turn out to be pretty big places with plenty of people living on them. There is a thrilling story about every island—the Friendly Islands, the Society Islands, the Sandwich Islands, Christmas Islands, the Philippine Islands, and all the others. They sound so interesting, but once they were all as savage and *un*social, and *un*friendly, and *un*christmassy as anything you can imagine!

God has made nothing lovelier to look at than those Fiji Islands, with the turquoise blue of calm seas all around them, and snow-white beaches covered with beautiful pink and blue shells. Majestic palm trees wave in the air, gay red and yellow flowers grow everywhere, bright green parrots fly around.

And in the midst of all this calm sweet beauty lived people who wore no clothes, had miserable filthy huts, rarely spoke the truth, were never kind, were never clean. They were cannibals who went out to fight and eat up their prisoners of war! When a cannibal man died, his wife was choked to death and buried with him.

Little children grew up wild, killing one another, stealing, lying, trying to be as cruel as their parents.

Once there was a young printer in England who decided God needed him to do something harder than printing books in an English printing office, so he offered himself as a missionary and was sent to the Fiji Islands. It took him three months to get there, and the very first thing he saw were the bones of eighty prisoners whom the cannibals had just finished eating, lying on the beautiful sand near the lovely calm sea. All alone, in the midst of the savages, he buried those bones, and wondered when the cannibals might decide to eat him, too.

He did not understand a single word the islanders said to each other, so he would listen, then write down—listen, and then write down—until finally he had enough words to begin talking to them. But they did not seem to care about what he said; they kept on eating human beings, killing each other, and lying. He translated the Bible into their language, and because he was a printer, he printed copies of it; but of course no one could read yet, so he started a school.

The King of the island was named Thakombau, and one day Mr. Calvert found that the King's daughter was becoming gentle and showing very plainly that she was following Jesus. That was a wonderful help to Mr. Calvert, the missionary, because she would beg her father not to let his subjects do this or that, and it had great influence on the people. Take that matter of a man's wife being strangled to death, when he died. Mr. Calvert went to Thakombau, the King of the island, and in true Fiji-fashion, he offered to have one of his own fingers cut off, if only the King would forbid the dreadful custom. Just this offer showed the cannibals what sort of stuff a missionary is made of!

By and by other missionaries came with their wives. It was courageous for women from civilized countries to see so many shocking things done before their eyes; I suppose their blood ran

cold many a time, but they never showed it—they went right into the huts and talked to the mothers, they helped them make their homes more comfortable, and when they were sick they nursed them, they had schools for the little children, and sewing meetings for the mothers.

One glorious Sunday, years later, eighteen hundred persons on that island accepted Jesus. Finally even the King of the Cannibal Islands became a Christian, and he ordered that what had been the old "death-drums," beaten when the cannibals were about to eat human beings, should be used after that in calling the islanders together to worship Jesus, the Prince of Peace. Then there began to be happiness in those islands. When Mr. Calvert returned from a visit to England, he found over 1,300 churches on the Fiji Islands, 10 white missionaries, 65 native ones, 1,000 head teachers, 30,000 church members and 105,000 church attendants.

The First Christmas Present

ONCE UPON A TIME THE KING OF THE WORLD GAVE HIS PEOPLE their very first Christmas Present. For years and years they had known that some day He was going to give them such a Present, only they fully expected to find it wrapped in royal purple, lying in a golden cradle, in a marble palace.

So when they came to look at their first Christmas Present, and found It was only wrapped in calico swaddling clothes, and was lying on straw in a stable manger, some of them said: "Why, this can't be the Christmas Present the King of the World promised!

Surely such a great all-powerful King would send a rich Present, not something as poor and simple as this!" And they actually went away rather disgusted at having taken all their trouble for nothing.

But a few lonely old shepherds, from out on the hills, saw the Christmas Present, and it seemed all right to them, so they knelt down and worshiped gladly. Later on, some very wise men from a faraway land traveled on camels over miles and miles of desert to see the Present, and they, too, fell down and worshiped; they laid wonderful gifts among the hay and straw. But that was nearly all that happened just then. There was some stir—and then a great many quiet years slipped by.

Then, at the end of thirty years, this first Christmas Present had had time to grow up. He told a few friends that He really was the Christmas Present everyone had been expecting years before. So they couldn't help but believe Him, because they loved Him; although they wondered and wondered why He seemed so poor—no home of His own where He could lie down to sleep at night, no money to spend on fine clothes or good things to eat. They saw Him just as contented in poor men's huts as in rich men's palaces. It was certainly strange, especially as quite often in talking to people, here and there, He would say: "I really am the one you are expecting." But most of these people just laughed. They still felt that the King of the World, who had all power and all wealth, could easily have prepared a fine palace for such an important person as this Christmas Present to live in.

Everywhere He went people were divided in what they thought about Him. Some people said: "Well, all I know is, He has been kindness itself to me. Once I was blind, but now I can see, because He touched my eyes, and healed me. A neighbor of mine was lame, and now he can walk. Our children love Him, and He loves them. They climb all over His knees. He seems absolutely beautiful to us."

But the other people became cross at hearing such praise, and they began to throw stones at Him, hoping to kill Him. Then His

friends said: "Isn't there something we can do to make things safer for You?"

"You mustn't worry about Me," He said, "if I wanted to ask Him, the King of the World would send me twelve legions of soldier-angels to kill all these enemies of Mine. But I was not sent into the world to hurt people, but to save them."

That was the way He taught them He was the Prince of Peace. But always when people said: "Are you really the Christmas Present sent from the King of the World?" He would say that He was. So some of His enemies made Him a prisoner, and they gave money to wicked men to lie, saying He had done things He really never had done. And when He was called guilty, they hung Him on a tree; and He died. Then even His dearest friends said: "We had hoped it would be as He said—that He really was the Christmas Present! But, of course, He could not have been, for the King of the World would never have let such a precious person die!"

But then came the very first Easter Day, when early in the morning one of His friends met the Prince of Peace walking in a garden; she ran to tell everyone the glorious news: "He has risen! He is not dead—He is alive, I have seen Him!" Over and over they told the glad news to one another; then they had supper with Him, and they no longer doubted that since death could not hurt Him, He was indeed the real Christmas Present the King of the World had promised to them long ago.

One day He said to them: "I am soon going away, and there are two things I want you to do for me: *Go* into all the King's World, and *Teach* everybody about the King's wonderful Christmas Present to them. You will have to travel alone, and it will be dangerous. Men will treat you as they have treated Me. They will kill you, as they killed Me. They may not always believe you, but don't ever be discouraged, for I will be with you every single minute of every single day. You won't be able to see me, but I shall understand all the things you do."

So He left them; and ever since that day His friends have been

traveling into His world—here, there, everywhere, telling about this Christmas Present which the King of the World has sent them. Although their work is not nearly finished, yet on Christmas morning of this week, millions and millions of happy people all around the world will be saying to one another: "Christ is born! Merry Christmas!"

But what would have happened if not a single person had ever told the story of the Christmas Present to anyone else? Suppose no one had been brave enough to dare cross oceans and venture into unknown places? Suppose no one had ever taken the trouble to translate the Bible into a language people could read?

Then you and I could never have had a Christmas Day, because we would never have been able to read about the Christmas Present, in these well-known English words: "God so loved the world that He *gave* his son."

The Greatest Thing in the World

HERE IS A FAIRY STORY THAT SOMEBODY TOLD: ONCE THERE WAS a little Bar of Iron. It was so hard that it seemed as if nothing could ever make it soft. The Hammer was perfectly sure he could do it. So bang! bang! he went, but his head flew off at the second knock—and the Iron was as hard as ever! Then the Saw took a turn. "You just watch me!" he boasted. So he sawed and sawed and he sawed. But he only spoiled his sharp teeth—and the Iron was as hard as ever! Then up spoke a tiny Flame of Fire. "Could I try?" it asked modestly. Then it gently put its warm

little arms around the stiff Iron Bar, and it really wasn't long before the hard Iron was so soft you could do whatever you liked with it.

People all over God's world are just like that. Their hearts are hard and cold, like iron, and their idols and cruel ideas only make them harder than ever. But when our missionaries tell them about Jesus, it does beautiful things to their frightened hearts. It seems a little strange that something, like love, which you can't really *see,* is so powerful, doesn't it? What battleships, and submarines, and guns, and cannons, and big armies, can't do at all, love can always do! Here is a story to prove it.

The very highest mountains in the whole world are found in a country called Tibet. People call it the "roof of the world," because it is so high up among the clouds. The people who live way up there are so wild and fierce they will not let any foreigners at all inside their villages. They kill them in the most cruel way, so almost everybody leaves them alone. Merchants say it is not worth while to try to sell them anything, and brave soldiers say it is pretty risky business to go into Tibet. But once there were two Somebodies who decided in spite of all the dangers they would get in. These two Somebodies wore skirts, and hatpins in their hats, but in spite of being women, they were brave soldiers of peace. One of them was a doctor, the other a missionary.

Just *getting to* Tibet was hard enough! up and up they climbed, with gigantic mountains rising before them, and gigantic precipices yawning at their feet. Sometimes they had to cross wild mountain torrents with only a swaying log to walk over on; they spent their nights out under God's stars, in the bitter cold, not knowing what wild animals might attack them. Up and up they climbed, until one day they reached the top of a pass, and saw a shrine to the demon of the mountain. Then up on this "roof of the world" the brave little doctor called out: *"Yesa Misah Ki Gai!"* which means, "Victory for Jesus!" Don't you love it? Think of it,

two lonely women up on top of a mountain, sure that Jesus would win!

They knew they were near a village, so they dressed themselves up as natives and crept in, hoping to find some one willing to teach them the strange Tibetan language. But the villagers soon discovered that they were women dressed up to look like Tibetans, and they drove them out with stones. A fierce Tibetan officer was sent to follow them day and night, watching to see that they did not try to come back, threatening to kill them if they did. Wouldn't you have felt a bit discouraged? And afraid? Followed by a wild-looking creature carrying a sharp sword?

But one day on a very dangerous trail, he stumbled and fell down a steep precipice. Perhaps you think it was a wonderful chance for the missionaries to run away, but they saw it might possibly be their more wonderful chance to stay! They tied together pieces of rope, leather straps, blankets, petticoats, skirts, coats, anything and everything to make a rope long enough to reach him. Then they tied it around a tree trunk, and let it dangle down that precipice to the narrow ledge of rock where he had fallen. It was just long enough for him to reach, so he began pulling himself up. But he had hurt one arm so badly that he simply could not use it without turning faint and sick. When he was almost losing hope of reaching the top, he heard a kind voice above him calling: "It isn't so far now! Don't look down, look up! Climb on—just pull a little longer and you'll be there!"

What he must have felt then to know that these two women were actually saving him, when he had been on the point of killing them a hundred times the last few days.

"Pull a little longer!" they called. "Don't give up now, *you're almost up!*" So he pulled, and climbed; and just as he got up and over the edge he heard one of them cry: "Oh thank God! Thank God! We've saved him!" Then he fainted.

The doctor missionary found that his left arm was broken, so

she set it for him and bandaged it into a sling. There were great bleeding gashes on his face, and he woke up to find her bathing them, and covering them with soft cotton and a sweet-smelling ointment. At night he heard them pray just as they had prayed other evenings, only this time, they added: "Help us to do with this man as Thou would'st have us do. Amen."

It is no wonder he softened. He was like the Bar of Iron, wasn't he? He had never known such warmth before, so when they got out little notebooks, he gladly told them all the Tibetan words they wanted to know. They told him about Jesus, and he said: "It sounds good. But can He be as wonderful and brave as you?"

Then they hurried to say: "Oh, we are not brave, at all! You must not judge Him by us! For Jesus is the chiefest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely."

"Then I worship Him!" he said, falling on his knees as he said for the first time: *"Jesu Ma'shika,"* which means Jesus Christ.

For love is the greatest thing in the world, isn't it? Not a foolish silly thing, but a strong brave way of loving as those two lonely women loved Jesus. When the Tibetan officer got back to his village, he told his experience to the warrior friends and they could hardly believe it. But the next year, when the two dauntless women climbed up that steep mountain again, they were admitted to the village gladly and allowed to teach about this new God who makes women brave and fearless.

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